# THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS OR LIGHTS AND SHADES OF PRISON LIFE

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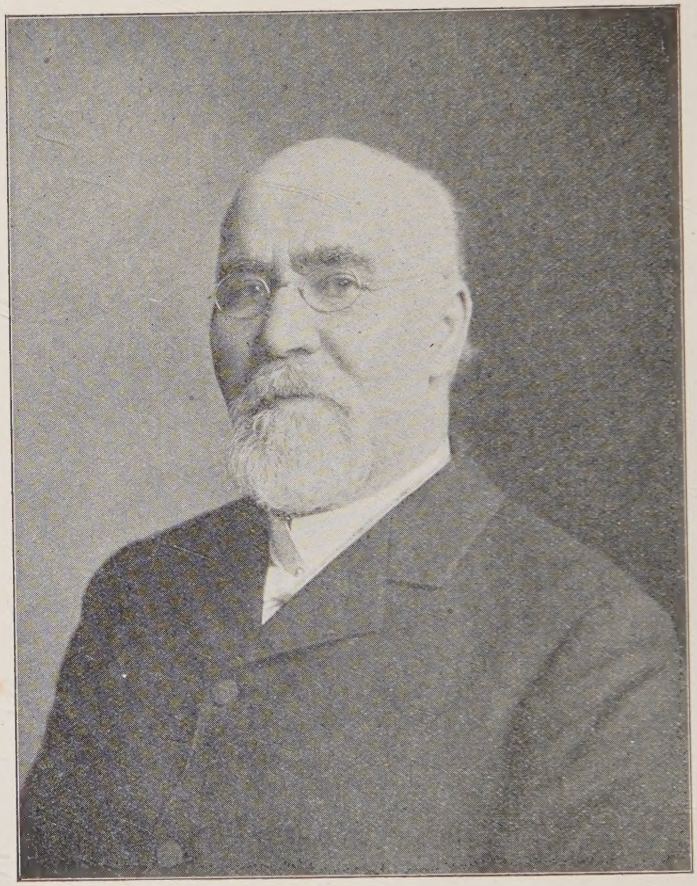

Sincerely Yours,
R. H. Stevens.

# THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS

OR

## Lights and Shades of Prison Life

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METHODS OF REFORM CONSIDERED FROM A CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.

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ALONG WITH SOME OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN AND WOMEN, WHO HAVE MADE A STUDY OF CRIMINAL LIFE.

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BY

REV. R. H. SANDERS,

For Forty Years a Minister of the North-West Indiana Conference
now of LaPorte, Ind.

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R. H. SANDERS.

## PREFACE.

The character of the following work is so fully told in the table of contents that but little remains to be added by way of preface. During the wardenship of Charley Harley, Geo. A. H. Shidler, and the present warden James D. Reid, I have been frequently called to supply the place of Chaplain in the Indiana State Prison. During my visits there, which at times were extended indefinitely, besides conducting religious services, such as the Christian Endeavor meetings in the school room of the prison, and preaching in the prison chapel at the regular services, I was given at all times the privilege of visiting the prisoners in their cells, where I spent many Sabbath afternoons. In this way I was brought into close personal contact with the men, many of whom told me of the unfortunate circumstances leading up to their incarceration, and expressed earnest desire to be helped back to a better life. I became deeply impressed with a sense of their sad condition. Many of them, I felt, were not at heart criminals, but rather the creatures of unfortunate circumstances. I was also impressed with the thought, that the outside world did not understand, or knew but little of the real nature and condition of many of these men. These impressions led to the production of this volume. In its preparation, aside from my own experiences and convictions, as related in the book, I have given the opinions of other prominent workers in prison reform, such as that of the Hon. Charlton T. Lewis of

national fame, Rev. D. T. Starr, D. D., Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, Amos W. Butler, secretary of the State Board of charities, Indiana, and others gathered from the prison reports, of both State and National conferences. The chapter on Prison Problems consists largely of quotations gathered here and there from the sayings of men familiar with prison work, as is also the one of Illustrative Incidents.

The leading design of the author in the presentation of this humble volume to the public, has been to awaken a deeper interest in behalf of the one hundred thousand prisoners of this country, and thus lead all who have the best interests of humanity at heart, in the Spirit of the Divine Master, to put forth more earnest efforts for their rescue. Also, to seek to aid, and help to provide means and methods, by which the large class of unfortunate children, in our large cities and elsewhere, may be saved from entering upon, and continuing a criminal career. Should this imperfect effort contribute in any degree toward bettering the condition of the prisoner, and saving the unfortunate from a sinful life, the writer will have received his reward.

Sincerely Yours,
R. H. Leeuwen.

Laporte, Indiana, January, 1903.

# INTRODUCTION.

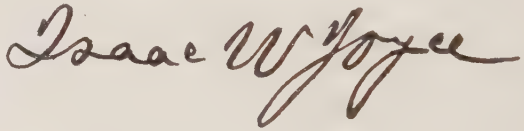
Here is another new book. It is the product of a true heart, and of a thoughtful brain. It has a mission. It will do good. Some books are the products simply of the pens of professional book makers.

Their mission, if they have any at all, would seem to be an effort to exploit a theory, or work a pleasing showing of some strange fancy of the writer's brain. No duty is pressed home to the conscience. No great truth is set forth. Convictions which have to do with life and its mission are not recognized. After reading such volumes the reader has no consciousness whatever of any sort that he is enriched by added moral strength, or intellectual power, or high souled purposes to live a life of devotion to all best things, and above all else to have a character so true and unselfish in all its ways and aims, that its highest expressions of beauty in itself, and of usefulness to other lives, will be found in its full and complete abandon to God, and its all comprehending and perfect love of God, as Saviour and Lord.

But here is a book that comes to us with a solid and well defined purpose. Its author has been with men of varied and varying experiences. He has had great opportunity to study men in all sorts of moods and convictions, as they have appeared in sorrow and with dreaded forebodings, under the sufferings of an aroused conscience, and the tortures of a never absent fear.

He has had opportunities such as come to very few men, to study motives in men when under temptation to commit offences against laws Divine or human. He has so well studied the principle and the questions underlying the relations of the criminal classes to the State, and also the treatment these classes should have meted out to them by the State, that he has been able to produce a book on the varied phases of all the questions arising therefrom, that will in its suggestions and teachings commend itself to the judgment and conscience of thoughtful men.

Many a valuable lesson can be here learned, that cannot be found elsewhere.



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(Prison Illustrations are from Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Ind.)

# LIGHTS AND SHADES OF PRISON LIFE

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS, WHO THEY ARE, AND WHY THEY WENT THERE.

It has been my privilege, at intervals for several years past to stand on a platform in the prison chapel of an Indiana penitentiary. From this platform I have tried to present Him who was the Son of God, He who came to heal the broken heart, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to those who are bound. My message for the most part, was to men incarcerated behind high prison walls, or confined in lone prison cells. My audience consisted of twenty-five or thirty guards, a deputy warden, and some eight or nine hundred men, called prisoners, and branded as criminals. Many of these criminals were of a high grade, and serving a life sentence. Various nationalities are represented. Among them are to be found Russians, Prussians, Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Swedes, Danes, and Polanders, besides a large per cent. of our own fellow citizens, of both black and white descent.

Nearly every kind of professed religious faith is to be found in the penitentiary. Once a month the Roman Catholic priest finds his way in the early Sabbath morning to the prison chapel where mass is said and prayers

are offered, in behalf of those who seek to walk in the footsteps of the infallible pope. Then too, the Protestant denominations must all be reckoned as furnishing their quota towards filling the penitentiary. Inside the prison walls you will find those who have, and are ready to express their denominational preferences. One man will tell you that he is a Presbyterian, or a Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Disciple, Baptist, or Quaker as the case may be. Even the Jews furnish their complement of those who attend the Christian Endeavor service in the early morning of the Sabbath day, and later, the orchestral music and song service, of praise and prayer, followed by the preaching of the Word.

Men of all political parties are to be found in the state prison (strange as it may appear). Some have gone there for offering bribes, and others for accepting them. At least I have found Democrats, Populists, Fusionists, Prohibitionists, and Republicans, both black and white, each and all ready to impart a reason for their political faith when opportunity offers.

Then there are men of every social position, from the low down tramp to the highly educated and polished gentleman capable of moving in the best society and the most refined circles.

In the prison we find men of every profession. From the professional gambler, burglar, pickpocket, crook, and masher on the one hand, to those on the other whose aims have been high, such as professors of art, literature, science, and history, and indeed those connected with almost every department of educational work. I met with one who had filled an important place as an editor

and journalist in our own state. He was serving an indeterminate sentence of from one to fourteen years, if I remember rightly, for having published the wrong kind of matter in his paper. Another, a fine specimen of physical and mental manhood, who had, with honor to himself, and profit to others, at one time filled the position of president in one of our Indiana colleges, was serving an indeterminate sentence in the penitentiary for the crime of forgery.

Then again there are those who represent almost every department of labor: skilled workmen of high order; machinists, mechanics, electricians, and men accustomed to all kinds of work, in all the varied marts of trade, besides a large per cent from the lounging ranks of ease and idleness. Then there are business men, such as bank presidents, lawyers, doctors, contractors, and even ministers of the gospel, who unfortunately have fallen and are now incarcerated. A young man engaged in the insurance business inquired of me if there were any insurance agents there. I was not prepared to answer him just at the time, but I learned soon after that there was quite a large representation of this respectable class, who had found their way into the penitentiary, of which fact I informed my young friend; but gave him to understand they were not doing much business or taking many policies; I would not advise any young man to go there that has an eye to business.

Men of all ages are there: young men, with vigorous limb, elastic step, and eagle eye; the darling of some mother's heart and prayer, who, in silent midnight hours, groans in agony of soul, "God pity my poor boy." Then

there are men in mid life, whose homes have been broken up and made desolate because of the moral blight that has come upon them. Many of these men bewail their sad condition, as is instanced in various ways. Did you ever read the beautiful story of Heloise and Abalard of the middle ages? If so you will remember how earnestly Abalard besought his love to be submissive to the will of Him who suffered for her redemption, and then closed his plea with this touching prayer. "When it pleased Thee, O Lord, and as it pleased Thee Thou didst join us, and Thou didst separate us. Now what Thou hast so mercifully begun, mercifully complete; and after separating us in this world, join us eternally in Heaven."

One beautiful Sabbath morning while conducting the Christian Endeavor service in the prison, I remember one of the convicts to have offered this touching petition, reminding me forcibly of this prayer of Abalard's, "O Lord, hear our prayers to-day, in behalf of our loved ones, who are sad because of our incarceration. And we beseech Thee, O Lord, to hear their prayers in our behalf. And if we are not permitted to see each other, or dwell together on earth again, may we through Thy abundant grace, mercifully be prepared to meet and dwell together in Heaven, where sin is not, and temptations are unknown."

Old men are there, whose heads are blossoming for the grave. Some of these have been so long incarcerated they have grown white inside the prison walls. These men have all been charged with crime, and by a judge or jury, pronounced guilty; with regard to many of them we cannot doubt their guilt; there is something

in their manner and bearing betraying to others the story of their wrong doings. But in regard to others, as they have opened their hearts to me, I have been persuaded that they were, perhaps, suffering unjustly. They have been the unhappy creatures of unfortunate circumstances, and the subjects of wicked, malicious, and designing men. In conversation with one of these one day, he said, "Eternity will reveal that I am an innocent man." I said to him, "It is much better to suffer as an innocent man than as a guilty one. "Yes," said he, "but it's hard"; and tears dimmed his eyes as he repeated, "It's hard, hard."

Some of these men have committed only petty offences, the result of their associations or environments, but show clearly the downward tendency of a depraved nature, while others have perpetrated deeds of such atrocity that whole communities have been shocked and thrilled with horror, as they have looked upon the scenes, or spoken to others of the tragic events.

These are the men behind the bars. They are a mighty army, a hundred thousand strong in this country. They are marching to an eternal destiny. Do you ask who they are? They are men like unto ourselves. Some of them, it may be, are our own kindred, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Some of these are already far gone in crime, while others have just entered upon their downward course, and are now for the first time confronted with their sins. Quite a number have apparently become confirmed in ways of impenitency and crime and are now serving their third, fourth, and some as high as their seventh and eighth terms behind the bars.

I had pointed out to me one of whom I was told that he was just entering upon his tenth term of imprisonment. But even among these, I am led to believe, there are some who are not bad men at heart, in whose breasts "feelings lie buried that grace can restore." In their lonely cells, during the silent hours of the night time, undisturbed save as the guard goes on his quiet rounds, these men think over their past lives. They call to mind their boyhood days, when they were surrounded with hallowed influences. They remember the counsels of their fathers, and have not entirely forgotten an old mother's prayers.

Passing through the prison library one Sunday afternoon I found a prisoner arranging some books. I spoke to him. He replied, then taking my hand, he said, "I suppose you do not know me?" "I replied, "No, I do not remember seeing you before." "Well, said he, "One Sabbath morning, when you preached in the chapel, you related an incident by which I was led to recognize you. Thirty-four or five years ago, when a boy, I heard you preach a great many times; indeed I was your Sunday-school secretary in the Old Zion Church when you preached at Winamac and Star City. O," said he, "those were happy days."

I enquired and found he was serving his second term for larceny. He had belonged to a good family, but when he went out from his boyhood home he was unfortunate in the choice of his associates, his environments became bad. And then he had not that keen moral sense which is begotten only by the grace of God, or that strong will which is indispensable if we would not be overcome by

the spirit of evil, or fall through the devices of wicked and designing men.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," is the counsel of the wise man to his son, Prov. 1: 10. That is, when evil men would persuade us to do wrong, we must say no to them. In a world like this, the man who refuses to say no is already under a destructive process, and in the broad road to ruin. The apostle teaches that the same rule applies to our own inherent disposition to evil, when he says, that the grace of God that bringeth salvation teaches us that we are to deny ourselves ungodliness and worldly lusts. Titus 2: 12. This denying ourselves ungodliness, and living soberly, in many cases is not an easy matter. It is a work, a warfare, and demands watchfulness upon our part. It might be called the negative part of religion, but it is a very important part; without it there is no goodness, righteousness, peace, or comfort. Without it there can be no progress, no growth, no stability in life. This ability to say no is the sentinel who stands guard and drives away the enemy; it is the keeper of the vineyard, who drives away the little foxes that spoil the vines, and drives away the beasts of the field which would lay waste the heritage of the Lord. This power to say no, or to resist evil, gives us our liberty, and renders us accountable beings. It is necessary to the development of real manhood. We know we have this power, else we would not so often reproach ourselves when we go contrary to what we know to be right; the fault lies not so much in a lack of power to say no, as in a want of will or inclination. Even inferior creatures have this power. Look at them feeding;

the grass may be green and flourishing, but if it is poisonous, they will turn away and feed on the barest spots, rather than enjoy a momentary pleasure at the risk of sickness and death.

I know it is difficult to go contrary to our own inclinations, instead of yielding to them. Oh, what battles this causes, unseen by any but God! Then too, in so doing we may have to offend those about us. But still our only safety depends upon saying no to urgings on the part of those whose hearts are set to do evil. We must learn to say it, though the cheek may redden, and the heart may tremble. It may not for the time be joyous, but grievous; but it will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in this life; and in the end Life Everlasting. I have purposely dwelt upon this negative part of right doing, because it is a most important part. It is the only way of safety. If we are to be tempted, there are tempters all around us.

I call to mind a young man, whose passion was that of strong drink. He had a widowed mother and a kind-hearted, affectionate sister. They wrote him the most tender, loving letters while he was serving his sentence in the Indiana state prison. Many of these letters it was my privilege to read, which I did at his request, as he passed them to me through the bars of his prison cell. I became deeply interested in him, not merely for his own but for his mother's and sister's sake as well. I found for him a situation on a farm, and used my influence in securing his parole.

He left the prison, apparently with a firm resolve that he would never violate his obligations, or betray the con-

Prison Entrance and Lawns.

fidence of those who had trusted him. For a while away from the town and city where he was free from temptation, he seemed to have gained the mastery over his appetite for strong drink. He sought and obtained permission from the authorities of the prison to visit his mother and sister. After making them a short visit he returned much elated, and went to work for his employer; but after awhile he became very much dissatisfied with farm work and country life. He sought and obtained permission from the prison officials to change his place and employment, after which he went to work at a hotel in the city. There was a saloon just across the way. The temptation was too much for him, he violated his parole, and is now back in prison, to serve the maximum term of his sentence, unless paroled again.

The same story might be told of many others who have gone out from their prison cells, with firm resolves, but a lingering appetite for strong drink; who have found the licensed temptations of the state, in this regard, more than they could withstand. O the curse of strong drink! How many homes are broken up and made desolate by it! How the hopes and expectations of fond mothers are buried beneath the ruins of its deluded victims, who fill the jails, alms-houses, and penitentiaries of this and other countries, or lie buried in dishonored graves! And, may I not say, all shame to the state or country, which will license the accursed traffic! And may I add, to the men who for the sake of gain, will engage in it!

For several years, while in close personal contact with the inmates of the Indiana State Prison, I took special pains, while visiting the men in their cells, to inquire into

the causes leading to their incarceration. And I am fully convinced that seventy-five per cent of the crimes committed by them were the result of strong drink and saloon associations. Mr. George Torrence, superintendent of the Illinois Reformatory, read a paper before the International Prison Congress held at Cleveland, O., a few years ago and said that ninety per cent of the criminals of this country must be accounted for from other causes than that of heredity. And that after the most thorough investigation he had come to the conclusion that the one greatest cause was intemperance. Chaplain Locke, of the Ohio Reformatory, affirmed that through the saloon doors, to the prison doors pass more than half of the 100,000 prisoners of the United States.

At the same Prison Congress, Hon. Eugene Smith of New York, a man of unquestioned reliability, presented a startling array of figures showing the enormous cost of crime. He said that during the year 1899, there was paid out from the public treasury of New York City, wholly due to crimes, $12,998,804; partly due to crime, which, but for crime, would not have been created, $7,789, 259, aggregating a total of $20,778,063, cost of crime for one year. This would be an average of six dollars per capita annually. In San Francisco the average cost is five dollars per capita. In most of the other cities of the country the average ranges from three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents per capita. Mr. Smith estimates the cost of crime annually in the United States to be $600,000,000, which exceeds the value of the cotton or wheat crop of the country.

When we consider the vast amount of suffering and

the fearful crimes resulting from the liquor traffic in this country and then count the tremendous price paid out for its sustenance, we can but ask, Does it Pay? If it is a fact, as represented by the highest and best authorities that the liquor traffic is the supreme source of all these iniquities, then why not protest against it, legislate against it, and wage a constant battle against it, night and day, until it is driven down into its native place? And yet I would not be understood as condemning in a wholesale way the right use of all alcoholic liquids. They may and perhaps do have their place in medicine, and for mechanical purposes; there let them be used if need be, but kept under restrictions in such a way that the best interests of humanity may be subserved.

Then there are those in prison who went there by accident, in an evil moment they yielded to influences they ought to have resisted, and in so doing brought upon themselves and others, sad conditions.

A noted prison worker tells the story of a poor homesick boy of only seventeen years who was serving a five years' sentence in Leavenworth, Kansas, prison. When asked how it happened he replied: "Well, it's a long story but I'll make it short. I started out from home to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life, I drank a glass of liquor It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of the quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

Reader think of the awful pathos of such a story. No wonder that the worker who tells it adds: "As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heart-break I asked myself the question, 'How long will the nation continue to sanction the liquor trafic to rob us of our boys?'"

Many of the men confined in prison are not at heart criminals; they are there through misfortune, rather than viciousness. I know of what I speak. I have mingled with these men and have heard their story from their own lips, as they have spoken of the sad influences which led to their incarceration. In many instances they do not claim that they are innocent, or free from wrong doing, but that under stress of great temptation, in an evil hour they fell, as if by accident. Perhaps under the same pressure many of us might have done the same thing. Others are there because they have set their hearts to do evil. If they ever had any moral convictions they seem to have lost them. They have to be carefully guarded and watched while in prison lest they harm themselves or others; they cannot be trusted there; and unless by some efficient means their moral natures were changed, society would be greatly wronged if they were turned out.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW THE PRISONER IS RECEIVED, AND HOW INITIATED INTO PRISON LIFE.

It is interesting to follow the prisoner, and mark the stages of his initiation into his new life and surroundings. As to the manner of receiving and dealing with a prisoner, I am indebted largely to Mr. George A. H. Shidler, who for two years rendered efficient service as warden of the Indiana State Prison.

"When a prisoner is brought to the penitentiary by the proper authorities, he does not get in by climbing up some other way," but passes through the front door from the east, into a reception hall facing two large, heavy iron gates. On the left, a door opens into the ladies' waiting room or parlor. On the right is the clerk's office with a large open window facing the hall. At this open window the prisoner makes his first appearance after entering the hall. His name is taken by the clerk for registration, and a number is given him, which number corresponds with the numbers of those who have been admitted to the prison, and which number he keeps during his confinement. No two men are ever given the same number, and when a prisoner leaves the prison, either by expiration of time or is released on parole his number is a part of the record that remains in the prison.

The prisoner now passes over any money or other valuables he may have about his person; after which he is conducted to the front gate, at the end of the hall,

which is opened by the gate keeper, and the prisoner passes inside, and the gate is locked. If the prisoner has hand-cuffs on his wrists, they are now removed by the sheriff, and the man is turned over to the receiving officer, who takes him through the second gate, out through the guard room, and away to the bath house. The sheriff now returns to the clerk's window, where a receipt is given him by the warden, showing that the body of Ebenezer Jones, who was convicted for stealing an elephant,* and has been sentenced to serve a term of from two to fourteen years, was delivered within the gates of the prison on such a day.

Now leaving the sheriff to return home, or to go where he pleases, let us follow the prisoner. After receiving a thorough bathing, or as the warden said sometimes a scouring, he is furnished a suit of black and grey checked cloth, new shoes, and a cap, and shirt of the same material as his pants, and vest. If he expresses a desire to return his citizen's clothes to his home, they are so sent; if not, then the prisoner takes the clothes and accompanied by the officer, goes to the door of the furnace under the boilers, the door of which is opened, and he himself consigns them to the flames. All evidence of his citizenship has now ceased. And he has become a full-fledged prisoner, cut off from the outside world, to spend years within the limits of prison walls, his parlor, sitting room, and bedroom a narrow prison cell four and a half feet wide by seven feet long and seven feet high. He is now taken to the receiving cell, which, "like the gates of Gospel grace, but for a differ-

*This was an actual occurence except the name.

ent purpose," are said to be kept open night and day. There he spends his first day and night, uninterrupted except to fall into line for meals. Here he has an opportunity to stop and think, to study over the events of his past life, and all the circumstance leading up to the commission of the crime for which he is now confined in a prison cell. All of this, the warden said, has a quieting effect on the man's nerves.

He is next called upon by the doctor's messenger, who is himself a trusty prisoner. He comes to the cell house keeper, and presents an order for the new man, Ebenezer Jones, or number so and so. By this messenger he is taken to the doctor, who takes his weight and Bertilon measurements, and finds out all he possibly can about the man's former life and family history. He makes a careful examination of his physical condition, and passes his judgment upon the same, and makes out a written statement of all. The prisoner is then returned to the receiving cell. The commitment papers have in the mean time been sent to the deputy warden, who at his own convenience sends his messenger, who brings the prisoner before him, a copy of the printed rules is given him, and he is instructed in regard to them, and is requested to study them carefully in his cell. He is also informed in regard to his privilege tickets, the red permits him to see friends once a month, the blue to a ration of tobacco once a week, and the yellow to write a letter once a month. The deputy then seeks to impress the prisoner with the necessity of his obeying the rules of the prison; and gives him to understand that a violation of any of them will most assuredly be met

with severe punishment. The man goes away from this conference with the deputy, impressed with the idea that it would be safer for him to come in contact with a young cyclone outside the prison walls, than to be brought before the deputy as a violator of prison laws. The deputy now finds out the man's former occupation, if he had any, and he is then assigned to a contract, State account, or idle gang. He is then assigned to his own cell

During the first week of the man's imprisonment, at the warden's convenience the man is sent for by him. He is first reminded of his interview with the doctor and the deputy. He is told that regardless of his guilt or innocence, the management of the prison are there to help him, and he is kindly asked to co-operate with the prison officials, that the highest possible good may come to himself and to all concerned. The prisoner goes away feeling that all that is required of him is good behavior, and that the warden will see to it that he has credit for right conduct, as surely as he will guarantee to enforce discipline for bad. He is told that in case of grievance he can see the warden at any time suiting his convenience, by giving notice of his desire in the proper way. After this friendly talk with the warden, the prisoner falls in ranks, and becomes as one of the rest. If his conduct and health remain good he will pass along in the daily routine of prison life. In case of sickness he may fall into sick line, and appear before the doctor, who will administer to his wants. If the cause be slight he may return him to work, or send him to a sick cell, or if urgent to the hospital where he will have special attention in the way of diet, ward, and nurses.

Bertillon Measurements.

At the end of three months, if Ebenezer Jones has conducted himself properly, he is raised to the first grade, and is given a new suit of dark steel gray cloth. Along with this grade come additional privileges. What in the second grade he had once a month, he now has every two weeks. But should he, during the first three months of his prison life make up his mind to test the rules of the prison, on complaint he is immediately brought before the deputy warden, and if found guilty, he is sent into solitary confinement, in what is known as one of the solitary cells. Here his arms are placed between iron bars inside his door, and with hand cuffs placed around his wrists he is compelled to stand for twelve hours out of twenty-four. He is relieved at eight P. M. each night. He finds in his room a pine board two feet wide and seven feet long; this he may place on the stone floor, and if so inclined he can lie down on it, to indulge in pleasant dreams of better days and happier hours. In the morning promptly at eight o'clock, the outer door is opened, and the man places his arms through the grated door, the hand cuffs are placed on his wrists, and there he stands until eight P. M. During this confinement he gets eight ounces of bread and a quart of water each day. He is visited each hour during the night, and has the privilege of calling an officer at any time, either day or night, to make his complaints known; and if the officer is not satisfied with his condition, he may call the doctor, who is expected to visit prisoners whenever called.

The warden told me that this method of dealing with men brought them to their senses quicker than any other

method of punishment known. He said, "You may think this a very bitter experience, and so it is; but there must be something done to check men when they persist in going wrong, especially when, understanding the conditions, they deliberately bring this upon themselves." He said further, "We can but conclude that the punishment is none too severe." And while I looked upon the warden as a personal friend, and a man of good judgment, possessing a warm heart, and largely in sympathy with the men, I could but feel that this method of punishment was a relic of barbarism, and that some better and more humane method of treating these poor unfortunates ought to be devised, even if it were that of spanking, as employed in the Ohio penitentiary.

The warden visits the "solitary" daily, and seeks to impress the man that there is yet a chance for him, and that when he goes out from this place of punishment, the debt is paid, and that he is still his friend, and that he will in every possible way seek to help him back to a better life. But at the same time he gives him to understand that the rules of the prison must be obeyed at any cost, and that for a second offense the punishment will be doubled. He lets the man know that he is to be provided for in every possible way, that there is to be plenty of food, plenty of clothing, advice, kindness, or punishment. He gives him to understand that the laws of the prison, like the laws of Nature, cannot with impunity be violated, and that a transgression will most assuredly be followed with punishment, regardless of the man's former standing in politics, creed, or religion.

A few words in regard to the punishment of prisoners

may be in place here. When I was first called to the penitentiary, during the administration of warden Harley, refractory prisoners were punished by placing them in solitary confinement, with a limited supply of bread and water for their sustenance. The fearful shrieks of some of these men, while thus confined, are still ringing in my ears. Others were less demonstrative in their utterances, but were sullen, morose, and rebellious, indulging in feelings of bitterness, as they endured the pangs of hunger, and were daily becoming physically, mentally, and morally weaker. They were in a measure starved into submission, but not conquered, and when they went out weakened in body and mind, they often carried within their hearts feelings of bitterness and hatred, nourished, while there toward the prison authorities whose duty it was to administer punishment, that discipline might be maintained. I am satisfied this is the feeling frequently begotten by the dungeon, by the bread and water treatment. A like spirit is engendered when the man is not only placed in solitary confinement, but in addition is compelled to stand with his hands extended above his head, or on a level with his shoulders, and manacled around iron bars in his cell door, there to remain standing, sometimes for days, in the one position. After having carefully considered many of the methods adopted in our reformatories and penal institutions for the reformation and bettering of the condition of these poor ununfortunates, I am fully persuaded that severe punishment is not the best means to be employed if the object is the reformation of the man, woman, or child who has offended; and should not be indulged in, at least

until other and more humane methods have been exhausted.

Punishment in itself is not regenerative. It may appease the morbid sentimentality of the revengeful man, for the time being, without making any good impression on the moral nature of the criminal. I have talked with many convicts who have undergone severe discipline in prison, and almost invariably they have manifested a feeling of bitterness toward the management of the institution, along with a desire to be revenged. The mere fact of having been severely punished does not make the criminal an honest man. The law under which the punishment was executed could touch his body only; so that in the very moment of his keenest suffering under the penal rod, he may be plotting deeper schemes of crime. Punishment per se, is not a regenerator. A recent writer says, "Hell itself could not convert men to Christianity. It might terrify them; it might impose strong restraints upon them, originating in the most uncertain of motives; but as to its regenerating men it would be as impotent as the passing storm." Virtue founded on fear is only vice in a fit of dejection. Harsh dealing with an offender in prison, (as well as outside,) is almost sure to awaken a spirit of resentment. The man is already smarting under the restraints of prison life, and so is ready to misinterpret the motives of the management, as showing a disposition on the part of these officials to persecute him. And thus a feeling of hostility is frequently awakened, especially in the minds of the more vicious class of criminals, which feeling may ripen into open concerted opposition on their part toward the authorities, causing much trouble.

If the management could impress these men with the idea that the supreme purpose of prison discipline was to lift them into a nobler manhood, and thus prepare them for liberty and useful citizenship, I am quite sure the very best possible results would be obtained. And now I am fully satisfied that kind words and humane treatment in dealing with the offender will not only result in the greatest possible good to the men themselves but will have a salutary effect upon the management as well. It is still true that "A soft answer turneth away wrath; while grievous words stir up anger." If we would reach, reform, and save men, we must not forget that the most potent factor in so doing is the manifesting at all times, and in all places, the Christ Spirit. Let gentleness and love be united with firmness, in the administration of prison discipline; then the management will not be regarded as they frequently are by many prisoners, as destitute of feeling, and at best, as but pitiless exactors of righteousness. The convicts will soon learn to recognize in their keepers a feeling of sympathy and regard for them in their unfortunate condition. New thoughts will be awakened, and new resolutions formed, by which many will be led into a new life. Then I am persuaded that those having the charge of reformatory and penal institutions should frequently manifest the spirit of forgiveness toward those over whom they exercise authority. Some men seem to think that it is more manly to resent and punish every violation of discipline, real, or supposed, and so are always standing on their rights.

I remember having read a story of a high official in England, who once went to Sir Fardley Wilmot, in great

wrath, and related to him how he had just received a great insult. He closed by asking him if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said the judge, "it would be manly to resent it, but it would be God-like to forgive it." The effect was to change the purpose, and cool the anger of the insulted man. I know that the law of forgiveness, as taught by the Master, is founded on repentance; and yet a close study of the life of Christ will show that He was far from being arbitrary and mercilessly exacting in dealing with poor unfortunate men and women. One day a fallen woman was dragged into His presence, brought perhaps by grey-bearded men, who dared to come with mock virtue on their lips into His sacred presence. When her accusers brought her in, they put the question, "Moses in the Law commanded that such as her should be stoned, but what sayest Thou?" At first He seemed to disregard the accusation of her accusers. Stooping down, with His finger He wrote upon the ground. They did not understand the meaning of His silence, and so they pressed their question. "Moses in the Law commanded that such as her should be stoned; but what do You say about it?" He does not acquit her, at least in their presence, as she stands there, perhaps with bowed head and crimson cheek revealing the sad story of her shame. But lifting His eyes of holy indignation He fixed them upon those pitiless exactors of the righteousness of the law and said, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Conscience-smitten, one after another they sneak out of His presence. In seeking judgment upon the woman, they found that judgment had been passed upon

themselves. And so if we would not be judged, we have need to give heed how we judge others. When her enemies have all gone out he turns his attention to the woman, and, I can imagine, with a look of pitying tenderness, asks, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" She replies, "No man, Lord." Mark. He does not wait for further expressions of penitence upon her part, but immediately replies, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go thy way, and sin no more." He sends her away, clothed with forgiveness, to lead a better life; and teaches by His own blessed example, how men and women, everywhere, should deal with the erring and fallen ones of earth if they would lift them into newness of life.

What legal creatures we sometimes are. A boy who had done a wrong deed was sentenced by his father to live for three days upon bread and water as a punishment. For two days the cup of cold water and plate of dry bread was set before him instead of his usual fare. On the morning of the third day, his father asked him how he liked his fare. "I can eat it very well, papa, but I don't much like it," and after standing in silence for a few minutes, he looked up, and said, "Can't you forgive me, papa?" "No, sir, I cannot; my word has passed and you must take your three days, as I told you." "But can't you really forgive me, papa?" "No," was the answer, "I cannot break my word." "Then, papa, how could you say the Lord's prayer this morning?" The father was struck with the child's reproof, ordered the bread and water to be removed, and said with evident pleasure, "My boy, you have preached me a better sermon than I ever preached in my life."

"But," says an objector, "what shall be done where a man persists in violating rules of discipline, and seems to be at variance with all law and order, and shows no signs of penitence?" Well, as a last resort, punishment may have to be meted out. But let it be in the right spirit, and from a pure motive, and after a thorough test of the better methods. It may be that forgiveness may bring about the desired results when all other methods have failed. I once read the story of a soldier, in the garrison town of Woolwich, who was an incorrigible offender, upon whom every sort of punishment had been tried in vain. He was again brought up for trial. He had nothing to say but seemed morose and sullen. His colonel concluded a few appropriate, well-timed remarks by saying, "We have now resolved to forgive you." The sentence was so new and unexpected, that the man completely broke down and wept profusely. "Forgiven," was entered upon the record, opposite the charge made against him. And he was never known to be guilty of any violation of military rules or discipline afterwards. Mercy triumphed. The history of the world shows that Lord Bacon expressed a truth when he said, "Generous and magnanimous minds are readiest to forgive"; and it is a weakness and impotency of mind to be unable to forgive.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

I have frequently been asked to explain the difference between the Definite and the Indeterminate Sentences. Passing along in front of the long tiers of cells, with their iron barred doors, in the prison at Michigan City, you will find the name and number of each prisoner in plain letters, or figures, on his cell door. Opposite the name you will find the number of years stated for which the man has been sentenced; if a definite sentence it will read, "John Smith, Three years," or "John Smith, five," or seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, or for life as the case may be. But if the sentence is an indeterminate one, it will read, "John Smith, from one to three years," or from one to seven years, or from one, or two, to fourteen years, as the case may be. A Definite Sentence means a definite punishment for a definite crime.

This theory we are told, had its origin in the ages long ago, and has been practiced among the nations of the earth all along the centuries. It consisted in giving the man as good as he sent; or in the taking out of an eye for an eye, or knocking out a tooth for a tooth. In the olden times, it would seem that the injured man was permitted under certain conditions to execute vengeance upon his offender; as illustrated in the case of the manslayer, and the cities of refuge provided for his escape from the avenger. But the Christ,

the great teacher sent from God, in His sayings on the Mount, forbids this manner of procedure, and positively enjoins that we shall not render evil for evil. After a while men by legislative enactments began to prohibit the injured man from taking summary vengeance upon the offender, and deliberately set about the task of considering the nature of the crime, and estimating the amount of punishment that would be necessary to meet the offense; and then just as deliberately proceeded to measure off so much punishment for so much crime. The one must be an equivalent for the other; the man must be injured as much as he has injured another. This method of dealing with criminals, while there may be a show of justice in it, looks only to the past and so much of the future as is thought necessary to meet the penalty for the offense. There was no thought for the future well-being of the criminal or the future well-being of society, bound up in the future of the criminal. The relation between the state and the criminal ceases when the man has paid the penalty imposed for his crime. Under the definite sentence, the question is simply one of debt and credit.

When we come to examine these two methods of dealing with offenders, we can but be convinced that the indeterminate sentence law, when rightly administered, is more humane, and more fully in accord with the divine methods of dealing with erring men. The Indeterminate Sentence law makes a direct appeal to the criminal to reform. Under the Definite Sentence law, the prisoner knows that at the end of a definite time he will be released from prison, even if it is known that he

still intends to lead a criminal life. But under the Indefinite Sentence law, he is given to understand that his character must be changed before he can be set at liberty. The chief question under the Definite Sentence law is, What did the man do? But under the Indefinite or Indeterminate Sentence law, the main question is, What is he? Or how did he behave himself in a subordinate place? And then perhaps a more important one is added, What will he be? Or, When will he be changed? It is held by those who contend for the Indefinite Sentence, that no judge or jury can answer these questions in advance, and so cannot justly fix the time when the prisoner should go free, until they have been answered. No judicial court can tell just what the effect of imprisonment will be in any given case, in five or ten years from the time of pronouncing sentence, and so determine just when the prisoner should be released from prison. Under the Indeterminate Sentence law the time for his release is deferred until fitness for the same can be obtained.

This leads me to speak a word or two in regard to those who have charge of our criminal courts and penal institutions. The man who is placed in a position where he has the power and opportunity of taking away the liberty of another should have great wisdom, clear discernment and skill in reaching his conclusions and passing his judgments. Then again the restoration of the criminal to society is if possible a still more important question. The knowledge of a criminal's fitness for society can only be determined by those who have an opportunity of studying him under various circumstances. It is certainly

of utmost importance to the state, to society, and to the prisoners themselves and indeed to all concerned that the men who are to have charge of our reformatories, prisons, and public charities of all kinds, should be chosen because of their uprightness, integrity, discernment, and love of humanity, rather than that they have been the willing tools of sordid and selfish politicians in carrying out some of their nefarious schemes. I think we are all convinced that it is frequently the case, that incompetent men, and men who feel no real interest in the welfare of the state and community, are placed in positions of trust and profit, not because they are capable or worthy of the place, but simply because they have been instrumental in helping, and can still be of use in assisting corrupt, ambitious, and self-seeking politicians into higher positions.

At the National Conference of Charities held in Detroit, Michigan, beginning May 28, 1902, Timothy Nicholson of Marion, Indiana, president of the conference, and member of the Board of State Charities of Indiana, and who also participated in the Indiana State Prison investigation, delivered an address in which among other important things he said: "The golden age will begin, when every state has its nonpartisan board of control of state institutions; when partisan politics are wiped out of municipal elections; when indeterminate sentences and the parole system prevail in prison work; when juvenile courts and probation officers are established in all cities; when county jails are abolished and work houses established; when wife beaters and wife deserters are imprisoned, and their prison earnings applied to the sup-

port of their families; when all employers refuse work to drunkards; and when institutions and individuals cease to pauperize the needy by indiscriminate giving."

It is further argued by those who contend for the Indeterminate Sentence law, that if a man, because he is a criminal, is sent to the penitentiary he ought to be kept there until he is made a better man. And if a prisoner is not to be released until he has been reformed, then it becomes the highest duty of the state to make use of the best possible methods for his reformation. This is indeed the central thought of the Indeterminate Sentence and the Parole law. This being so, the obligation is imposed upon the management of prisons and reformatories to carefully study each and every individual prisoner. In the family we have learned that it is of the utmost importance that parents know the bent and inclination of each child, that they may know just how to deal with each, that the highest possible good may be obtained by all. Now the same skill and discernment is not only needed but is absolutely necessary in dealing with the vast variety of men, women, and children gathered into our reformatories and penal institutions. Criminals are in the main diseased members of society; they are not to be left to die, then to be delivered over to the undertaker, but each diseased mind or body demands a separate diagnosis, that each one may receive just the right kind of treatment. The elder Gough used to tell a story of an old style physician who always put up his own prescriptions. He kept a large bottle on his table, and after prescribing for a patient, if he had any of the medicine left he always turned it into the

black bottle; so the bottle contained an almost endless variety of drugs. There was a little calomel, a little rheubarb, a little seina, a little podophyllin, quinine, arsenic, strychnia, and almost every other drug known in the medical calendar. One day a patient became anxious to know just what use he made of the medicine in the bottle. "O," said the doctor, "that is one of the most important preparations I have; it is frequently the case that a man comes to me having a complication of diseases. There is heart trouble, stomach trouble, liver or kidney difficulty. Indeed it is hard to tell just what is the matter with the man. So I just give him a dose out of the black bottle, and that generally fixes him."

The defects of one criminal may be physical, of another mental, of another moral, and sometimes a complication of all these maladies may be found in the same person. The crime of one person may be caused by a lack of moral sense, and of another by a lack of common sense, hence all will not require the same kind of treatment. All cannot be served out of the same bottle. The Indeterminate Sentence law compels the treatment of criminals not as a whole, but as individuals; and those having charge of criminals in our prisons and reformatories, will not have reached the maximum of their obligations without making a careful study of the character, bent, and inclination of each and every individual prisoner. No one doubts that a criminal like Marvin Kuhns, who had escaped from the Ohio penitentiary and was recently captured in Indiana and returned to Columbus, where he is now serving a life sentence for the crime of murder, a man who was noted

for his daring deeds of crime, a man who seemed to have inherited a criminal nature, (if such a thing is possible), from a long line of horse thieves, counterfeiters, and burglars, should receive different treatment from one who fell by accident and is not at heart a criminal. Under the Definite Sentence law all are treated alike so far as food and raiment are concerned, the only difference being in the length of the time of their confinement. One has said that when the treatment of a prisoner depends upon his present character, and not upon a single act of the past the adjustment will be more intelligent.

One of the objections urged against the Indeterminate Sentence is that it places too much power in the hands of the executive officers, but it should be remembered that the board of control does not take away any legal rights of the prisoner; he forfeited those rights when he committed the crime. He was adjudged guilty, and deprived of his liberty by a sentence from the court. The restoration of his liberty is incidentally important to himself but is of much more importance to the community into which he goes. The matter is therefore left where it rightly belongs—in the hands of those best qualified to judge whether or not the man should be allowed to go free. Depriving a man of his liberty is a judicial act, but the restoration of that liberty is an executive act. The demands of justice are not fully met by the imprisonment of a criminal so long as he remains a criminal at heart. These demands are only met when the wrong doer becomes a right doer. When a man has given full proof of his purpose to live as he should, and is discharged because of such purpose, he is merely

treated justly. Warren Spaulding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, says, "The Indeterminate Sentence lies in two things. First, in the better results obtained where it has been tried, or has had a fair trial. And second, in the intelligence of the people in regard to crime and its punishment."

The old theories in regard to crime and its punishment are losing their hold, and new ones, based on certain propositions are claiming attention and becoming generally held. Among these propositions are such as these: that punishment should be made to fit the crime rather than the criminal; that character, rather than a single act, should be made the ground of treatment; that a single act is not proof positive of the criminality of the offender; that the criminal has forfeited his right to liberty, not for a definite time fixed in advance as a penalty for a single act, but until such time as he shall cease to have a criminal character; that this cannot be determined before the convict begins his imprisonment, and that his release should be conditional, so he can be returned if it is found that his reformation is not complete, and that in the course of time when his reformation has been proven satisfactory he shall be fully discharged.

For years it has been the custom in this and other countries to define by law certain acts as crimes, and then to affix a definite penalty, in accordance with the supposed guilt or innocence of the offender. When we come to consider the penal codes of our ancestors we are forced to the conclusion that they must have been terrible in the extreme. The death penalty was imposed

for almost every felonious act, and for minor offences men forfeited their lands or chattels, others were banished, while still others were sent to the pillory or whipping post. Under educational and Christian influences, great changes have been made in the criminal codes of this and other countries during the last century. In the early settlements of the territories and states, lynchings were no uncommon thing, and were not regarded with the disfavor they are now. Some years ago while traveling in southern Kansas I stopped for a few hours in a frontier town near the line of the Indian territory, and while there had pointed out to me a large oak tree where a few mornings before three men were found hanging to a limb by their necks, and the man who gave me the information said it was no uncommon occurrence in that country, and that it was the work of a vigilance committee composed of the better class of citizens. In the early part of the last century many crimes were followed with the death penalty under the sanction of law, and lynchings in many instances were thought to be the proper thing; horse stealing and counterfeiting were often punished in this summary way. Amos Butler, secretary of the Board of State Charities, tells of a man in Dearborn County, Indiana, who struck a judge with a piece of clapboard, was tried, found guilty, and punished by being confined in a prison made of logs and rails by having his neck placed between two logs composing one side of the building; and of another man who was fined and given thirty lashes for taking an ax. And that in Clark County, Indiana, a man by the name of Ingram was tried for horse stealing, was convicted

by a jury, and the order book shows that the judge then entered the following sentence:

> That John Ingram be remanded to jail, until Friday, December first, when between the hours of eleven o'clock A. M., and one o'clock P. M., he be taken out and hanged by the neck until he is dead—dead—dead.

Prisons at that time were built and looked upon almost exclusively as places where men charged with crime might be secured until they were tried, and if they were found guilty might receive punishment. But as men became more enlightened, and more familiar with the teachings of the Master along these lines, they became more humane and the death penalty became less frequent, and imprisonment for a specified time became the rule. But this theory it is thought was the result of convenience, rather than a conviction that it served a better purpose. Most of the states at the present time impose imprisonment for nearly every offence. They forbid specifying a minimum and a maximum period, leaving the judge trying the case to fix the time of imprisonment according to his view of the convict's deserts. This method of punishment for criminal acts is held by those who contend for the indeterminate sentence as absurd in principle, and grossly wrong in practice.

Charlton T. Lewis, president of the Prison Association of New York, says that this theory is founded on the false notion that the state can and ought to apportion retribution for offences; and that it requires of every criminal judge an utter impossibility, and results in startling inequalities, whenever an attempt is made to apply

it, and that it does not effectively promote the sole end of criminal law, namely, the protection of society. He further says that there are two conceivable ways of protecting the community against its enemy, the criminal; either to disarm him or to reconcile him. But the definite sentence does neither; it only retains the criminal until his term ends. It is, he says, as if a man should cage a man-eating tiger for a month, or a year, and then turn him loose. There is nothing in such a sentence which tends to reconcile him to his fellows. It aims at nothing more than to restrain him and to hold him in safety until the end of his term, and in most cases he is discharged more the foe of mankind than before. I am persuaded that the most considerate plan in dealing with criminals is not in following the penal codes of our ancestors who seemed to ignore the possibility of the reformation of the criminal; nor is it in following the more recent code which is still in practice in many places, namely, that of imposing the definite sentence for almost every offence. Mr. Lewis says of it, "Any penal code which attempts to inflict punishments commensurate with offences has this for its inspiration and its source, and is but organized lynch law."

Chaplain D. T. Starr, of the Ohio penitentiary, in an article published in the Western Christian Advocate some time ago, says, "The foundation upon which the Indeterminate Sentence stands is that the object of imprisonment is the necessary protection of society, either by disarming the criminal, or by his cure." The former often leads to the latter. So long as the confinement of the offender is necessary for the protection of society,

he must be deprived of his freedom, he must be prevented from a repetition of his crime. He should be released from confinement only when he will be a safe member of society, without regard to the time limit. When he is restored in character, and not till then, should the rights of freedom be restored to him. It is a probation in prison as well as out of prison. This system is working out the most beneficial results. It is a God-given appeal to the manhood of man, and its challenge to his moral nature meets with no uncertain response, and it gives the criminal to understand that society is not his enemy, that the state is his friend, and seeks his release, and that his own evil self is his destroyer, depriving him of his God-given right to go free. Such conviction is frequently followed by conversion. It is the gospel in law, and would seem to harmonize with the proclaiming of liberty to the captive as brought by Jesus, in such a way as to soon become the providential method of opening the prison doors to those who are bound. Under the definite sentence, criminals are discharged by the time limit, and frequently go out as vicious and hostile to society as they were when they entered the prison, and purposing (and sometimes this purpose is known) to commit crime. Chaplain Starr tells of a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary who was imprisoned for attempting the murder of his wife. He was released on the expiration of his sentence, went home, killed his wife, and was brought back and executed. He says that under the Indeterminate Sentence law such a thing could hardly occur. The operation of this system he says has been salutary every way, and is found applicable to all classes except life convicts and those under

sentence of death. An insane person is imprisoned until he is cured, and why should not the convict be so conditioned? This method of imposing a retributive penalty, according to the degree of guilt, is out of harmony with the teachings of Christianity and the highest moral sentiment of the age. It only retains its place in society by the tenacity of long tradition, and the natural disposition of man to return evil for evil. It is but the instinct of the beast, whose brutal nature seeks to hurt those who hurt him. The satisfaction gained by inflicting punishment in proportion to our estimate of guilt is no more rational than that of the man who in a heat of passion follows his hat on a windy day, and when overtaking it stamps it to the earth, or who sets about kicking the plow because it strikes a rock.

When this thirst for revenge on the part of the human animal actuates a state or a community, and is embodied in legislative enactments, and is executed in so-called halls of justice, by judicial acts, it is to some extent disguised, and its coarseness does not appear so flagrant, and the disturbance of civil order as in private feuds is to some extent averted. But the character of the act is not changed by the number of those who commit it. The community which deliberately injures a man because he has offended, is at least as brutal and irrational as the man or beast who impatiently avenges a wrong. Prisons no doubt are necessary to society for the reformation of the prisoner. In the prison he is disarmed; there let him remain until he is reformed or reconciled. If he is dangerous to the community and cannot be trusted with his freedom, then must he be retained in prison

and so prevented from practicing crime. This is the only justification for his imprisonment. The indeterminate sentence provides that such a one shall be placed in confinement where he is to be treated in such a manner as to prepare him, if possible, for his freedom; his confinement must last just as long, and no longer than he remains criminal at heart. In this way the community is protected, and the man in durance is furnished with an opportunity, as well as the highest possible motives, to put forth his very best efforts to reform and build for himself a character that will prepare him for his liberty. Thus the man becomes the arbiter of his own fate and carries in his own bosom the key that unlocks his prison door. He is continually reminded by all his surroundings, both by day and by night, that he must work out his own salvation. If the criminal has not lost all moral sensibility; if there remains a single spark of manliness in his bosom, these remnants of better days are appealed to by the judicious and wise management of prisons, if these are what they should be. There is awakened in the minds of many a longing desire, which, joined with expectation, begets a feeble hope, as the days, weeks, and months go by. Great battles are fought in prison cells, enemies are dislodged, and victories won. We look with admiration upon the brave men in South Africa, who in their might rose against the oppressor and, like our forefathers, pledged themselves, each to the other, fighting even to death rather than live under British rule. Their bravery, their heroism, called forth the admiration of the world, and became a noble theme for eloquence and song.

Let us not forget, that in the revelation God has given, it is declared, "That he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Surely it ought to be no less an inspiration to every lover of humanity, when they look upon a band of prison convicts, whose hearts and lives were once withered and torn under the blighting influence of evil passions, and made desolate by brutal impulses and unnamable lusts, are now struggling in silence to put down these tyrants, who have laid waste the noblest heritage of God, and are now, with fearful odds against them, struggling in silence, seeking for themselves the restoration of their lost manhood; that they may once more mingle in the associations of men, and breathe again the free air of heaven. The outside world knows but little of the earnest efforts put forth by many convicts in their attempt to change their habits of life. An old prisoner said to me one day, "It is no great hardship for me to submit to the prison authorities. Most of my life I have been a soldier in the regular army and have learned that the best results are to be obtained by obedience to orders, so it has become a pleasure for me to obey." Many of these men have never learned this lesson of obedience. They have lived out of harmony with society and with themselves. They have never learned to rule their own spirits because they have never learned to obey. These lessons must be learned before the demands of the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole law are met. That these results may be effected has been proved in very many instances; but it is a work that requires the highest qualifications of trained intelligence, along with patience almost divine.

The prison must become a reformatory in the fullest sense of the word, and must embrace the purposes of hospital, school, and church, for the healing of body, mind, and soul. It is often the case that the convict has had no training in any honest pursuit, and to send him out into the world in this condition, is to place him under pressure to return to the only pursuit he knows, that of a course of crime.

Mr. Wines says, "In order that the best results may be obtained under the Indeterminate Sentence Law, it is important that we have the right men in the right place, then there will be right administration." One great trouble is, that legislators do not understand it, so they bungle the act in passing it. The executive department of the state government does not understand it and so it bungles the administration of the system. Mr. Wines says, "So long as politicians continue to put into our prisons, as members of our prison boards and as prison officials, men who are incapable of administering the parole system in the spirit in which it was conceived by its authors and advocates, the outlook for the best results from its adoption is less hopeful than it would otherwise be." The parole system changes the relations of the prisoner to all the agents of society who deal with him. The aim is no longer to hold him in subjection as the mere slave of the state during the allotted term, then to be discharged of all responsibility for him, but they have before them the definite purpose of preparing him for freedom. The spirit of the institution undergoes a wonderful change when the reformatory idea supplants that of punishment. The prison of the old style faces

the past and forever looks backward to the crime committed. The true reformatory has turned its face to the future, and is a prophecy of better days. One has said that on the one is inscribed, "Leave all hope behind, ye that enter here." On the other, "Never despair; seek, and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

After a careful study of the men inside the prison walls, for several years as opportunity offered, I am convinced that there are some natures fearfully depraved, and so degraded that appeals made to their manhood seem to be unavailing. They appear to be, and perhaps are, constitutional criminals. The language of Jeremiah seems appropriate, when he asked the question, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots?" Then may these also do good that have become so accustomed to do evil. Many of them have learned to call evil good, and good evil. These men cannot be turned loose to prey upon society. Who is responsible for their condition? I am led to think, after a careful study of the old methods of dealing with criminals, that our penal institutions have had much to do in helping make these men what they are. A definite sentence was given these men for either a long or short period according to their supposed guilt, and at the expiration of their sentence they were given their liberty, in many instances going out to continue their criminal course until they were again arrested, it may have been for worse crimes. It is folly to release such men. Let them remain in prison until they are fit for liberty. We must despair of none so long as God lets them live. Let the most depraved be brought to feel there is hope if they can only

embrace it; but let none go free until they can be trusted with their freedom. Hon. C. T. Lewis says, "If imprisonment for crime is to be practiced the only rational and useful form for it is under sentence terminable always and only by the prisoner's own recovery from that which has made it necessary."

It may not be amiss for me to notice some of the objections urged against the indefinite sentence and reform methods. On returning from the prison one Monday morning, I was confronted by a man who expressed great dissatisfaction because of the methods used in the treatment of prisoners. He said he thought we were putting a premium on crime, by the kindness and care shown them. He said it looked to him as if these men were being rewarded for their dishonesty, cruelty, and lust, by being afforded opportunities and resources, such as common laborers could not command. He spoke especially about the school, the well supplied tables, and the bath room, as a premium on crime, where, as he said, they ought to be made to suffer. It was the old theory so often repeated, that prisons were built and maintained for the sole purpose of keeping in durance, and punishing violators of law, rather than seeking their reformation. If imprisonment is a necessity that men may be retained and kept from criminal acts, then somebody must be vested with power to determine how they shall be treated during their confinement. And the only question to be decided is, How can the best results be obtained for bringing about their reformation? Surely those who have made a study of criminology and familiarized themselves with the practical workings of penal jurisprudence are

more capable of judging as to the best methods to be employed for the reformation of these men, than those who have never given these methods more than a passing thought. Great difficulties are always experienced by those who would effect a reformation among the fallen ones in prisons and elsewhere, under system. But that difficulty amounts to an utter impossibility where current systems of retribution are alone resorted to.

Another question frequently asked by the opposition to the Indeterminate Sentence law is, How can we distinguish the time when the indeterminate sentence becomes determinate? Who can rightly administer it? Who can understand the hearts of men and so determine between the true and false motives of those under their charge? Who has the wisdom and knowledge to detect the honest purpose of the criminal from that of mere pretense and cunning? Who can upon his own judgment, or that of others, take the responsibility of deciding upon his fellow-man's nature, and so fix his doom? These questions involve the most difficult problems imposed upon the human mind. To settle these questions and not make mistakes is beyond the power of any man or body of men. The reformatory methods in dealing with criminals will always be attended with more or less errors, because we cannot discern just what is the purpose of the cunning-hearted felon, and because of this mistakes will unavoidably be made. Hon. C. T. Lewis in speaking on this subject says, "The felon of strong mind and deep cunning may impose on experienced keepers; the defected man of unbridled passion may impress them deeply with his moral worth during a crisis of re-

pentance, while the real aspirant for manhood may stumble and fall countless times in his efforts, and thus the less worthy may obtain the earliest release. The force of the objection must be admitted without resource. It is a fearful necessity that is thrown upon the state to exercise such a prerogative through fallible agents." He argues that the same objection would apply to every method of restraining criminals; and that it applies with much greater force to the traditional system of retribution, than to the scientific system of reformation.

The objections so often urged against the indeterminate sentence and its workings, when carefully examined become a strong plea for its adoption. Under the old system of retributive punishment, (which system is still being followed in many places.) for every offense, it must be conceded that much needless suffering and hardship was endured by those confined in prisons and reformatories. Unequal and oppressive restraints were frequently imposed, because of the caprice, ignorance, and errors of judicial tribunals, who were called to pass judgment on a man's character by a single act of his past life, and then impose upon him a definite sentence for a term of years. These wrongs would be greatly reduced by an immediate and universal adoption of the general reformatory sentence system, and a wise administration of the same. The tendency of the mind and conscience among students of criminal science everywhere is toward shortening the term of imprisonment, and under the Indeterminate Sentence law carefully studying each and every individual character, and wherever is found a convict who gives evidence of true repentance and genuine reform

give him a trial, by placing him on the parole list, that he may have once more the opportunity of asserting his manhood and rights of citizenship. The natures that manifest a disposition towards lawlessness, are to be carefully and patiently studied, that they may be brought under social and moral influences such as a true brotherhood only can exert, while those who are obstinate, rebellious, or dangerous must be kept in confinement where they will not have an opportunity to prey upon society, or, as one has said, to reproduce their kind.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PAROLE LAW, AND ITS WORKINGS.

Just how to deal with prisoners or criminals, in such a way that the best possible results may be obtained for the state and the community and that the highest interests of the prisoners themselves may be subserved has for long years been a problem difficult to solve. Some of the most intelligent men of the nation, having the interests of humanity at heart, and who have made a most thorough study of the subject of criminology and the methods of dealing with criminals in our penal institutions and elsewhere, have become fully convinced that there exists a great necessity for reform in dealing with this large class of unfortunates.

Until recent years but little attention has been paid by the great mass of mankind to the men, women, and children, lodged in our reformatories and penal institutions, beyond having them arrested, tried, and, if found guilty, sentenced to some penal institution to serve out a definite period of time, and then to be discharged in many instances as bad as, if not worse than when they entered there. The main object of the state seemed to be that of imposing punitive law rather than the reformation of the criminal. The men are thrown into prison and compelled to work that they might earn money for the state. The more money they earned the better prisoners they became for the institution and the management. There was but little thought for the welfare of the prison-

er, either physically, mentally, or morally. But a better day seems to be dawning upon our world in this respect, as seen in our national and international prison congresses which are being held throughout the civilized world. These congresses are composed of delegates selected because of their interest in and knowledge of criminals, crime and its cure. They meet at stated times and places designated that they may compare notes, weigh results, and devise plans for the betterment of the condition of the fallen ones.

Over thirty-two years ago, the National Prison Congress of the United States was organized in the city of Cincinnati, O. Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, at that time governor of the state, and afterwards chosen president of the United States, became first president of the National Prison Congress, and held the office for ten years. He continued one of the controlling and sustaining spirits of this growing reform movement until the close of his life. The original purpose of the National Prison Congress, was to devise some more humane system for the management and care of convicts, and where it is possible, for their reformation. This original purpose has grown until it has come to include preventative as well as restorative proclivities. To-day charitable and benevolent organizations are being erected and successfully operated for the prevention of children and others from becoming criminals. Through the united efforts of these prison congresses, our criminal institutions are becoming places for the reformation of convicts, so they may once more be restored to society and citizenship. And where reformation cannot be effected they may be

kept in security, so that their own and the best interests of the state and society may be subserved.

To this end legislative bodies have been and are being importuned in regard to the necessity of securing better legislation in behalf of prisons and their management. By efforts of this kind, during the winter of 1895 a committee was appointed by the Indiana Legislature to examine the laws that were on the statute books at that time, in the states of New York, Illinois, Minnesota, and other states that were then working under the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law. Assisted by the management of those who had charge of those institutions in the different states, the committee did its work so well, that it was fully prepared to make its report to the Legislature in the month of January, 1897. This report was so convincing because of the successful workings of the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law system in these states that the Legislature was immediately led to draft the law under which the penal institutions and reformatories of the state of Indiana are now working. This law was approved by the Legislature of the state, March 8, 1897.

Along with these legislative enactments, there came a change, in the names, and to some extent, in the nature, of our penal institutions. The State Prison North took the name of the Indiana State Prison and at the same time took upon itself more of the nature of a reformatory. The Indiana State Prison South took the name of the Indiana Reformatory. Prior to the passage of the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law a boundary line running east and west, near the center of

the state, decided whether the prisoner would be sent north to Michigan City, or south to Jeffersonville. This method of disposing of criminals was followed regardless of the nature of the crime committed, or the number of times the man had been incarcerated before. The result was that boys and young men, convicted of minor offences, and for the first time, were thrown into the same prison, and were frequently confined in the same cell with hardened criminals; and after serving a definite term of years, and without any special efforts being made for their moral improvement, they were frequently discharged at the end of their sentence graduates in crime. The passage of the Indefinite Sentence and Parole Laws in 1897 led to the classification of criminals; and all persons who were over thirty years of age, and those who had been sentenced for life or treason, or hardened criminals, who had served more than one term in prison were sent north to the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City; while all under thirty years of age were sent to the Indiana Reformatory at Jeffersonville. Soon after the passage of the new law, the management of the two institutions set about providing new regulations and a better system of government for both these and other charitable and benevolent institutions of the state, and though these laws are far from being faultless, they are a great advance over the old laws and methods.

The Indeterminate Sentence and the Parole Systems are closely connected; indeed, the latter is the result of the former. There could be no Parole Law without the Indefinite Sentence, which fixes a minimum and maximum term of years according to the supposed guilt of

the criminal; ranging from one to three years for minor offences; and from one to fourteen, or from two to fourteen, or twenty-one years according to the nature of the man's crime. For the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, and the State Reformatory at Jeffersonville, the board of control has established three grades of prisoners. All prisoners on reaching the prison are supposed to be in the second grade and are so entered. A little booklet of eight pages, published by Geo. A. H. Shidler while serving as warden of the Indiana State Prison, entitled "Information Concerning the Parole Law and its Rules," which booklet was approved by the Parole Board, March 2, 1900, is of great value to the prisoner, as it serves to point out the course of conduct to be pursued that the highest possible good may come to himself during his confinement, and result in securing his parole when the proper time may come. A copy of this book is given to every prisoner when he enters the prison, with instructions to study the same. From this source I have gathered some information, which I am sure will be helpful to those wishing to learn the method of dealing with this large class of unfortunates, not only in this state, but in similar institutions in other states, where the Parole Law and Indefinite Sentence are in vogue. From it we learn the grade of a prisoner may be lost: First, by such violation of prison rules as shall make it necessary to place him in solitary confinement. Second, for general disobedience or disorderly conduct. Third, for habitual laziness, being untidy or negligent. Fourth, at the direction of the Board of Control, the Warden, or the Deputy.

Illustration of Grades.

First grade prisoners are dressed in grey uniform and are entitled to certain privileges, such as eating at what is known as the first grade dining table, at which the table service and a variety of food are the distinctive features, with the privilege of writing one letter every alternate Sunday, of receiving visits from friends once every two weeks, and of receiving such letters and weekly papers as the warden may approve, also of smoking or chewing in their cells in the evening, of wearing mustache, which must be neatly trimmed from time to time, with such other additional privileges and immunities as may be considered safe to grant them as a special reward for the right kind of conduct, always keeping in view the best interests of discipline and good order.

Second grade prisoners are distinguished from the first grade by wearing plaid suits and are entitled to receive certain privileges, such as receiving visits from friends once a month, of writing letters on the fourth Sunday of each month, of smoking and chewing in their cells in the evening, and other privileges in the dining room and elsewhere as the warden may think best. After having maintained a perfect record for three consecutive months, prisoners of this class will be advanced to the first grade with all its privileges.

Third grade men are such as have violated some of the laws or rules regulating the government of the prison, and are dressed in striped clothing. This grade of men are not allowed to receive visits from friends, nor to write letters except on matters of great importance, and then only by permission of the warden. They are not permitted to receive newspapers, nor any outside

news whatever, except by the warden's permission; they are deprived of the use of tobacco. They are given plenty of substantial food, but less variety than the first and second grade men. They may be deprived of other privileges if considered for the best interests of the good order and discipline of the prison. Prisoners in the third grade are eligible to promotion to the second grade after they have maintained a perfect record for three consecutive months.

### Parole Regulations.

After having served out the minimum sentence, under the Indeterminate Sentence Law, all prisoners, if they have maintained a perfect record for six consecutive months are eligible to parole, upon the recommendation of the warden of the prison, or upon the application of prisoner for parole, and where there is reason to believe that such prisoner will conduct himself in harmony with the provisions of the Parole Law. But his release will still be conditioned upon such terms as the Board of Parole may prescribe. After a prisoner is paroled he is still under the legal custody of the warden and agent of the prison from which he is paroled, until the expiration of the maximum term specified, or until he has earned his discharge. Before being granted a parole, the prisoner appears before the Parole Board, where his past record is reviewed. This review includes a close study of his character, tendencies, and general habits of life while in prison, as well as his previous history. The nature and circumstances of his crime are es-

pecially considered, and where it is possible a statement has been secured from the judge and prosecuting attorney, where the man was tried, and the man himself is closely questioned as to his past record. If it is found that he has led a criminal life and that he has served other sentences his case will not be favorably considered by the Board; but he will be returned to his work or cell to serve a longer period, not knowing just when he will have another opportunity for going before the Board.

But if on the other hand it is found that this was the man's first offence, and that the judge and prosecuting attorney who tried his case, are favorable to his parole, and all the evidence is such as to justify the Board in the belief that the man will once more become a useful citizen, they will parole him. Employment must then be secured for him, either by himself, or by the prison officials. Sometimes this is found among his own people, where they are responsible; if they are not, then the management will find places among farmers, or in factories and elsewhere as opportunity may offer. The person giving employment to a paroled man must sign a written agreement in which he sets forth that he is able and willing to employ such prisoner until he receives his final discharge (which will be at the pleasure of the Board, but not less than twelve months from the date of his parole); to keep him steadily employed and to pay him a certain specified sum, either by the day or the month, as the case may be, for his services. He also promises to take a friendly interest in said person, to counsel and direct him in that which is good, and to promptly report to the warden or state agent of the prison any un-

necessary absence from work, any tendency to low associations, or any violation of the conditions of his parole. He further promises to see that he forwards his monthly report to the warden of the prison on the first of each month, with his certificate of its correctness. When making an application to the prison board for a paroled man, the applicant must secure the signature of the County Judge, the Clerk of the Court, or some one known to some member of the Board of Commissioners, certifying that the applicant is a proper and capable person to have the care and supervision of said paroled man.

### Parole Agreement.

First, When a prisoner is released on parole he must at once proceed to the place of his employment and report to his employer. Second, Upon reporting to his employer, he shall immediately make out a written report, addressed to the state agent, telling of his arrival at his destination, which report must be signed by his employer. Third, He must not change nor leave his employment, unless by order, or upon permission from the Board, obtained in writing. Fourth, On the first day of each month, the paroled man must make out a written report for the preceding month. This report must show how much money he had at the beginning and how much he has earned during the month; how much he has paid out and how much he has on hand at the end of the month. If the man has been idle during the month he must state the reason. He must state where he has spent his evenings; how many times he has attended church and where. Fifth, He must refrain from

the use of liquor in any form and avoid all evil associations and improper places of amusement. Sixth, He must cheerfully obey the laws and conduct himself in all respects as a good citizen. Seventh, In the event of sickness, or loss of his position, from any cause whatever, he must immediately report the fact to the board, or have this report made for him. The above report must be endorsed by his employer. The following statement is given along with each parole and signed by the proper persons:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That the Board of Commissioners of Paroled Prisoners of the Indiana State Prison, desiring to test the ability of ....., a prisoner in the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, to abstain from crime and to lead an upright, frugal, and industrious life, do, by these presents, parole the said ..... and permit him to go outside the enclosure of the said prison as an employe of Mr. ..... at ..... employed as ....., until he receives notice in writing from the Board of Commissioners of said prison to the effect that he has been finally discharged. The said ..... shall carefully and cheerfully obey all the foregoing rules governing the conduct of prisoners while on parole.

Given in duplicate, this ....., day of ..... 19.....

Board of Commissioners of Paroled prisoners of Indiana.

By ..... President.

..... Clerk.

I, ..... an inmate of the Indiana

State Prison, hereby declare that I have carefully read, and do clearly understand the contents and conditions of the above rules regulating the Parole of Prisoners, and the above agreement, and I hereby accept the same, and do hereby pledge myself to honestly comply with all said conditions.

Signed in triplicate, this ..... day of...., 19..

..... .....

A list of the prisoners who are eligible to a parole, is prepared each month by the management of the prison before the meeting of the Board of Parole, and a special statement is prepared showing the criminal status of each individual prisoner, a copy of which statement is given to each member of the Board at the time of its assembling, and so each member of the Board has the opportunity of carefully studying each individual case that comes before it. This report contains the following items in a tabulated form, as given below:

STATISTICS FOR APRIL 30, 1902.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Number authorized for parole, | | | 530 |
| " revoked | 6 | | |
| " awaiting employment, | 7 | 13 | 530 |
| " released on parole, | 517 | | |
| " returned for violation, | 35 | | |
| " delinquent and at large, | 40 | 75 | |
| " discharged, | 214 | | |
| " sentence expired, | 48 | | |
| " died, | 9 | 271 | |
| " reporting monthly, | 164 | | |
| " reporting quarterly, | 7 | 171 | 530 |

Per cent of violations to date, 14.15.
No. reports for April not in, 2.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Earnings for April | $4,660.43 | |
| Expenses for April | 3,162.88 | |
| Net earnings for April, | | $1,507.55 |
| Total earnings to date, | $103,386.30 | |
| Total expenses to date, | 75,582.11 | |
| Net earnings to date, | | $27,804.19 |

Indiana State Prison.

Board of Parole
..... Meeting, 1902.
Case for Consideration.

Name, Edward E. Porks. No. 1818. Age.... Col.....
Crime .....
County sent from .....Date of Crime .....
Date of sentence ..... Term.....
Min. Exp. ..... Max. Exp.....
Residence .....
Occupation .....
Criminal History .....
.....
Family History .....
and .....
Correspondence .....

Trial by ..... Before Hon.....
Judge thinks he should ..... be Paroled.....
Pros. Atty. thinks he should ..... be Paroled.....
Transferred from Refm. .....
Refm. Record ..... .....
Prison Record ..... .....
Physical Condition .....
Mental Condition..... .....
State Agent's Report .....
Employment offered by .....

Action of Board.

Moved by Mr. ..... Seconded by Mr.....
Parole, Reject. Continue.....Days.
Remarks ..... ..... .....
..... ..... ..... .....
..... ..... ..... .....
..... ..... ..... .....

Prisoners who have Forfeited Parole.

PRISONERS WHO HAVE FORFEITED PAROLE.

## CHAPTER V.

### GOING BACK TO PRISON AND WHY.

It is not an uncommon thing for prisoners after being released from the reformatory or the penitenitary at the expiration of their sentence or on parole, to be returned to prison again. The discharged prisoner has not in all cases been reformed, and goes out to be convicted of other crimes and is returned to serve another sentence, while the paroled man, though frequently going out with good intentions, under stress of temptation is led to violate some of the parole obligations, and is returned on that account. We sometimes wonder at it, and the question is frequently asked, Why is it that so many return to their prison cells? Many answers might be given. I shall not attempt all of these, but will call attention to a few as they occur to me.

One reason that will apply to many cases, was that given by Geo. W. Vance, as related by himself, and published in one of the Chicago papers at the time of his being returned to the prison in Joliet, Ill. He said, "I prefer the penitentiary to freedom because there I will be fed and clothed and be given shelter, while in my advanced years I cannot make a living, and am too old to beg now, after having been prosperous in my earlier life." Such was the excuse given by this old man of 70 years, who had passed a forged check on a dentist in Chicago, for which crime he served a term in prison, and

on being released on parole went out to perform a similar trick.

On being arrested he said, "I am glad of it. I have greater experience in life than is allotted the most of men." He said while seated in his cell at Central Station, "I was once well to do, and as a member of the wholesale grocery firm of Poole, Asral & Kendal, Park Place, New York, I lost $40,000. That broke me, and since then I have failed to gain a start in life. For two years I was private messenger to Wm. Tweed, street commissioner of New York under Mayor Oakley Hall. After quitting politics I came to Chicago and was connected with a wholesale grocery house as its book-keeper for several years, but finally resigned. I was also connected with other firms, but it would do no good to mention them.

"I was sent to the penitentiary for forging checks, and given an indeterminate sentence of from one to ten years, September 4, 1900, so I will be sent back now to serve out my parole. I cannot be convicted on the new offense." He said he had no relatives or friends, except a brother who went west, and from whom he had not heard for twenty-five years. The papers reported, at the time, that the old man was quite feeble. He was taken back to the penitentiary at Joliet; and unless he has been discharged by death, I suppose he is there still.

After serving a term in prison, young men as well as old, go out to find that the world has turned its back upon them, and too often that the church has closed its doors against them, and society has barred its gates so they cannot enter. A young man whose acquaintance I had formed in prison and with whom I had frequently

conversed, and who seemed determined to lead a better life, wrote me August 3, 1902, saying, "The Board of Control granted me a parole two months ago, I had the assurance of my liberty by my former employer in South Bend signing my parole papers, when some one objected to my coming back to work in the same shop. This objection caused the Local Tailors' union to draft a resolution prohibiting my joining the order, so my former employer could not give me the situation, and I have been unable thus far to secure another satisfactory to myself and all concerned. I am a practical all round tailor, but would be glad to work in any capacity where I could be of mutual benefit to my employer and myself." I have been making an effort to secure him a situation at another place, with some prospect of success, and so trust he may soon have his wish and be permitted another chance to redeem himself.

A few years ago while in Chicago, I attended an evangelistic service that was being held in the Wabash Avenue M. E. Church. By invitation I preached that evening. At the close of the sermon an invitation was given for all that desired to live a better life to come forward. Among those who came was a young man. He seemed greatly moved, tears fell thick and fast, like summer rain, as he bowed in penitence at the altar, and his soul seemed greatly stirred within him, as he sought help from God. The meeting closed, he came to me, looking almost the picture of despair. I inquired into the nature of his case, and this is about what he said to me, "A short time ago I was released from the penitentiary at Joliet, having served my time. Before leaving the prison I fully re-

solved, God being my helper, to lead another life." "But," said he, "I have had a hard time of it so far. No one will receive me or give me work. The only offer I have had was from a saloon-keeper who said he would give me my board if I would attend bar for him." I said, perhaps somewhat hastily, 'Die, first,' but then on second thought I could but feel that hunger must be fed.

I turned him over to some Christian workers who promised to look after him and provide for his immediate wants, and try to find something permanent for him to do. What became of him I do not know. I fear there are some in our labor unions, and even in our churches who wrap themselves in the garments of their own self-righteousness, standing up in their integrity, and are anxious that these poor unfortunates should know their places and stay where they belong; who, if they had been placed under the same stress of temptation, instead of being where they are, might now be looking through the iron bars of a penitentiary, or walking the earth ostracised from society.

We sometimes sing Lift up the Fallen, and Rescue the Perishing. O that it may not verge into mere sentimentality, but may it become the passion of our lives to lift up and save the lost ones! Then shall we indeed be the followers of Him who came to seek and to save. I sometimes greatly fear that in the day of final reckoning it will be said to some who are expecting better things, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto me."

One beautiful Sabbath morning as I was passing out of the prison chapel in company with the deputy warden,

I was stopped at the door by a prisoner, a man of fine personal appearance. His broad forehead and intellectual bearing betokened that he was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. His prison garb could not conceal the fact of his culture. I had frequently marked the sad expression on his countenance and a humble bearing in his manner and conversation. My sympathies had already been awakened in his behalf, for I had heard his story from one who had known him in other and better days. As soon as the deputy had passed on, he put these questions to me, "How did you learn my name and who I am?" I told him how, and where I had gotten my information. "Well," said he, "I did not want any one to know me here, I was in hopes that even my old friends would not recognize me. But then I suppose it is all right. I want to thank you for your kind words and ministration; they have done me good. Before you return again I will have gone out of this prison house, I trust never to return. My wife and daughters have remained true to me all through this terrible ordeal. They are now waiting to welcome me. But oh, there is a great blight upon our once happy home." A tremor passed over his manly frame, and a shadow darkened his brow as he uttered these significant words, "Where shall I go? and What shall I do?"

And now, with the reader's permission I wish to diverge a little right here from the main subject of this chapter. We have in the above incident an illustration showing that the length of the term of imprisonment is not always a true test of the affliction of the prisoner. I am fully convinced that there are those in prison who

endure more real mental anguish in one year than do many others in five or ten years. Who can doubt that this man with his keen moral sense, his love of home and family, endured sufferings untold when compared with men who through continued dissipations, evil associations, and crimes, have blunted all their moral conceptions of right and wrong, and so, in a measure, destroyed all the finer feelings of their natures?

I have met with a few who seemed to have a total disregard for the good opinion of other men. I recall one whom I met soon after he entered the state prison. He was a young man, a graduate from a school of medicine, and, I was told, skilled in his profession; but who through dissipation and lust had apparently lost all moral sensibility. He had broken his marriage vow, and turned away from her whom he had sworn to love and cherish, and formed an alliance with another; which other he had basely murdered in cold blood, because as I was told, she sought to evade his approaches, and escape from his presence. For this crime he was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the state prison. This man seemed to have no real conception of the terrible nature of the deed he had committed, and hence no compunction of conscience because of what he had done. No doubt he felt chagrined because of the loss of his liberty; but morally he appeared to be entirely destitute of feeling.

Thus one sin defiles while continued sin blackens the soul, drowns the voice of conscience, and then leaves the man to pursue his own chosen path to ruin. Shakespeare says of conscience, "Tis a dangerous thing. It makes a

man a coward. A man cannot steal but it accuseth him; cannot swear, but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shamefaced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom. It fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man who keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities as a dangerous thing and every man who means to live well, endeavors to trust himself and get along without it."

Conscience indeed accuses as represented in the quotation until by negligence and wrong doing it becomes effaced, and then as told men endeavor to trust themselves and get along without it. And then, as represented by Dr. Young, they drop on headlong appetite the slackened rein; and give themselves up to license unrecalled.

Inside the prison, guards are appointed, who keep strict watch over each and every prisoner, lest they escape or excite mutiny or rebellion. It is just as important in this grasping, money-seeking age, that each man outside of prison walls keep close watch over his own conscience; that in the end he may shun the guards who keep watch inside the penitentiary. There is great need of reform outside as well as inside the prison.

But the question to be considered in this chapter is Going back to prison, and Why? And now, after having diverged somewhat from the subject, I return. Not all the men in prison are bad from choice or principle. It may be that some are born bad, and the evil tendencies in them have been educated and developed by their environments, and their dispositions have become hardened by years of sin and vice. But in regard to the apparently most hardened and vicious we must not despair. The

Power that regenerates is omnipotent, and knows no such thing as failure when rightly applied. We must therefore entertain hope and courage for every man, no matter how bad, whether in or outside the prison walls.

Our prisons are largely filled with men who have been unfortunate. They have for the most part grown up into life without the helps many of us have had, and but for the restraining influences of our birth, home, and educational advantages, some of us, like them, might now be looking out through the bars of the penitentiary. The prison reports show that many of these men have not had an even chance in life with many others. They have grown up from infancy without the opportunity of moral and intellectual training. A very large per cent of the men in prison have been addicted to the drink habit; had it not been for this they would never have been guilty of the crimes for which they are now incarcerated. In the prison they are compelled to abstain from the use of intoxicants, but in many instances this passion for strong drink remains a smouldering fire within them. They go out of prison at the expiration of the time limit, or on parole that they will be better men and do the right thing; but everywhere and at all times they are brought in contact with this accursed foe of God and humanity, in the form of the drinking saloons, which like the gates of death and hell, stand open night and day. Could we visit the prisons of this country and ask of the nearly one hundred thousand incarcerated ones how they came to be there, about eight out of ten would tell us strong drink led to the crimes for which they are now confined behind the bars. Then could we ask of the prison officials, Why is it

that so many after being released are brought back to their prison cells? And they would tell us that nine out of ten are brought back through the drinking saloons, gambling hells, and brothels.

Then again the fact that the man has been a transgressor, and has served a term in prison has awakened a suspicion against him, and though he has met the penalty of his transgression he is still at great disadvantage. There are those who refuse to accept employment along with a discharged convict. And then sometimes employers treat paroled men in an unbecoming manner. Not long since I met a paroled man whom I had frequently met in the prison. His time of parole had about expired. He seemed glad to see me, and said if I had the time he wanted a little talk with me. I said I would take time to hear what he had to say.

Then he gave me the following story of his past year's work. He said, "I was paroled nearly a year ago, and given employment on a farm at ten dollars per month. My employer had two other hands, one a young man who was paid eighteen dollars and another who was paid twenty dollars per month," The man said, "Perhaps I ought not to complain, but I have had a hard year of it, harder than I ever had in the prison. I have worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day all the year through. The other two hands had riding plows in breaking up the ground and working the corn, but I had to take it afoot day after day, doing my part of the work. On Sunday the family and others allowed me to hitch up the team to the carriage, and they went to church, or elsewhere, but I had to remain at home, clean out the stables, and do the

chores so as to be ready to work on the farm early Monday morning. Last April a neighbor offered to sign my papers, give me steady employment, and pay me twenty dollars per month if I would work for him. But my employer was not willing to increase my wages nor release me to him, so I was forced to work or run away, or go back to prison. I have submitted to all this, because I was determined to not violate my parole obligations, that I might once more be free."

I have given the above incident as nearly as I could in the man's own words. In substance it is just as he told it to me. But I am glad to be able to say from personal knowledge, this manner of dealing with paroled men is the exception. Most of those who employ these men treat them kindly, and many of them find their places agreeable and home-like. Then again there are those who having charge of workmen look upon these men with disfavor, and acts which under other circumstances would not be thought peculiar are construed against them. Then there are those from whom we should expect better things, who instead of aiding the paroled or discharged convict to find honest employment that he may learn to live an upright life, create suspicion, and so hinder him from finding and keeping employment, and his failure in this respect is often used against him. The world seems to him harsh and cruel, he becomes discouraged, he feels that he is outlawed, and so is frequently driven into a criminal class, from which he will in all probability be returned to a prison cell.

One Sabbath afternoon I visited a number of prisoners in the north cell house. I had gone to the extreme end

of a tier of cells and was returning, speaking to one after another as opportunity offered, when I was accosted by a bright, intelligent looking young man, who said he was only twenty-three years of age, and that he was serving his second term in prison. "I have been paroled," he said. "Before you return I will be out of this place, and yet," said he, "I am afraid to go out." He said further, "This term in prison has been a great blessing to me. I have read my Bible more than ever before, and more than that I have been soundly converted; and I have fully made up my mind to live a Christian life from this time forward. God being my helper, this will be my last term in prison."

He then wanted to know what course he should take to keep from falling. I advised him to shun evil companionship, and to seek Christian associations, to find a home in some Christian church and then let his head, heart, and hand be employed in helping to save others. This he faithfully promised to do. But then the thought came to me, will the church receive him? O for more of the spirit of the Christ in all of our churches!

## CHAPTER VI.

### METHODS EMPLOYED FOR THE REFORMATION OF PRISONERS, UNDER THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE, ALONG WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS OFFERED.

As the main object of the Indefinite Sentence is the reformation of the prisoner, and thus to prepare him for good citizenship, it may not be amiss for me to notice some of the methods used for bringing about this desired result, along with some suggestions touching the same.

I use the word prisoner, rather than criminal, for all are not criminals that are behind the bars. Having carefully studied these men, I am fully convinced that they are not all bad, and that there are many outside who are worse than many of these incarcerated ones. For several years I had the opportunity of mingling with these men, visiting and conversing freely with them in their cells. Many of them have told me of the sad influences leading up to their imprisonment. And I have looked into their faces, and marked the sad expressions of woe, mingled with sorrow and grief, while with their lips they confessed their wrong, and told of the sad influences leading up to their imprisonment. I have been fully persuaded that they are not only human, but that many of them have hearts that may be touched and won. I have been led to believe that some of us under the same stress of temptation might have been as they are.

Passing the barred door of a prison cell in the south

cell house one Sunday afternoon, I was accosted by a prisoner, a man perhaps in mid-life. He said, "I would like a moment's conversation with you, if you have the time to spare." I paused. He stepped back and from a rude shelf picked up a parcel carefully wrapped in paper, which he unfolded and passed through the bars of his cell door for my inspection. It proved to be a family picture of his wife, two daughters, and himself, father, mother and children. Intelligence, love, and happiness beamed from each countenance. While I looked upon the group the man stood weeping as though his heart would break; his whole frame trembled with emotion, while amid his sobs he said, "A man tried to injure my family," (he did not say in what way). "We were brought face to face with each other, one word brought on another, until I became so incensed against him, that on the impulse of a moment, I felled him to the earth. The blow was harder than I intended. The life of the man went out, and now," he said, "I am here for twenty-one years, cut off from my home and family. O," said he, as the tears fell thick and fast, "it's hard, hard. I fear I shall lose my reason." I said to him, "You must not despair; still hope for the best and look to God for help." But I went away feeling that words were empty things to quell a grief such as stirred his soul.

Many of these men do not claim that they are innocent of crime, but that under stress of temptation, in an evil hour they fell, as if by accident. On the impulse of the moment they did the deed that led to their incarceration. Many of these men have kind hearts and tender feelings. They are easily approached by those whom they feel have

still a regard for them. They have not lost all their moral convictions, and some of them I firmly believe, are still in love with God, home, and humanity.

In the Christian Endeavor service I have joined in their songs of love and praise, and mingled my prayers with theirs for strength to endure and grace to overcome. I have heard one after another, in quick succession, testify to the grace of God that saves, and many speak of the blessings that have come to them, even inside the prison walls, while penitential tears have shown the sincerity of their devotions.

The supreme thought of those to whom is committed the management of our penal institutions, under the indeterminate sentence law, is or should be the reformation of those under their charge. Prisoners are men like unto ourselves. They carry within their breasts the same thoughts, hopes, and fears. They have the same longings. They are exposed to the same temptations and trials. Many of them have never learned to control their impulses, or to subdue their passions.

In the prison they find themselves under peculiar conditions and restraints, and soon become very sensitive as to real or supposed neglect or wrong treatment on the part of the warden, chaplain, or prison officials. It is of the utmost importance for the better management of prisons, as well as for the reformation of prisoners that the warden and chaplain especially, let prisoners know and feel that they are their personal friends; and that they are there to help them. When they have succeeded in so doing, they have already gained an immense influence over them. The men should be made to feel that these

officials are incapable of injustice, impatience, or neglect. Should there be any among the prisoners, as no doubt there will be, who assume a righteous demeanor, in order that they may curry favor for selfish purposes, let them be sought out, and in a merciful way properly dealt with. They must be made to feel that the friendship of the management cannot with impunity be trampled under foot. But at the same time the most timid and sensitive prisoner must be shielded from that state of despondency which often leads to despair, and from which many a man never recovers. In the Indiana State Prison and reformatories, constant appeals are made to the inmates to assert their manhood while at the same time the highest possible inducements are held out to stimulate them in so doing.

When signs of reformation on the part of prisoners begin to appear they are not only recognized with gladness by the officials, but a disposition upon their part is shown to repose trust and confidence in them, which in many instances meets with no uncertain response. The men are made to feel that all is not lost, that there are those around them who still care for and sympathize with them. I think I never found a place where real genuine sympathy is more needed and more keenly appreciated than inside prison walls. How many, after long years of wandering, have been brought back to a better life, through the Heaven-born influence of a single heart that has been touched with a feeling of their infirmities, and has ever been beating for them in their lost condition.

The most divine attribute of the human heart is sympathy. It is a stream that flows from the fountain of infinite love. Without it human life would indeed become a

burden, and the world a desert waste. When the heart is breaking and great grief burdens the soul, sympathy comes with a soothing balm to assuage the pain and bind up the broken parts. It opens the way for reconciliation with the hardest decrees of fate. We can scarcely conceive of a heart so hardened as to be entirely destitute of sympathy. There comes a time in the life of every human being when they hunger and thirst for it, as the starving child hungers for bread, or the traveler dying in the desert waste longs for the cooling waters. There is no object so poor or low, as to be unworthy of it. How fortunate, how providential that the fountain of sympathy cannot be exhausted. Coming as it does from the bosom of the Eternal Father its streams are ever full and flowing, overflowing, and extending to the ends of the earth.

It is not to be turned aside because of the vices, pollutions, and wickedness of the world in which we live. It was intended to have it find its way through strong prison walls, and iron barred gates, into the lonly cell of the unfortunate prisoner, in the hour of his greatest need, soothing, strengthening, and sustaining him for the conflict that is to bring him victory. It comes not alone from those who are bound together by kindred ties, but from acquaintances and strangers, who witness the need and respond to the call. I would write it upon the minds and hearts of all would-be reformers, whether in or outside of prison walls and reformatories, that the most potent factor, outside of the direct divine influence of the Holy Spirit, if these two can be separated, for the reformation of fallen man is that of heart-felt human sympathy.

Sympathy is a debt we owe to sufferers. It renders a doleful state more joyful. Alexander refused water because there was not enough for his army. Many examples might be given of its power to save. Mr. Moody tells of a man just released from the penitentiary to whom he was introduced. He invited him to his home, where he introduced him to his family as his friend; when his little daughter came into the room he said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him; and the man sobbed aloud. After the child left the room Mr. Moody said to the man, "What is the matter?" "O," said he, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never have another one again." His heart was broken.

Rev. H. C. Trumbell, when once preaching to the inmates of a prison, said the only difference between himself and them was owing to the grace of God. Afterwards one of the prisoners sent for him, and asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner said, "I am here for life; but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world who cares for me." From that on the man behaved so well that he was pardoned. He died during the war of the Rebellion, thanking God to the last for the preacher's words of sympathy.

H. W. Becker, speaking of the power of sympathy says, "Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts for the hand are silver and gold; but the heart gives

that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as the stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners, as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south."

I have spoken thus at length on this subject because I consider it a very important part to be observed in the reformation of the fallen men, women, and children, in all our penal institutions, in both this and other countries. This spirit of sympathy for human suffering lies at the very foundation of all moral reform. It is the moving spirit that actuates all the noble army of the race in building and maintaining all the great benevolent institutions of the world to-day.

On the tomb of Howard, I have been told there is to be found this inscription,

"He Lived for Others."

Yet this very man was born to lead a domestic life, and hated moving from place to place. It is related of him that he never came in sight of his own mansion without saying, "O that I could rest there, and be done with traveling." Howard was for a moment weary and faint. But his weariness was soon shaken off, and the fainting surmounted. Touched with a spirit of deep sympathy for fallen humanity, he bade farewell to home and all its endearments, and traveled to the close of his eventful and useful life, striving to abate the misery and suffering of the oppressed and downtrodden of earth. O that the

Holy Spirit might breathe into our languid hearts more of the spirit of this great reformer.

But I fancy I hear some one say, "But these men are bad; many of them have been gathered from untoward places; and their dissipations are marked features in all their bearings." It is true in regard to many; and their wrong doings may warrant dislike, and we may shrink back from not a few because of their filthiness and vice. But such discrepancies, however, in taste and position are not to modify and restrict us in our duty toward them. Things may not wear the aspect I like, but this is not to freeze my heart and keep me back from those who need my help.

We are all made of the same dust, and the same blood is in the veins of all. We have all sinned and so are all under the same condemnation. Salvation is provided for all. And the Spirit knocks at the door of every heart; and we must not, we dare not, then refuse to embrace the wide circle of human beings in the arms of our sympathy and love. The same blood is the only test and condition, and if there be any special tie which enhances the claim and tightens the obligation it would be want, sorrow, or debasement.

Where is a man fallen, and helpless, a man sick at heart, and sick in health; a man wounded of sin, and laden with guilt, and on the brink of ruin? There is my neighbor; and there is my sphere of compassionate, earnest Christ-like effort, whether it be in the almshouse, jail, or penitentiary. "I am a man, and every man is my brother."

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, thirty-two years ago, was a mem-

ber of the first National Prison Congress held in Cincinnati, Ohio, October, 1870 which Congress opened the way for the establishment of the National Prison Association as incorporated in the city of New York, of which association he was a charter member, and one of the subcommittee who reported the platform of principles, which since 1870 have largely prevailed in the United States and in foreign countries. He delivered an address before the National Prison Congress, held in Hartford, Connecticut, during the month of September, 1899, in which address he was led to review the past and compare it with the present, and with the hopeful future. In this address he spoke of the progress made by man in civilization and his triumph over many of the natural forces by utilizing them to the extent that they are made to perform his bidding.

But with all his skill in the management of these forces, he cannot guard against disease and death. He represents that it is the same with mental and moral diseases, which thwart and arrest the progress of mankind. And he observes that man has been much slower in dealing with these, than with the physical obstacles which may be overcome by civilization. He notices how during the last few decades great changes, have been made in the treatment of the insane; and represents that the prevention of insanity is so far as we can determine, a matter of the far future, as also is that of the prevention and cure of crime, and that it is only a short time since men began to understand the best methods for treating the same. "Prison science is still in its infancy so far as the world is concerned. Of the great multitudes impris-

oned in the world, not a tenth part are treated with any reference or regard to their restoration to society. Something has been and is being done by the early training of children who are exposed to criminal experiences; but how few of those in prisons find the training suited to their sore need, and the protection of the community, which still believes that it 'punishes' the offender."

Gradually in the last thirty years there has grown up, in regard to the so-called first offenders, what is justly termed "prison science; of which Mr. Sanford thinks the best examples are to be found in the men's prison at Elmira, New York, and is the outgrowth of Mr. Brockway's experience of half a century in controlling and instructing convicts under his care; and in the women's prison at Sherborn in the state of Massachusetts, under the management of Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, who was a member and officer of the prison association, and for long years superintendent of the women's reformatory prison. The successful management of these institutions led other like institutions to imitate, and in some cases to originate other scientific methods in the care and treatment of convicts; which methods are being practiced, and are happily increasing in other establishments of like kind. These two reformers developed ideas which served as a warning to some, and a model to others in the difficult and much misconstrued work of giving to criminal men and women a chance to return to the community whose intimacy they had forfeited by crime.

At the present time criminals of long standing receive but little benefit from this new development of prison science, except in some states where they now

receive an added sentence when they are known to be old offenders. In some states the tendency is to establish a class of "incorrigibles" for whom perpetual imprisonment is the rule, on the supposition that they cannot be reformed, and so cannot be safely returned to the community upon which they have so frequently preyed. These are, however, to be distinguished from a much larger class who are only temporarily incorrigible, and who it is thought will yield to the methods, if somewhat prolonged, which Mr. Brockway has established at Elmira and Mrs. Johnson at Sherborn.

In his address Mr. Sanborn called attention to the prison discipline of our grandsires as administered under the impulse given by Howard and the early prison reformers, and to the abuses of the convict system of the eighteenth century. In many places he represented the physical and moral conditions of prisons to be fearful, filth and jail fever predominated in many places, along with alternations of starvation and riots. Better ventilation, along with bathing, regulation in diet, and physical exercise was instituted. Also separation of the better-class of criminals from those who were fearfully depraved was demanded. Pushing a good principle to extremes, the so-called "separate" system was set up. To mitigate the cost and evils of this, the silent, or Auburn system was enforced; in some respects worse and more unreasonable than the rigors of the Pennsylvania system. These were some of the methods prevailing in the more advanced countries when he began to study the prison question in 1864.

For religious instruction, convicts were provided with

a chaplain who held services on the Sabbath, and conversed with prisoners as opportunity offered, prison libraries of rigidly selected, and extremely dull books, the Bible always excepted and in itself a library of excellent entertainment, was provided for those who could read. Prison visitation was allowed to those who were considered ostensibly good as a specific in the separate prisons. Mr. Sanborn said, "Its model imitation was the gospel , and to visit the sick or imprisoned was a Christian virtue as it certainly is; but on other terms now than in the ages of indiscriminate and despotic imprisonment, when the very worst of criminals, such as Herod and Tiberius were in places of power."

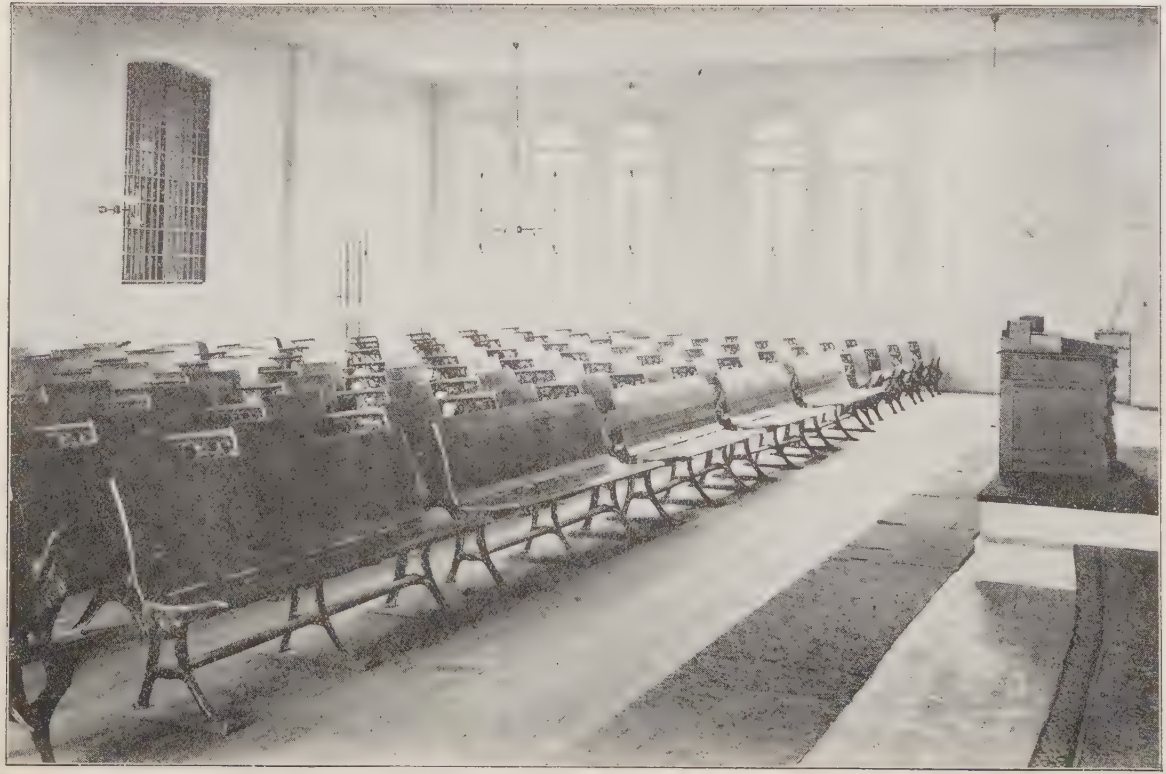
As for labor, those employments were chosen which were especially hard, and could least promote the convict's self-support when he was released from prison. In England hard labor took on the meaning of useless labor, as turning an idle crank; or some other manual service equally degrading to the manhood of the prisoner. It was thought that such useless toil would deter the men from being re-convicted for like offences. But who ever heard of any who were kept back from criminal pursuits by dread of the crank, or the stone yard?

No doubt the substitutes employed to abate the degradations, miseries, and vices of prisons as described by Howard and Oglethorpe; and sought to be cured by such men as Bentham and others, were a great improvement, but they did not check the increase of crime so far as seen, nor did they reform the criminal. Accordingly other men having the interest of the criminal at heart began to devise other methods, which were first tried by Alexander

Maconochie at Norfolk Island with the worst class of British and Irish felons, where it produced good results. It is now successfully applied to "first offenders." It was next introduced into the Irish prisons by Sir Walter Crofton, a man of rare executive ability, who gave it success there, and attracted the attention of the world. This new method of dealing with prisoners began in this country in 1854, under the management of a young man, Z. R. Brockway, who had received an apprenticeship under a skillful teacher of the old methods, at Westerfield, Connecticut, and Albany, New York, Amos Pillsbury, and then as the head of a small county prison in Rochester. Mr. Brockway was a man of genius and great practical ability, and was called from Rochester to Detroit, and from Detroit to Elmira; and at each remove has added to his ingenious mechanism, "inspired by a philanthropic, but disciplined soul, for recovering the criminal from his chronic malady of law-breaking." To him more than any other man, Mr. Sanborn says, belongs the credit of the initiation and development of prison science during the last thirty years.

He has changed the prison to a reformatory, and has made the reformatory not a mere place of theories and sermons, but a school, or rather a college of manual, mental, and moral instruction. And he has done this by means and upon principles which can be introduced elsewhere, and have been used in many other prisons in America. He has made virtues teachable which Socrates wished for but doubted.

The requirements of this prison science, is first to understand each individual prisoner, and to place him in



Christian Endeavor Room; also Used for

one of several grades from which he may rise to the highest by proper effort.

Second, to see that he has credit for good or bad conduct, and that he is properly marked in proportion as his lessons are good or poor.

Third, the progress made either up or down in manual training and mechanical industries. This should be done in such a way that the convict may be led to recognize the justice of the award. The instruction given in the prison is to be of such a nature, that the man may be fitted for some honest employment, which will serve him in making a living when the prison shall cease to be his home. Thus the Indeterminate Sentence seeks to employ the time given under the old regime for the punishment of the criminal, for his education and reformation, that he may once more become an honorable and upright citizen. He is given to understand that his future is in his own hands. In thus preparing him for good citizenship, and for his restoration to society great patience may be required. It may be necessary, "That justice and mercy meet together;" and that the grace of forgiveness be frequently exercised.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOME, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE FUTURE OF THE CHILD.

One quiet Sabbath morning in the month of October, 1901, the Christian Endeavor met in their accustomed place, the school-room of the Indiana State Prison. There were about one hundred and fifty convicts present, all members of the Christian Endeavor Society The service was conducted by one of the prisoners, a life man. After two or three songs a Scripture lesson was read, and several prayers were offered by prisoners. The subject announced by the leader for consideration was that of heaven. After a short talk on the topic, he proposed that each convict, so far as opportunity offered, should give his own idea of heaven. The meeting was then thrown open, and one after another spoke in quick succession. Some spoke of heaven as a place of reward for service rendered. Others thought of it as the habitation of God and the state of the glorified spirits who dwell with Him; others as a place of purity, where there is no sin, and temptations are unknown. Then there were those, who, weary with the burdens of life, thought of heaven as a place of rest, where they would forever be free from anxious forebodings, toil, and care. After quite a large number had spoken the leader asked an intelligent looking prisoner, calling him by name, And what

is your idea of heaven? The answer came quickly and with deep feeling and in clear tender tones. He said, "As I think of heaven this morning, I think of home." There was a pathos in his words that touched many hearts, while tears were brushed aside from many eyes unaccustomed to weep. He had touched a chord that awakened symphonies in other hearts in harmony with his own.

Some one has said that the three sweetest words in the English language are Mother, Home, and Heaven. These words are tenderly allied. To many minds the one suggests the others. In their testimony that morning, each word had been frequently used, but the word that awakened the deepest emotion of soul in that prison house, was that of home in connection with heaven.

Various types are employed to bring before our minds an idea of that Heaven to which we may attain. Eden, Paradise, Canaan, Jerusalem, and the Temple, are all suggestive lessons. But none of these types or metaphors bring Heaven so near as those which speak of Heaven as home. Even the blessed Christ, when He would comfort the hearts and revive the drooping spirits of His sorrowing disciples employs this figure, "In My Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." John 14: 2. The most delightful place on earth is that home where love dwells. Home, there is magic in the word. "To be home," says an eminent divine, "is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented fields,

where palm trees wave their graceful plumes, and birds of jeweled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers. The exile sits staring on vacancy; a far away home lies on his heart, and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and land, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired brother with light foot and childhood glee chasing the butterfly by his native streams."

So these men, in their lonely exile, shut out from the world by staring prison walls, or confined behind prison bars in close cells, in their better moments think of home, and find in it a precious type of Heaven. Many of these poor unfortunates carry with them tender recollections of a Christian home, and a family altar at which they were taught to kneel, and the prayers they learned at their mother's knee. They frequently speak of the hallowed associations in which they once moved; and with tears of penitence bemoan their lost estate. A young man, prepossessing in his appearance, unobtrusive in his manner and bearing, intelligent beyond many, confined in prison for life, came to me one evening and spoke to me of his happy boyhood days, his home, of his mother's tender care, love, and counsel. He then told how in an evil moment he had wandered away, and by a terrible crime had destroyed his own peace of mind, and blighted all her hopes and crushed her spirit. "And now," said he, "she has become hopelessly insane. Oh, I would gladly spend the remaining years of my life in this prison-house if she could once more be restored to her right mind."

There is still hope for those poor incarcerated ones

around whose hearts cluster the memory of a loving Christian home. They yield more readily to the claims of the gospel message. Having been brought into close personal contact with many and all kinds of prisoners, in the penitentiary, I am fully persuaded that there is much in the cherished memory of a Christian home that holds on to the boy, and never lets go the man. But the great majority of those found in our prisons have not been reared in Christian homes. Mr. Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory, New York, reports that out of 8,319 inmates only ten and seven-tenths per cent were born of even temperate parents; that in thirty-seven and three-tenths per cent drunkenness marked their ancestors; that eighty-nine per cent had in their blood the taint of intemperance. As to education, a very large majority of criminals are quite illiterate. As to property, Mr. Brockway found that 84 per cent were without any accumulation, and that only ten per cent were forehanded. Of the environment of 4,642 who had homes nearly forty-eight per cent was bad; and of forty-one per cent of the remainder it was only fair, and of only twelve and two-tenths per cent was it good. As to the character of the associations of these men, ninety-eight per cent were other than good, and fifty-four and two-tenths per cent were positively bad, while forty-three and four-tenths per cent of the remainder were not good.

In many of the so-called homes, children are reared in vice and trained in the school of crime. The result is seen in our cities, where are frequently to be found organized bands of children who are engaged in all manner of petty crimes, such as thieving and burglary. A

Chicago paper some time ago gave an account of a number of children from nine to thirteen years of age, who had been arrested for burglary. They had effected an entrance under the sidewalk into the cellar of a storeroom, and had for some time been carrying on their nefarious work before they were found out and arrested.

In an article on civic life published in the Western Christian Advocate, Oct. 31, 1900, chaplain Starr of the Ohio penitentiary says, "Without formal statistical arrangements on the subject, it was sadly conceded by the National Prison Congress held in Cleveland during the month of September of that year, that the ratio of criminals is increasing." Hon. Samuel Barrows, a member of the International Penitentiary Commission, who had a short time before returned from Brussels, Belgium, where he had attended the International Prison Congress and had obtained an extensive view of the world's criminology, said, "With all our improvements crime is increasing, and it is a mystery to us all. This is an enormous problem, and one which must be solved if our republic is to be preserved."

It is also admitted by the best authorities on criminology that the average age of those convicted of crime is growing less and less, as the years go by. When I first visited the prison at Michigan City I was greatly surprised at the youthful appearance of many of the convicts. Since then many of the younger convicts have been taken to the reformatory at Jeffersonville. But a large number of those who remain in the state prison are young men, and at least two of the criminal class who are confined for life are mere boys. One Sunday after-

noon while visiting the prisoners in the south cell house I came to a cell where I found a boy but thirteen years of age, who had just entered upon a life sentence for the crime of murder. I said to him, "My boy, what are you doing here? You ought to be at home with your mother." I shall never forget his child-look as his large eyes, filled with tears, were lifted to mine, and in his artless way he said, "Don't you think they will let me out of here soon?" I read not long since of a judge who presided at a trial in the conviction of a boy of sixteen years of age, for killing a man he was attempting to rob. In giving his charge to the jury the judge asked that they consider the causes that led so many children into crime, as over sixty per cent of those charged with stealing are under eighteen years of age. It is said that in Cincinnati whole bands of children have been arrested whose ages have been less than twelve years.

Chaplain Starr says that in Ohio it is customary to send the younger class of criminals to the reformatory, yet the average age of the criminals in the Ohio penitentiary is less than twenty-eight years. It is reported that in Lancaster, Pa., fifty suits were entered against twenty boys, ranging from fifteen to twenty years of age.

This can only mean that criminals begin their career of crime in childhood. Chaplain Batt, of the Massachusetts penitentiary, says the majority of prisoners are young men, and what is needed is something to prevent children from becoming convicts. The Cleveland Leader stated editorially some time since, that day after day boys less than fifteen years of age were found guilty in the police courts of that city, and when discharged they

were almost sure to come back again and again, until they were old enough to be sent to the workhouse. When we look at these sad instances of childhood transgressors, which could be multiplied many times, we can but be convinced that the best place to prevent crime is in the home. If there could be some way to correct the home life, in many instances it would lessen materially the number of those who are replenishing our reformatories and state prisons. If some method could be devised by which we could keep our boys, and young men, and, may I not add, our maidens from going away into evil companionships or environments it would go a long way towards solving the problem of lessening the number of criminals in all our penal and reformatory institutions. If we could by some means make home so attractive that our young people would find in it the sweetest enjoyment and the highest aspirations to a pure and noble manhood and womanhood, what a revolution would be effected towards correcting the social evils that exist in society all around us. In too many instances heads of families find their chief enjoyment in the club rooms and lodges, while the social life of the home is sadly neglected; and the children go out from under the parental roof to find companionships in questionable places.

Public reformers are wont to arraign the saloons, drunkenness, brothels, and gambling houses; and this does seem to be largely their work. I would not have them keep silent. Let them speak out in thunder tones against these monster iniquities. Let the ministers in all the pulpits of the land join in this great contest. The Word of God is arraigned against all these gigantic forms

of evil, and surely all who are called of God to present the Word should be. I know there are those who are in love with evil, they will stand off and deride and say of all would-be reformers, that they are meddlers in other men's matters, or they are fanatics, or cranks. It is better to be a crank than to suffer these sins to go unrebuked. But denunciations will be of no avail unless we can provide and persuade them that there is something better to be obtained in its stead. Before we can tempt the child of want and penury to leave its rude shelter, or part with its squalid rags, it must know of a better and a kindlier home. Before the prodigal will forsake his husks and swineherd rags and degradation, he must know of his father's house and the abundant provision there. If we would keep our boys and young men from temptations to a downward life it will be when we tenderly and affectionately provide for them a better way. This can be done in the home better than anywhere else. Make the home attractive, and then keep it so, not so much by adding costly furniture, if you are not able to do this, but by maintaining a cheerful demeanor, and exhibiting at all times a loving heart. It is still true that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." In nine cases out of ten the man will be the impress of the child. While love rules in every department of the home let no favoritism be seen in the family circle towards one child, for if this is done it will be to the detriment of another. Children are extremely sensitive of the affection of their parents, and where favoritism is manifested, bad results are likely to follow. Study the bent and inclination of each child carefully, but in love treat all alike.

Bishop Simpson in a sermon preached at the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly in the summer of 1874. said, "Diversity of training may account for diversity of mind." He said, "I can fancy a boy coming into the world in the midst of a family where all is loveliness and beauty. His opening eyes rest upon a mother's smile. He sees a father's tender care, a singing bird awakes him at the morning light. There are to be found the perfume and beauty of flowers in the room and in the air. Order and neatness and love pervades the home. He loves the home in which he is. It is a beautiful world, and he learns easily. Another boy of the same mental power comes into the world. His first view is of a mother's brow clouded with care and sorrow. A father's harsh voice greets his ear, no forms of flowers or beauty are to be seen around him, but everything is repelling; discord prevails in the family. The boy becomes a misanthrope. He almost hates life and its surroundings, and the world to him is a world of woe. He will not have the heart to learn. The two minds will have different thoughts. They will not come to the study of nature in the same spirit. These boys growing up to manhood, will have different opinions because of their early training and associations."

Force of character depends largely upon the right kind of training. Benjamin West said, "My mother's kiss made me a painter." A mansion with gilded ornamentation and elegant furniture is not essential to an ideal home. Many a gilded palace with costly paintings hanging on its walls, and luxuries such as only wealth can provide, is far from being a home, while a cabin

house with a thatched roof may be an ideal home. It is always and everywhere the heart that makes the atmosphere of the home, and not the circumstances that make the heart. Many have been, and may be, happy, holy, and prosperous in a palace in the profession, the heartfelt profession of the religion of Jesus, while a man whose conscience is racked with a sense of guilt will be miserable, place him where you will. If true friendship does not unite the hearts of the inmates, the place where they dwell will not be a home. In the model home love reigns and charity spreads her mantle over all. There peace and virtue have their habitation. It is the garden in which is grown all the graces that enter into a noble and beautiful life. Home in all the best regulated minds is associated with moral and Christian training. As men and women rise in the scale of being, the more important and interesting becomes the home. The most distinguished statesmen, ministers, and benefactors of human kind owe their goodness to the fostering care and influence of the home in which they lived. Napoleon is represented as saying, "What France needs is good mothers, and you may be sure that France will have good sons." The homes of the American Revolution made the men of the Revolution what they were, and their influence is seen and felt everywhere in the Constitution of our republic to-day.

In the home the Spartan mother infused into the hearts of her sons that spirit of patriotism which led them to resolve, in the heat of battle either to live behind their shields, or to die upon them. Had such heroic patriotism been hallowed by the purity of the Christ-life

what a power for good it would have become. But while the monuments of the Spartan mother's virtues became the characteristics of her children, they were not the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit. Had the central thought of the Spartan mother's heart been that of a Christian home then the noble deeds of the Spartan nation would now adorn the brightest page of history. The influence of the home is either for good or evil, a blessing, or a curse. It cannot be neutral. It is all-powerful, going with us through life, with its varied changes, clinging to us in death, and reaching into eternity with its momentous issues. A recent writer says, "The grand idea of home is a quiet, secluded spot where loving hearts dwell, set apart and dedicated to intellectual and moral improvement." It is not a formal school of staid solemnity and rigid discipline, where virtue is made a task, and progress a sharp necessity, but a free and easy exercise of all our spiritual limbs, in which obedience is a pleasure, discipline a joy, and improvement a self-wrought delight. All the duties and labors of home, when rightly understood, are so many means of improvement. Even the trials of the home are so many rounds in the ladder of spiritual progress if we but make them so. It is not merely by speaking to our children about better things, that we are to win them over to a better life. If that be all, it will accomplish nothing, less than nothing. It is the sentiments which they hear at home. It is the maxims which rule the daily conduct, the likings and dislikings which are expressed; the whole regulations of the household, in dress, and food, and furniture; the recreations indulged in, the company kept, the style of

reading, the whole complexion of daily life, that creates the element in which your children are either growing in grace and being fitted for the life they are now living, and preparing for an eternity of blessedness; or they are learning to live without God, and to die without hope.

The home should be the place of all others for cheerful and happy conversation. Parents should talk with their children, and talk with each other. One has said, "A father or mother, who is habitually silent in the home may be wise in some things, but they are not wise in their silence." I have met with those who appeared to be the life of the company in which they moved outside; but in the home they were dull, morose, and silent among their children. My advice to such would be if they have not sufficient mental caliber to provide social entertainment for all, let them first provide for their own households. Let them read Paul's advice to Timothy, "But if any provide not for his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." We often hear adverse criticisms pronounced against certain families who are in the habit of selling off all the luxuries produced on the farm or in the garden, while they themselves subsist on the bare necessities of life. Those families fare as badly who keep all their social charms for the outside world, and reserve all their dullness, morose, and sour dispositions, for home consumption. Is it not vastly better to encourage your own children by providing profitable, and if need be, amusing entertainment, thus making the home happy and cheerful, rather than to reserve all these better qualities of your nature that you may amuse strangers abroad? A house where silence

prevails is always a dull place for young people. They have an abhorrence of being shut up in such a place, and they are sure to escape from it if they can. The youth who does not love home is in great danger of being lost. The true mother is in love with her children. She esteems it her greatest joy to care for and provide for them while under her roof, and after they have gone out to do for themselves. When her son comes home to her he may have grown until he is larger than his father but he is still her boy; he may have taken to himself a wife, but for all that he is her boy still. She is not in sympathy with the old rhyme,

"Your son is your son till he gets him a wife,
But your daughter is your daughter all the days of your life."

Would you have your children come back to the old homestead, make that homestead pleasant for them in the days of their youth. "Train a rose bush to the humble walls, and the scent and beauty will not be forgotten by the children." The boy, instead of going out to seek those who indulge in evil pursuits, will sleep sweetly in his old bed, and in the morning go to his work refreshed and strengthened, carrying with him a firm resolve to honor the old home in which he lives, for everything about it is dear to his heart. Your daughter, though perhaps by marriage has been placed in a happy home of her own, does not forget the old one. Make the home a place of happiness and joy, because of the loving hearts who dwell there, and when your children go out into the world to battle for themselves they will carry along with them the conviction that there is no place in all the earth

more sacred than the old homestead. As the years go by there will come a time when the old house may be torn down or lost to the children, it may be that father and mother have passed on to the mansions above, but it will still live in their memories. They will not forget the kind looks and tender words expressing the thoughtful love of those who once dwelt there. You may rest assured these will not pass away.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

One reason why so many become dissipated and go out to find amusements elsewhere no matter what the character of these amusements may be, making every possible excuse for so doing, is because of the lack of love and entertainment at home. But while it is true that very much of man's success and happiness depends upon the character of his early home, some who have been trained under hallowed influences go out to fall under the stress of powerful temptations, or by accident. Stern law lays hold of them, and they are to be found shut up among the criminal class in our prisons and penitentiaries. But their numbers are comparatively few compared with those who have never been known to have a home, but have been reared in the midst of degradation, vice, and crime. Multiplied thousands in our large cities and elsewhere, have never known what it was to have a home, a Christian mother's care, or a father's tender regard. It is from this class, largely, that our penal institutions are kept full and often crowded. What shall be done with this large class of poor unfortunates? They

never had a chance, and if they remain where they are they never will have a chance.

Penologists are divided as to the causes leading into crime. Two views are entertained. The first is that of heredity, the other that of environment. Strong arguments are presented by the advocates of both these propositions. When we consider the vast numbers in our large cities who are crowded into old tenement houses without the daily comforts of life, living in attics and hovels, where grinning want looks out of windows stuffed with rags, and vice and degradation reigns within, and children clothed in tattered garments of filthy rags, with pinched and poverty stricken faces cry for bread, we can but conclude that children born of parents thus degenerate, whose ancestors were of a like class, on the principle that like begets like, may, and do partake of the nature of those by whom they were begotten, and because of their inheritance enter upon criminal pursuits from the beginning. I am not fully prepared to say just how this may be, but I am sure that growing up in the midst of such evil associations has much more to do with shaping their destiny than any other cause.

In the penitentiary, while visiting from cell to cell, I have taken special pains to find out from the convicts themselves the causes leading to their incarceration. And the answer given, with very few exceptions, was bad company, or evil associations, and in nine cases out of ten, the saloon and its surroundings was given as the source of their downfall. Mr. George Torrence, Superintendent of Illinois Reformatory presented a paper before the Na-

tional Prison Congress, held in Cleveland, in which he claimed that after the most thorough investigation he had come to the conclusion that less than ten per cent of the criminals are led into crime by hereditary taint. This statement coincides with the opinion of Judge Tuthill of Chicago, as reported and given in the Chicago papers at the time of its utterance. "But how about the born criminals, Judge?" "The what? Born criminals! There are no born criminals! If I believed that, I should lose my faith in God. Society makes criminals; environments and education make criminals, but they are not born such." "Do you believe then, that your children, if their environments were the same, would commit the same offences as those children who appear daily before you?" "I don't think it, I know it, I know it." If these statements are true, as I believe they are, because they are confirmed by my own experience and observation, then ninety per cent of the crimes of this country must be accounted for from other causes. The opinion is becoming more and more prevalent, that crime is not so much the result of heredity as environment. I have a case in hand showing how wicked, self-seeking, and designing men do sometimes lead children astray, and lay for them the foundations for a wretched life. A prisoner came to my house one morning in the month of April, 1902. He had been paroled that morning from the Indiana State Prison, where he had been serving a sentence of from one to three years. He told me this was his third term in the penitentiary. I had secured for him a situation on a farm where he was to remain until the expiration of his parole. While waiting for his

employer to come after him he gave me this story of his past life:

"I have been a thief," he said, "nearly all my days. I was trained up in the profession. My father died when I was a mere child. My mother seemed to have no real love for me. She sent me to a Catholic school when I was about the age of six or seven years. From this school I ran away and returned to my mother, where I remained for a short time, when I was again started back to school. I had learned to abhor the school and could not think of going back there, so I ran away and resolved to do for myself, but I was unfortunate in that I fell into the hands of bad men who followed thieving for a living. They were not only thieves themselves, but employed others to steal for them. They had three other boys in their employ, I making the fourth. These men provided us with shelter, fed, and clothed us, and let us have a little pocket money, while we were expected to pick the pockets of other people and hand over to them what we got. They would take us to fairs, shows, and other large gatherings, where we were expected to watch our opportunities for picking, and gather up whatever we could of value without being detected. I was arrested at times and thrown into jail along with other, older and worse, criminals. While there I listened to these men as they related their experience in criminal pursuits, and laid my plans for future depredations; and after I went out it was not long before I became an expert in pocket-picking, and an adept in all manner of thieving. My reputation became such that when I tried to reform I was looked upon with suspicion and was

tried for crimes of which I knew nothing. Once when sent to the penitentiary by the police court, I was discharged at the end of six months, it having been found out that I was innocent of the crime for which I had been sentenced. I have served three terms in the penitentiary, but have now made up my mind to lead a better life from this on. As for the three boys who were my companions in crime, two of them turned out to be horse thieves and are now serving terms in the penitentiary. My constant companions were inebriates, thieves, and gamblers."

What could we expect from men growing up from childhood in the midst of such associations but that they would live to become a plague to society, and a curse to themselves? After dinner I gave this man some kindly advice as to his future conduct, which he promised to take and observe. I then delivered him over to his employer, and he went away to serve out his parole, and may we hope to live a better life.

It is a source of great satisfaction to know that earnest efforts are being made (more than ever before), for the rescue and saving of this large class of poor unfortunates. And home-finding institutions are being organized all over the land, and especially in our large cities, for the care of helpless mothers, the reformation of discharged and paroled prisoners, and the placing of destitute children in families where they may be trained for usefulness and good citizenship.

Edward Julian, in an article published in one of the Chicago papers some time ago, gave an account of the workings of the Chicago Home-finding Association, sit-

uated at 6848 Anthony Avenue. This association was organized in 1897, since which time home life has been secured for three hundred and forty-five children, eighty-four youths, two hundred and forty-eight mothers, each with a child, and for fifty-two ex-prisoners. He says many poor adults have been placed in homes where they could pay their way; and that the experience of the management coincides with that of many similar institutions; the demand for little girls can hardly be supplied fast enough, while bright, intelligent boys are frequently left on their hands for a long time, sometimes to be returned to a poor farm in some little village because of a lack of funds to keep them at the institution. He says that a record of all contributions is printed in a little paper published monthly and credited on the books, which are open at all times for inspection. The officers serve without pay. Many people desire to adopt a child if the right one can be found. A large number of those who adopt and care for these children are those who have lost little ones, or elderly people whose children have grown out of their homes. Sometimes two children are taken into the same family, then the joy of these at being permitted to remain together is very touching. Most of those received into the temporary home are very destitute in the way of wearing apparel, but none are sent out until they are well clad. Believing that crime is never so much the result of heredity as of environment, the Association is directing its efforts towards helping the youths, the boys and girls, to home influence and sympathy. It is conceded that young people brought up under the kindly influences of home life and love, are

less likely to yield to temptations and turn aside into evil pursuits, and so these are the ones most sought after by those having employment for them. No one is willing to employ the inmates of a reformed school, or a discharged or a paroled prisoner, while others of good character are to be had. As one has said there really seems to be no decent chance for these unfortunate ones to exist in this world. The American Home-finding Association is anxious that homes be founded for these men, in different parts of the country, where they may stay when destitute and out of employment, thus removing one of the greatest incentives to crime.

It is estimated that there is now in this country a prison population of about 280,000, or nearly double the number of ten years ago. This means that one in every five hundred of our citizens is an ex-convict. An average of more than one a day is discharged. These will have to be furnished employment, and many are not willing to employ them until they have proved themselves worthy. The advanced method, adopted for the reformation of criminals, and for saving outcast children in large cities and elsewhere, is positive proof that great advancement has been made during the last decade, and has become a marked feature in showing the moral standing, as well as the intelligence of the closing years of the Nineteenth Century.

General Brinkerhoof, ex-president of the National Prison Congress, in his report to that congress, during the fall of 1900, spoke of the kindergarten as useful in striking at the root of crime; especially as he found it in California under the supervision of Mrs. Leland Stan-

ford, where out of 9,000 graduates of these private kindergartens not a single one had been arrested for crime. What an argument, this, for the right kind of kindergarten teaching in all our public and private schools in all the states. He also spoke of orphan asylums as great nurseries of virtue, for homeless children, for whose care they exist. And he claimed that the work of these institutions is invaluable, as compared with that of the public schools. He spoke of children's aid societies, and children's homes as being of great benefit in the saving of children. Illinois at that time had twenty-two of these societies, and like organizations exist and are being established in many of the states of the Union. He said further that the most beneficent part of their work was in placing uncared for children in good homes where they are treated and educated as members of the family. Thus the great benefit of home life is recognized by all.

What is Home? Recently a London magazine sent out 1,000 inquiries on the question. In selecting the classes to respond to the question it was particular to see that every one was represented. The poorest and the richest were given equal opportunity to express their sentiments. Out of 800 replies received seven gems were selected as follows:

(1) Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

(2) Home—The place where the small are great, and the great are small.

(3) Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise.

(4) Home—The place where we grumble most, and are treated the best.

(5) Home—The center of our affections round which our heart's best wishes twine.

(6) Home—The place where our stomachs get three square meals daily and our hearts a thousand.

(7) Home—The only place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.

I close this chapter by quoting from the biennial report of Geo. A. H. Shidler, ex-warden of the Indiana State Prison, made October 31, 1900.

> The cause of crime is an unsolved problem; but to the care of the youth we should look, for from them shall come crime, remorse, and disappointments in the future. The parent management of orphan asylums, reform schools, and reformatories can be of great value toward checking this whirlwind of crime and dissipation. Look after the youth; teach them honor, and self-esteem. Do not let the seeking after wealth so occupy your mind as to rob you of that which money cannot buy, but on the other hand, counsel, and advise, and instead of always stern reprimand, forgive occasionally, and make your child your confidant, and you will be doing the greatest work set out for you to do: namely, protecting your offspring from the pitfalls that lead to the prison door, there long hours and weary days, to repent of the mistakes made.
>
> Let us as prison officials, teachers, ministers of the gospel, parents and good citizens, renew ourselves to this work, that peace and happiness may prevail in every home, and heart aches and crime become strangers to our people.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BOY CONVICT'S STORY.

By Permission of the Author, Will Carleton.

I'd rather sit here, Mr. Sheriff—up near to the end of the car;
We won't do so much advertising if we stay in the seat where we are.
That sweet little dude saw the bracelets that you on my wrists have bestowed,
And tells the new passengers promptly you're "taking me over the road."
I've had a well-patronized trial—the neighbors all know of my fall;
But when I get out among strangers I'm sensitive-like, after all.

For I was a lad of good prospects, some three or four summers ago—
There wasn't any boy in our township who made a more promising show!
I learned all of Solomon's proverbs, and took in their goodness and worth,
Till I felt like a virtue-hooped barrel, chock-full of the salt of the earth.
And this precious picnic of sorrow would likely enough have been saved,
If I had had less of a heart, sir, or home had contained what it craved.

For the time when a boy is in danger of walking a little bit wild,
Is when he's too young to be married—too old to be known as a child;
A bird in the lonely grass thickets, just out of the parent tree thrown,
Too large to be kept in the old nest—too small to have one of his own;
When, desolate 'mid his companions, his soul is a stake to be won;
'Tis then that the Devil stands ready to get a good chance to catch on!

Oh, yes! I'd a good enough home, sir, so far as the house was concerned;

My parents were first-class providers—I ate full as much as I earned.
My clothes were all built of good timber, and fit every day to be seen;
There wasn't any lock on the pantry—my bedroom was tidy and clean;
And taking the home up and down, sir, I'd more than an average part,
With one quite important exception—there wasn't any room for my heart.

The house couldn't have been any colder with snowdrifts in every room!
The house needn't have been any darker to make a respectable tomb!
I used to stop short on the door-step, and brace up a minute or more,
And bid a good-bye to the sunshine, before I would open the door;
I used to feed daily on icebergs—take in all the freeze I could hold—
Then go out and warm in the sunshine, because my poor heart was so cold!

And hadn't I a father and mother? Oh yes! just as good as they make—
Too good, I have often suspected (though maybe that last's a mistake).
But they'd travelled so long and so steady the way to perfection's abode,
They hadn't any feeling for fellows who could not as yet find the road;
And so, till some far-advanced mile-post on goodness's pike I could win,
They thought of me, not as their own child, but one of the children of sin.

And hadn't I brothers and sisters? Oh yes, till they somewhat had grown;
Then, shivering, they went off and left me to stand the cold weather alone.
For I had the luck to be youngest—the last on the family page,
The one to prop up the old roof-tree—the staff of my parent's old age;
Who well understood all the uses to which a mere staff is applied;
They used me whenever convenient—then carelessly threw me aside!

And hadn't I any associates? Oh yes! I had friends more or less,
But seldom I asked them to visit our house with the slightest success;
Whenever the project was mentioned, they'd somehow look blue-like and chill,
And mention another engagement they felt it their duty to fill;
For—now I am only a convict, there's no harm in telling the truth—
My home was a fearful wet blanket to blood that was seasoned with youth!

Not one blessed thing that was cheerful; no festivals, frolics, or games;
No novels of any description—'twas wicked to mention their names!
My story-books suddenly vanished; my checker-boards never would keep;
No newspaper came through our doorway unless it was first put to sleep!
And as for love—well, that old song, sir, is very melodious and fine,
With "No place like home" in the chorus—I hope there ain't many like mine!

And so, soon my body got hating a place which my soul couldn't abide,
And Pleasure was all the time smiling, and motioning me to her side;
And when I start out on a journey, I'm likely to go it by leaps,
For good or for bad, I'm no half-way—I'm one or the other for keeps.
My wild oats flew thicker and faster—I reaped the same crop that I sowed,
And now I am going to market—I'm taking it over the road!

Yes, it grieved my good father and mother to see me so sadly astray,
They deeply regretted my downfall—in a strictly respectable way;
They gave me some more admonition, and sent me off full of advice,
And wondered to see such a villain from parents so good and precise.
Indeed I have often conjectured, when full of neglect and its smarts,
I must have been left on the door-step of their uncongenial hearts!

Interior of Chapel.

My home in the prison is waiting—it opens up clear to my sight;
Hard work and no pay-day a-coming, a close cell to sleep in at night.
And there I must lie sad and lonesome, with more tribulation than rest,
And wake in the morning with sorrow sharp sticking like steel in my breast;
But maybe the strain and the trouble won't quite so much o'er me prevail,
As 'twould be to some one who wasn't brought up in a kind of a jail!

You've got a good home, Mr. Sheriff, with everything cosey and nice,
And 'tisn't for a wrist-shackled convict to offer you words of advice;
But this I must say, of all places your children may visit or call,
Make HOME the most pleasant and happy—the sweetest and best of them all;
For the Devil won't offer a dollar to have his world-chances improved,
When Home is turned into a side-show, with half the attractions removed!

DON'T think I'm too bitter, good sheriff—I like you: you've been very good;
I'm ever and ever so grateful—would pay it all back if I could.
I didn't mean to slander my parents—I've nothing against their good name.
And as for my unrighteous actions, it's mostly myself that's to blame;
Still, if I'd had a home— But the prison is only one station ahead—
I'm done, Mr. Sheriff; forget me, but DON'T forget what I've said!

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW, UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, WE MAY INFLUENCE OTHERS FOR GOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS BOOK BY A LIFE CONVICT.

That the power of good influence is never wasted, if applied with tact, was well illustrated in the following story, written by a prisoner, a life man, who was one of the parties to the event, and handed me by the writer himself, while I was chaplain in the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City. I give it for the most part in the writer's own words, as a chapter in the life of a young man.

"John Kline was an Indianapolis boy, a member of the famous Boo Gang. He could read and write well, and had some knowledge of geography. He had traveled some, after a manner, and was a possessor of an alert mind and a strong body. He was of German descent. On the night of November 7, 1895, I had become a prisoner of no little notoriety, both outside and inside of prison walls. I was assigned to cell number 19 on three A. This was Kline's cell, and we were to be cell-mates. When I arrived there I was worn in mind and body, and broken in spirit. Kline was somewhat discomfited to find himself so closely associated with one who had been so well known, and whose pretentions to a pure and upright life had everywhere been conceded by those who had known him, but who was now charged with crime, and was to share his cell. The first evening, however,

was spent in pleasant conversation about things in general. The next day his associates said to him, 'Well, you have got H— for a cell-mate, have you? Did he make you get down on your prayer bones?' 'Did you forget and swear before him, Kline?' 'Oh, he'll make a Sunday-school boy out of you.' 'Boys, be careful what you say before Kline, he's reformed, and gone off with good company'; and such like remarks almost without number. But Kline only smiled at their remarks, and reminded them that some of their number had expressed a desire the day before, that they might have this new friend for a room-mate.

"Despite the criticisms offered by one after another, as the days and weeks went by, a warm friendship grew up between us. Kline never failed to show the greatest respect and deepest affection for his partner; and it was not long until he had unraveled his whole life story to him. He had belonged to a good and respectable family, but had by bad associations become bad himself. He had traveled, tramped, and stolen as opportunity offered; he had learned to despise the 'cops,' and to look upon law as his enemy. Didn't know anything about God, and having never mingled with pure women, doubted whether there was such a thing as virtue in the world. Just such a character as he presented of himself I had never met, and such a life as he had lived was to me a revelation. He told me of things I had never heard of, and of sins, (common sins), I did not know were in the category of crimes. One evening after Kline had spoken of the small number of days he had spent in prison, and the large number he had yet to serve of the eleven months

for which he had been sentenced I repeated to him the last stanza of Longfellow's Psalm of Life,

> Let us then be up and doing
> With a heart for any fate:
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor, and to wait.

"'That's pretty fine,' he said, 'got any more like it?' I then told him what it was, and where I had gotten it.

"'Well,' said Kline, 'I'll just put that on my list, and get the book. I wish you would say it all to me.' I then repeated the whole poem to him.

"'By Jing, if I could say that much poetry, I'd be saying all the time. How long did it take you to learn that?'

"'Oh, probably about two hours,' I said.

"'It'd take me two months,' he replied.

"'No, no,' I said, 'If you want to learn it you can know it all by to-morrow night at bed time, I am sure.'

"'Will you learn it to me?'

"Certainly, I will help you to learn it.'

"We then and there began the task, and sure enough by bed time the following night, he knew it all thoroughly; and seldom an evening passed after that when he did not repeat a part or the whole of it. He was delighted with his success, and wanted to learn more poetry; and more poetry he did learn, including Thanatopsis, The Bare Foot Boy, Barbara Fritchie, Song of Hiawatha, Casabianca, and short miscellaneous poems, and snatches of verse: in fact everything I knew. He learned with great enthusiasm. A new world opened up to him. He drank in its sweetness, and was charmed with its beauty.

With a pencil, which I was permitted to carry being a clerk in one of the offices, and scraps of paper he could pick up, he began the study of mathematics, and in a short time had gained considerable proficiency. He thought it a wonderful science. Fractions amazed him as would a puzzle. Percentage captivated him, and Loss and Gain, he thought was wonderful. He was above all things practical, and would make problems of his own and solve them, and then chuckle with delight. He was proud of the knowledge he was gaining, and expected to make use of it in the future. Kline liked to ask questions along the line of historical subjects and characters, and would sit quietly, all ears, to hear the story of Houston, or Webster, or Franklin. When an evening of such conversation was over, lying on his narrow cot in his prison cell, he would repeat,

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime."

"One night after we had crawled into our bunks, which were arranged one above another, Kline in subdued tones said to me, 'Say, you aint the kind of a man I thought you was.'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Well, I expected you would talk to me about nothing but religion, and every night you would say a great long solemn prayer that would make the cold chills run over me,' he replied.

"'You have never talked to me upon a subject in which I expressed no interest,' said I. 'Why should I show less courtesy to you? As to my prayers, they are neither

long, nor shocking, and can as well be said, lying here on my back as kneeling on the cold stone floor.'

"'Well,' said the young man, 'I have been thinking a great deal about God here lately, and there are two things I would like to ask you, What good could it do us, for God to send His Son into the world to die? Then I want to know how a fellow gets converted?'

"I replied, 'I'll tell you, Kline, I have a book in my telescope there, that will answer anything you want to know along that line. It is called Positive Theology. Would you like to read it?'

"Kline said he certainly would if it would answer his questions. At the same time if there ever was an ignorant chump about religion, it certainly was himself. The next night he began reading the book. He soon became profoundly interested: Frequently he would stop reading to comment on some paragraph, or to ask the meaning of some word or theological expression. While reading the chapter on the Atonement, his expressions of wonder and reverence were most frequent. He read the chapter on Repentance, and the one on Regeneration, with unabated interest. When he had finished reading, he declared he never thought such a book existed. 'It is all so wonderful, and it is so simple too,' he would say.

"'Isn't a man a fool that will live such a life as I have lived in the face of all this? I'm not going to make any demonstrations about it', he said, one night as we sat in our lonely cell, 'but I'm done. You'll never hear me swear any more, and when I get out of here I intend to live a sober respectable life.'

"We continued to cell together, during the whole winter, and to share each other's confidence. The following April Kline was discharged. The night before he was released he borrowed my pencil to do some writing; when he had finished and carefully folded the note, and placed it in my Bible, he said, 'To-morrow night when you come in here, I will not be with you; I can't trust myself to say it to you.'

"Here is the note in part: April 4, 1896. .....My dear friend,.....The first part of the note was used in expressing his exalted opinion of his friend, and the obligations he himself felt toward him. He then continues,

> 'When I leave this prison, it will be with better purposes and higher motives than I had when I entered it. I have resolved to quit roaming around the country in an aimless manner; to get work and settle down, and to do all in my power to make the declining years of my aged mother happy. Mine has been a checkered career utterly void of any principle. I have led a wicked and reckless life, but now with the help of the sustaining hand of the Almighty, I will lead a respectable life. May the God whom you so faithfully trust and serve, soon remove the cloud hovering over you, is my earnest prayer.
>
> 'Resp't. John Kline.'

"Kline has faithfully kept his vow, and is today a sober, industrious young man; showing daily the evidence of a firm Christian character."

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW I BECAME A CONVICT

By a Convict.

My purpose in writing this unvarnished tale is not to give to myself notoriety, nor to pose as a man with a terrible experience. If perchance some young man will read these lines, and then change his course, part of my object will have been attained. I say part, for my object is of a two-fold nature. I trust that to the reader this will be plain after having read this brief and crude story

I was born September 21, 1869, in the town of Memphis, Tennessee. Being the only child I enjoyed many advantages that kind and loving parents provide for their children. Unfortunately, my father, who was a prominent physician, and my mother, who was a noble woman, both died of yellow fever during the epidemic of 1878. So at the age of nine years I found myself an orphan, with practically nothing in the shape of means to face the world. As is frequently the case, father, who was a good physician, was a poor business man; while he had thousands of dollars in accounts owing to the chaotic condition following the terrible scourge but very little could be collected. My age no doubt softened the blow of sudden bereavement, for I realized more fully the loss of my parents in after years. Being well advanced in general studies for one of my years, thanks

to my noble mother, I determined to allow future schooling to wait until I had assumed a fortune, then to devote my time and training to securing a medical education; for my ambition was to become a doctor. The possibility of failing to secure this wealth never for a moment presented itself to my mind. Not having any relatives to take an interest in me I fully followed my own inclinations.

My first step in quest of wealth was a journey to Nashville, Tennessee, where I became a newsboy. After an experience of nearly a week, I was most unexpectedly discovered by an old friend of my father's, who had served as sergeant in the same command during the Civil War. This man adopted me, somewhat to my sorrow at first, but he and his wife being childless, they offered me a home, which after some hesitation I accepted. Here my life was devoid of excitement, and without the attractions a willful boy of my age thought absolutely necessary, yet I remained with these people eight years. I had in the meantime accumulated two hundred dollars, and was capable of earning twelve dollars weekly as a journeyman printer. The alluring prospects of the world, coupled with a lively imagination and restless spirit on my part, were too much for me. So I bade the old couple good bye, and started for Chicago, where I began work with a future as bright as sunshine.

Here I wish to mention some of the habits I had formed. Since the death of my parents I had not entered a church. I had learned card-playing, and spent most of my idle time in this dangerous practice. My father never used tobacco nor drank liquor, yet he con-

sidered poker a gentlemanly game. I soon wearied of Chicago, and then began a tour of the country. I was seldom without work, for the first thing I did after reaching a town was to look for a job. My earnings I spent in sight seeing, or card-playing. To prevent a misconception of my words, I will add by sight-seeing I mean nothing immoral—simply wandering about the city. Places of evil resort, aside from gambling hells, had but little attraction for me.

In this way the years slipped away, and I found myself on my twenty-fifth birthday without a dollar. I then made an ironclad resolution to give up gambling. Just two weeks previous I had taken stock and found I had four hundred dollars; this I thought was not quite enough to carry me through the first year of college. I wanted five hundred dollars, and in trying to obtain it I lost all. My reflections were anything but pleasant, but I continued at work and when the college term began I had enough money to pay the matriculation fee only. I attended regularly and worked evenings in a job office. Finally I began working Saturdays also, and thus earned from seven to nine dollars each week. Holiday week instead of going home to eat turkey, as my classmates did, I worked steadily, and lived at one of those blessings of the poor man, a lunch counter. The term being ended, I at once left Chicago for a small inland town. Here, thought I, no temptations will trouble me. I secured a situation at a fair salary, spent my evenings in study, and attended church on Sundays. How often I congratulated myself that summer it is needless to say; I would have sufficient funds by October to pay

my tuition fee in advance, and perhaps a trifle for emergencies.

One day while depositing a small sum of money in the village bank, I was asked by the cashier to step into the private room in the rear. Here I found the proprietor, who was a deacon in the church I attended. Naturally enough I expected a little talk on church matters, or perhaps an invitation to unite with the church, or at least some spiritual instruction. Imagine my astonishment when the good man began talking about the price of mess pork on the Board of Trade of Chicago. He then went on to explain the matter fully, and showed how I could double my capital in a few days, and how he had made three thousand in ten days. I felt that if this man who prayed so earnestly every Sunday (and perhaps oftener) could do this in safety, certainly I would be doing no wrong to invest just a part of my savings. Of course I would not risk all. Something I had experienced the previous winter warned me to be careful. I invested a hundred dollars, and in three weeks we closed the deal, my share of the profits being in the neighborhood of eighty dollars. Then I invested two hundred dollars, throwing aside all caution and warnings. The price began to rise. I became so excited as to be unfit for work. I asked and obtained leave of absence for a week. I spent nearly all of that time in the little back room of the bank. Here we received the telegrams containing market reports.

One morning the papers contained a startling bit of information, the market had slumped. The Bears were about to destroy their opponents in the pit. There was

going to be a squeeze. When our brokers finally communicated with us, it was to ask us to cover our margins at once. Then my advisors came to my assistance. "You must telegraph fifty dollars to Chicago at once." I did so. Again came the notice, again went the fifty dollars. The market went down, not steadily but in a series of, to me, nerve-racking jumps. I presented my check for fifty dollars one morning, when the cashier informed me that my account was already overdrawn two dollars and fifty cents. I knew I must have this money at once or lose all, so I asked for the bank proprietor. He was at home, I learned. I waited impatiently until he arrived, when I laid the matter before him, when he coldly informed me that on good security he would loan me the necessary funds. He might as well have demanded a trip to the moon. I grew frantic with vexation as the time for saving my deal slipped away. I finally offered the entire amount to this man if he would take it off my hands, in case the market revived, and retain the balance himself whatever profit accrued. He politely refused. In three days prices so far advanced as to have made a profit of some three hundred dollars had I been able to carry on the transaction. I found myself once more penniless, and this time with a feeling of sullen hatred toward mankind in general, and bank presidents and church officers in particular.

Of course attending college that winter was out of the question. I read less, went out more frequently, and finally with a feeling that matters could not be much worse I again began gambling. In this village a certain coterie of congenial spirits met several times each week,

especially on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings to play poker. I continued these meetings, sometimes with profit, then again with loss. So the winter wore away; spring came and part of the following summer passed, when I began to think again of my college term. These thoughts were really induced by meeting a young man who had been a former classmate. I determined at once as to my future action, and attended college the following winter. After this time I worked steadily during the summer, and without further escapades I passed my final year and was graduated, June, 1896.

During the summer of that year I secured an agency, working with the idea of locating the following fall. In December I registered in Indianapolis and began the practice of my profession. Here occurred a change in my general line of thought. I had become acquainted with a young lady who awakened in me all those noble resolutions to become a man, usually inspired by the love of a pure woman. That she reciprocated my love I felt certain. My ambition to succeed at once grew to such magnitude as to cause immense restlessness. I became dissatisfied with my dingy office. I felt I must go out into the world and force Dame Fortune's favor. I lost what prudence and, I might add, also what patience I had.

About this time, the world was startled by that almost incredible tale of gold discoveries in Alaska. I at once grasped this as a drowning man catches at a straw. I would go to the Klondike, and in a year or two return wealthy. While making preparations for the journey, I became acquainted with a young man who

also intended making a fortune in the frozen North. In the course of our acquaintance he invited me to his home. His family were wealthy people and consisted of his father, mother, and sister. I remained some days a guest of these people, and entered into an agreement with the young man that we should become partners in the expedition. In February, 1897, we landed in Port Valdes, Alaska. Of our adventures in search for gold it is needless to speak; it will suffice to say that we met with no actual success. I was fortunate enough to earn sufficient for both, my partner not having any means aside from his provisions. Our stock of provisions was quite enough to last one person eight months, but exceedingly small for two men to subsist on during the winter. It was decided that I should return to the States, leaving him with my share of clothing, provisions, and tools, to work our claims the following year. He was at that time nine hundred dollars in debt to me for money advanced, aside from clothing, provisions, etc. This amount he promised to pay the following year.

In the mean time I had received numbers of letters from the young man's sister. These letters had grown rapidly to become of a sentimental character, until the last one I received just before embarking for the home voyage was literally an offer of marriage. I arrived in the United States in October, and immediately visited my affianced at her home. I contented myself with simply writing my partner's family. I declined an invitation, sent in return to visit them. Here I was again, penniless, after a most desperate struggle for this elusive wealth. My affianced being of a more deliberate and practical

turn of mind, advised against my engaging in any further rainbow-chasing. Heeding her advice I at once applied for and secured a position in Central Hospital for the Insane.

I had been here but a few months, when temptation again assailed me. The mother of my partner called on me. After chiding me for not calling on the family, she produced a letter from her son, stating among other things his indebtedness to me, and asking his parents to settle this account at once that I might return to Alaska. I became enlisted at once, for I knew that with a small capital I could return to Alaska and settle in some mining town and practice my profession, this being a more certain method of securing a share of the dust than the most uncertain and dangerous one of prospecting. I accepted the offer, but received only about one-half of the sum due me. Calling upon my fiancee I gently informed her of my plans. She was quite seriously opposed to my again returning to this far away country. However, before my departure, she presented me with a money belt containing our joint earnings of three hundred dollars, and insisted on my accepting this for an emergency. The night after, I bade her farewell, called at the home of my partner's family, received the five hundred dollars and departed for Chicago where I intended to make some necessary purchases.

Here I received another severe shock. While on my way to the hotel I was rendered unconscious by a blow upon the head and robbed of the roll of money I carried in the inner pocket of my waist-coat. Luckily the thieves did not have time to search my clothing, or no

doubt they would have relieved me of everything. As soon as possible I wrote to the family of my former partner, advising them of my misfortune, and of my utter inability to proceed to Alaska. I then called on one of the professors of my Alma Mater, telling him of my loss. He advised me to go to Michigan, and assume the practice of Dr. T—, who had recently lost his wife, and wished to leave. In two days I was installed in the office of Dr. T—. I at once wrote my fiancee fully in regard to what had happened. I prospered so that in May of the following year I was in fair shape financially, with a paying practice of one hundred dollars per month.

May 15 found me at the home of my intended bride. We were to be quietly married and return to my place of business the following day. While we awaited the minister who was to perform the ceremony, there came a knock at the door. I was asked for, and on stepping out, I was confronted by Mrs. R—, the mother of my former partner. After I had greeted her, she at once asked me to step into her carriage and return to her home. I explained that this was impossible as I was just about to be married. Then she flew into a rage, saying, among other things, that I should not desert her child in any such manner, and that I must marry her daughter at once and in case I refused she would have me in prison. I asked her upon what grounds, I could be sent to prison. She said on account of the money she had given me. I was dumbfounded, of course, and told her at once that if she suspected me of theft to have me arrested without delay. She left, vowing vengeance, after making me a proposition which I am thankful I re-

fused. There was but one witness to this interview, a young man who was an invalid, and was spending a few days at the home of his wife, who is an elder sister of my wife. He died the spring following.

I was arrested March 7, 1900. After a preliminary hearing, the trial was set for May 26. I was charged with embezzlement. Mother, daughter, and son testified that I was given five hundred dollars, with instructions to deliver the amount to the son in Alaska. They could not or would not produce the letter from their son asking them to do this; yet they swore as to the contents of the letter. When asked if they had agreed to pay me for the journey they said no. They proved that I had deposited three hundred dollars in the bank at W—, Michigan. They also testified that I was trying to get the consent of their daughter to become my wife. That was the sum total of their evidence. My only witness being dead, I had but my own statement and that of my wife, who testified to giving me the three hundred dollars.

I was found guilty by a jury composed of farmers exclusively, aged from forty-five to eighty-five years. The awful realization of being an outlaw pressed upon me with crushing force. When taken to the prison, I was in good health, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, and owing to my participation in college games I was in possession of a splendidly developed frame; but such was the effect of mental disquietude, that most invidious enemy of health, that in three months after my imprisonment I had become an old man; my hair was thin and gray about my temples, and I had lost forty pounds.

I speak of this period because my sufferings were

most intense during these first three months. I had sleepless nights, and restless days of torment. Strange to say my only regret was that I had not stolen the money. I reasoned that had I actually stolen, my punishment would have been easier to bear. In short I was depending upon my own strength, my own finite intellect for support, and was being daily disappointed. I did not think of Him who is ready, yea, most eager, to help us in the hour of despair.

Our chaplain was a young man who I believe had the interests of the convicts at heart, yet for some reason I could not bring myself up to accept of him the thing I was perishing to obtain, namely, a little human sympathy, and guidance to that unlimited Fountain of solace and love. The dreadfully long Sunday afternoons were to me a series of great sufferings. When locked in my narrow cell I would pace up and down three short steps each way, my mind almost continually in a whirl of excitement and conflicting thoughts. Often suicide would present itself with almost overpowering force. To get rid of this feeling, I usually cried, "Coward," until the demon departed.

About this time two gentlemen passed before the barred door of my prison cell. One of them I shall never forget. He had spoken to us in the chapel service that morning. I had not intended paying any attention to what he said, for I was unusually despondent, cast down, and on the borders of despair. However there was something in his manner, voice, and utterances that interrupted my troubled thoughts; and after the sermon I longed to see this man, but had not the least idea he

would talk with the men personally. But coming to my door that afternoon, he extended his hand through the bars of my prison cell, and grasped mine in a warm, hearty grip. I could scarcely restrain my tears of—what shall I say, joy, shame, or grief? Here was this warm-hearted, yet unassuming Christian man taking my hand, without a question, without mincing, not knowing whether I was a murderer, thief, or rapist. He was pressing my hand in order to have me realize that I was yet human and capable of feeling, and a subject of God's love and regard. After a few kind sympathetic words, he directed me to the Infinite Fountain of peace. He then passed on; yet to this day I can feel the pressure of his hand in mine.

That incident led me to reason with my other self thus: If human sympathy is so helpful, and human love so sweet, what must indeed be the love, sympathy, and protection offered by our Heavenly Father? My plea every day since then has been, O, that I might become a Christian. Of my battles with self, I need not speak, yet I shall never own defeat. With God's help, I will become a better man.

Our chaplain recently discussed the Lord's prayer. In the course of his remarks he touched upon our asking forgiveness. We say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." I argued long and earnestly with myself on this point. Had I forgiven those people who caused my imprisonment? Assuredly not. Could I love them? No, never. Emphatically speaking, I sincerely hated them. And yet I was anxiously seeking to become a follower of Christ. The trouble was that I had simply

been brought to a realization of the beautiful prospect of a Christian life, but was still too obstinate to bring myself to the point of freely forgiving my enemies, as I hoped to be forgiven.

I wish I might be able to tell the Christian world what a grand opportunity presents itself for the saving of souls among the convicts. Many men here are bitterly opposed to the efforts of the chaplain, when directed in the usual way, for prison discipline. They circumscribe his actions, as well as those of the prisoners. Men there are in this place, who not only scoff at religion but who openly and boastfully curse God. While laying no claims to a knowledge of criminology I can however express convictions, arrived at through careful and daily observation of fellow prisoners. Hypocrisy, of course, is more than frequently met with. Men will make most absurd claims with religious fervor, and in the next moment perpetrate some dishonorable trick. Yet we meet the very same conditions outside of prison walls.

To be a Christian in prison is certainly a severe trial in more ways than one. The very unnaturalness of the claim becomes apparent, when neither officers nor fellow-prisoners are sparing of incredulous words and looks to any who may express the Christ-like experience. And yet I say, here is a good opportunity. If prisoners were looked after by men who have an earnest desire to help them at the expiration of their minimum term of imprisonment, and given employment not only for hands, but head and heart as well, and also given to understand, that with proper effort they could efface the past, become good citizens, and command the respect of their

fellow men, I sincerely believe very many could be saved. In speaking thus I allude to the great majority of convicts. The uneducated are oftentimes scarcely responsible. Please do not misunderstand the statement. I do not mean that they are scarcely responsible as a consequence of some mental lack at birth, but contend that there are many men to-day who though born with a full allowance of brains, yet are scarcely responsible because of their environment and lack of training.

Concluding this sketch, I would say that I can now see clearly the error of my ways, and if I leave this prison alive it will be with a different view of life and its proper being than I had when I was brought here. I am fully determined, no matter what may happen, in the future, I will trust to God's will and do my level best to become a respected citizen. While my ambition is greater than ever, I believe I can with God's help turn it in the proper direction. With a heart full of hope I await the future.

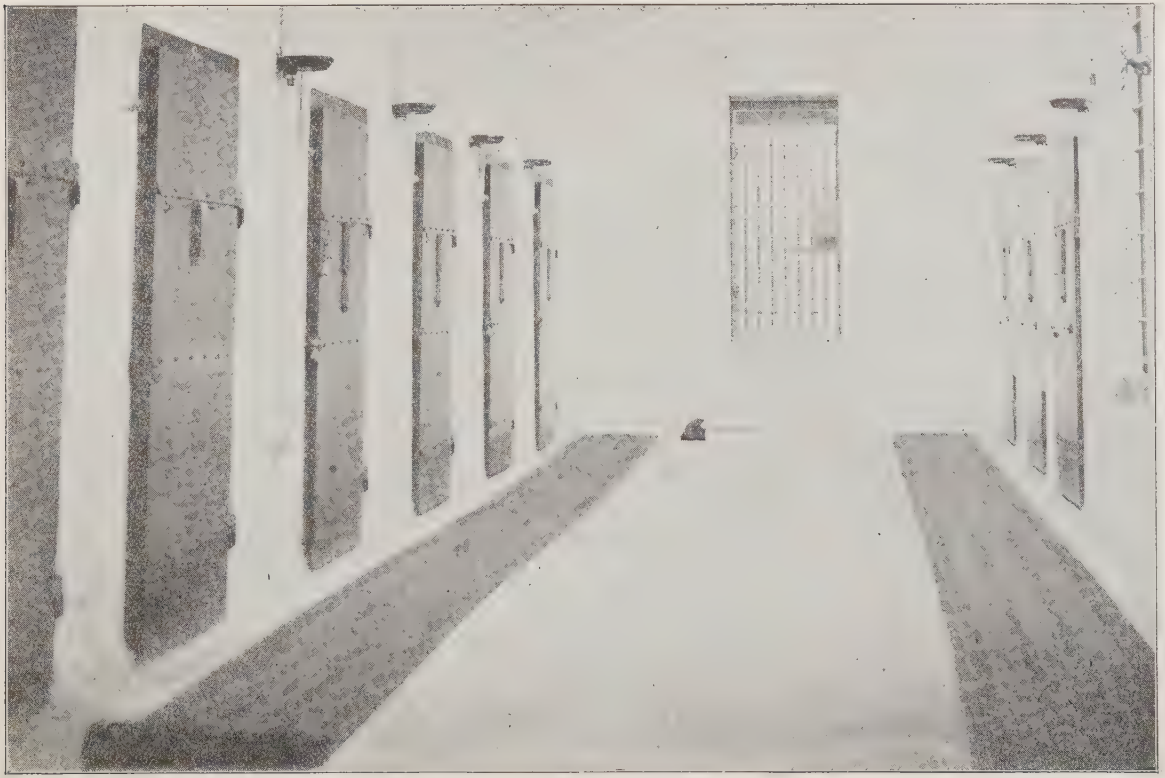
The above story was the result of a conversation I had with this interesting convict, while serving as chaplain in the Indiana State Prison. After hearing his story, which I believe was a true one, I said to him, "I have been thinking of writing a book, bearing the title of this volume." I then asked him to write me out a brief statement of the events leading up to his incarceration, as he had given them to me for the book. On fourteen scraps of waste paper, which he was enabled to pick up in the prison, of all colors, shapes, and sizes, he went to work as opportunity offered, and just a little while before he was released on parole he handed me these

fragments of paper, on which he had written a brief sketch of his life as given in the above story of, How I Became A Convict. By a Convict. In presenting it to the reader, I have closely followed the copy given in the manuscript, except where some personal allusions were made to myself, modesty led me to modify his words.

Mr. K.——, M.D., the subject of this sketch, was a man of fine personal appearance, and of more than ordinary intelligence. His sentence was an indeterminate one of from two to fourteen years. After meeting with the change referred to in the narrative, he became a model prisoner and a "trustic," as they are called to distinguish them from others who cannot be trusted, and though locked in his cell during the night time, as all convicts are, his days were mostly spent in poultry yards over which he had charge, outside the prison walls; and after the release of Mr. Henderson, a prisoner, who served as precentor in the chapel services on Sunday mornings, he was chosen to fill the place and held it while he remained in prison.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances of his case, and his honorable and upright conduct while a prisoner, and in harmony with the views of the Board of Control and the prison officials, Governor Durbin so far commuted his sentence as to grant him a parole, after he had served a term of about eighteen months.

Soon after his release, I received a letter in which he said, "I simply write you a few lines, to inform you of my great joy and happiness, and that in the midst of it all I have not forgotten you." In a few weeks I received another, written from his home, in which he again spoke



Solitary or Death Cells.

of the great joy of himself and wife, who had made such a noble fight for his liberty, she having gone before the Governor with her plea. And then he went on to say, "Now I must tell you of one thing in connection with my release. While the governor had my case under consideration, my wife's eldest sister, herself a devout Christian, proposed a daily prayer by the entire family, at a certain hour in my behalf. No matter where they might be, or what they might be doing, when the hour arrived, they were to sincerely ask God to grant their petition. They did this for two weeks, and I was as you know paroled. Is this not a modern miracle? Oh how I wish I might become worthy of such loyalty and such love. Such is my daily prayer." After speaking of some personal matters, he went on to say, "I feel happy, of course. Yet sometimes there comes to me the picture of that awful place, and those poor creatures who are spending their lives in it. I cannot, I cannot efface this view. I think it will always be with me. Oh how I wish something could be done for those poor people. And yet with many of them what could be done?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### A NIGHT IN A MURDERER'S CELL.
#### His Last Night on Earth.

During the fall of 1901, while serving as chaplain in the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, I was called upon to spend a night in a murderer's cell. It was his last night on earth. I had been informed by the deputy warden, Mr. Barnard, that the condemned man wished to see me. Soon after the dinner hour I was admitted to his cell. This cell was one of a half dozen, known in the prison as "solitaries." It was about eight by ten feet in size, and had been fitted up with an eye to the comfort of the prisoner; a carpet covered the stone floor, and a comfortable bed had been placed in one corner of the room; this with two easy chairs completed the furniture of the place.

On entering the room I found the man sitting on the front side of the bed, his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in his hands, while his whole body and soul seemed bowed with grief. I shall never forget the sad look he gave me, as he lifted his eyes to mine, conveying an expression of imploring pity, bordering on despair. As I took his hand in mine he rose to his feet and burst into tears, accompanied with groans and deep drawn sighs. After this outburst of grief we sat down, he on the side of his bed, while I occupied a chair a little to one side. He still held my hand in his tight grasp

and seemed reluctant to release it. I spent a half hour with him, during which time he spoke of the assurance he had received that his sins were all forgiven, and of his acceptance with God. He still seemed to entertain a hope that the governor would commute the death penalty to one of life imprisonment. After a brief prayer I commended him to God, and left the room promising him that I would see him later and spend a longer time with him.

If the poor man had entertained a hope that his sentence would be commuted to one of life imprisonment, that hope was cut off that afternoon by a telegram from the chief executive addressed to the warden, with these words:

James Reid, Warden State Prison,
Michigan City, Ind.

I have this day denied the application for a change of sentence in the case of Joseph Keith.

(Signed) W. T. Durbin, Governor.

Thus the last ray of hope for the condemned man's life being prolonged was taken away. This information was conveyed to him later in the afternoon, at which time the death warrant was also read to him. He now realized as never before, that his time was short and his fate sealed. He seemed, however, resigned to the inevitable, and handed the warden a letter addressed to his wife; this letter contained a full confession of his crime. Previous to this he had made a partial confession to the deputy warden, but had enjoined secrecy on his part until the governor had passed upon the commutation of his sentence.

As the day passed away and the shadows of night began to fall inside the prison walls, the electric lights were turned on, and abundantly shed their mellow rays of light throughout the enclosure; cheering the hearts of many, but utterly failing to disperse the gloom of him who, disconsolate and sad, sat in a murderer's cell, and whose days, in mid-life, had dwindled to a few brief hours. The warden and all the prison officials seemed to realize the sadness and solemnity of that closing day, and nearly nine hundred prisoners went to their cells that night impressed perhaps as never before, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

About half past seven, the deputy came to me saying that Mr. Keith wished me to come to his cell as soon as convenient. Accordingly at eight o'clock P. M., I again passed through the heavy iron gate, which was closed and locked behind me. The prisoner seemed very glad to see me, and after a short conversation, at his request we knelt in prayer at his bedside, seeking divine help for a burdened soul soon to enter Eternity. As I led in prayer he earnestly responded to the petitions offered, and then followed in a very importunate prayer for his own soul. He prayed especially that his sins might be forgiven, and that he might have an abiding assurance of his acceptance with God through the Son of His love. He then besought God in behalf of his broken-hearted wife, son, and only sister, asking that He would mercifully sustain and comfort them. He prayed for his enemies, and those who had been instrumental in fastening his crime upon him and so fixing his sentence. He also prayed for the governor and

the officials of the prison, and those in authority over him; after which he expressed a wish that I would remain with him to the end, also that I would write a letter to his wife and sister, giving them an account of his last hours on earth. I assured him that I would not forsake him, and that I would keep sacred his request and write as he directed. This last promise I fulfilled soon after I returned home. He entered into conversation, giving me a brief sketch of his life. He said his father and mother were both Christians and workers in the church to which they belonged and that they had passed away some years before, that he had one sister living in Warwick County near his own home, that he had two half brothers who went west, and he had not seen or heard from them for some years. He said he had been raised by Christian parents, and spoke of his own associations with the church, and told how after his marriage his own home had been the stopping place for ministers and Christian people. He frequently expressed in pathetic terms the happiness of his own home, the great affection he had for his wife, son, and sister, and bitterly lamented the great calamity he had brought upon them, and seemed burdened with grief for their sakes. He seemed greatly moved that he could not be permitted to see his family once more, and that he must die away from relatives and friends. I said to him I thought it much better they were away than to be present and witness the tragic scene of his death, to which he assented by simply saying, "Perhaps it is better."

He then referred to the circumstances of his yielding to temptation, and being led away as if by some evil spir-

it, step by step, until he became involved in the difficulties which terminated in the murder of Nora Kiffer on the night of April 3, 1900. He said he became greatly concerned because she would write him letters making demands for money, and when he failed to comply with these demands, she would threaten him with vengeance. He said he became very much alarmed, and could not rest day or night, for fear she would cause trouble between himself and family. He said he was so troubled that he lived in a state of constant fear, when all at once it occurred to him that the only thing he could do was to put her out of the way. He claimed the deed was committed through fear of exposure, and, he said, largely in self-defense. He went so far as to say that Nora was in a great measure responsible for her own death, and thus in a measure tried to justify himself in the terrible thing he had done.

I now saw the necessity, as I had not felt it before, of dealing plainly with this poor man's soul. I said to him, "My dear brother, you cannot possibly in any way justify yourself, in the sight of God or of men, by offering these apologies in view of your self-admitted guilt. It is useless for you to try to cover your sin. If you do so you will not prosper. Your crime was a terrible one. God cannot look upon sin with allowance, but we have the positive assurance in His word that whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall obtain mercy. If you expect pardon there must be a humble confession upon your part."

I referred him to David who cried out of the lowest depths, "Against Thee, O Lord, have I sinned, and done

this evil in Thy sight." I said to him, "Yours must be a like confession." He then suggested another season of prayer, during which his soul seemed to go out in an agony of grief, as he confessed his sin and implored mercy from God. After this season of prayer he became more resigned, and expressed the utmost confidence that his sins had all been forgiven, and said he felt at peace with God. He then sang a few verses of several familiar hymns, such as The Sweet Bye and Bye, O Think of the Home over There, and Saviour More than Life to me. He then spoke of the many friends who had passed over to the better land, and expressed a hope that he would soon meet them there. As the hour of midnight drew near I found he was under the impression that the execution would not take place until about five or six o'clock in the morning. I said to him that my understanding was that the event would take place between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, or soon after midnight. He received the intelligence calmly, saying, "Perhaps it's just as well. I have been in suspense for a long time; the sooner it is over the better."

After this we again knelt in prayer, during which time he commended himself and family to God and His grace. It was now only a few minutes until twelve o'clock. I reminded him once more that the end was near. For a moment he seemed to falter. I said to him, "Mr. Keith, you say you have the assurance that your sins are all forgiven, and that you have peace with God through Christ Jesus. Now if this be so, I want you to magnify the grace that has saved you by being brave."

He replied, "I will!" After which he never seemed to falter or look back; his face in a measure became joyous as he turned his thoughts to those on the other side.

The midnight hour came. A few moments later the cell door opened, the deputy warden, the chief clerk, the prison physician and a special assistant, and two guards entered. The deputy informed the prisoner that the time was at hand; he asked that he be allowed to kneel once more in prayer, which request was granted. He arose from his knees and without a murmur submitted himself to the authorities. The clerk presented him with a suit of plain black cloth, and asked that he put them on, which he immediately proceeded to do, assisted by the officials, and soon he stood before us arrayed in a tasteful suit of black. During the night he had taken from his vest pocket a button photograph of his wife and asked me to fasten it on the lapel of his coat, which I had done. I informed the deputy of this, when it was taken from the lapel of the old coat, and placed upon the new. The deputy then proceeded to fasten the prisoner's arms to his sides, when he asked that his arms be left free long enough for him to bid good-bye to those present. He then proceeded to shake hands with all in the room bidding them an affectionate farewell. During the night he had asked that I accompany him to the scafforld. I had said to him that I preferred not to do this, but would see him there from the cell door after bidding him good-bye, to which he had assented. He gave me a warm grasp of the hand, with a hearty, "God bless you." I commended him to God and His grace

His arms were now fastened to his sides, and with a guard on either side, he passed through his cell door into the corridor, turned to the right, walked a few steps and then ascended the stairway leading to the scaffold with elastic step, singing as he went, "I'm going Home to die no more." One verse of this he sang in a clear tenor voice as he stood on the drop. The rope was then adjusted, the black cap was drawn, when I stepped behind the door to hide from view the tragic scene. The trap was sprung, and Joseph Keith had met the extreme penalty of the law for having taken the life of his poor deluded victim, Nora Kiffer, eighteen months before.

"Was he saved?" was a question put to me that night by one of the prison officials, and has been asked me many times since. It is not for me to say; I do not know the secrets of another's heart. There is One who knows, because He reads that heart. I trust you will not think me presumptuous, if I venture an opinion based on the promises. God says in His written word, "Come, let us reason together;" "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. The mountains may depart, the Rockies and Alleghanies, Heaven and Earth may pass away, but God's faithfulness to the penitent is sure. Sin defiles, pollutes, destroys the soul. There is a penalty to be met. Christ has become our substitute. His grace bridges the chasm between the sinner and Heaven. This is the Atonement. God can be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus. The Atonement covers all manner of

sin. The worst may come in humble dependence on His infinite mercy, and with Watts say,

> My faith would lay her hand,
> On that dear head of Thine;
> While like a penitent I stand,
> And there confess my sin.

The Royal Manasseh had done many wicked things in the sight of God; he had even slain many innocent ones in Jerusalem; but when he was in affliction he prayed unto God and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him; and He was entreated of him, and He heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom, then Manasseh knew that the Lord He was God. God is the same, "Yesterday, to-day, and forever." "His mercy is from everlasting to them that fear him." God hears the cry of the humble and lowly as surely as of those in exalted position. If Joseph Keith, on that night in that solitary cell under sentence of death in a few hours, heartily repented of his sins, (which I believe he did), and fully trusted in the great Atonement made for sin, his faith was accounted to him, for that righteousness which is by faith on the Son of God, and his sins were blotted out, as surely as were those of the penitent thief on the cross.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A CONVICT'S BURIAL.

Joel Thorp, a man of medium build and rather feeble form, had been convicted of larceny and sentenced for an indefinite term of years to the penitentiary at Michigan City; after awhile he was taken with consumption, and was removed to the prison hospital where he lingered for some months, gradually growing worse until it became evident he could not recover. About two months before his death he was paroled by the prison board, after which he fondly entertained hopes that he would be permitted to go out and die among his relatives and friends. But it seemed they had cast him off, at least none of them appeared willing to receive him. So he lingered on, until death came to end his sufferings, and terminate his prison life. After which he was buried, as represented in the following lines.

On reaching the prison, one Saturday night,
In the month of September, as day faded from sight,
I sat in the arched way near the main entrance door,
My thoughts on the men, eight hundred and more,
Shut out from the world by the high prison walls,
Or confined behind bars in their lone prison cells.

These cells, each one filled only with gloom
In that silent hour, seemed a dark living tomb,
Where men through vice, and for crime had entered in,
And barred fast the gates, and drove firm the bolts with sin.
And yet, I firmly hoped, that some who were suffering there,
In the sight of Heaven, had been proven clear.

When the warden approaching, with downcast head,
"A Convict died today, in the prison," he said;
"His body is now at the undertaker's room
Being fitted for its last resting place in the tomb.
In the morning about seven o'clock, if you will,
I wish you to hold a short service, at the grave on the hill."

As the hour drew near for the sad funeral rite,
An old hearse, tightly closed, with no one in sight,
Save the driver, went rattling along over the way,
Bearing the dead body of a prisoner that day,
Who had been paroled by the board of control
But God, in His mercy, had discharged his poor soul.

No kindred, or friends followed the earthly remains
No sad mourners walked in that funeral train,
Just a worn old hearse, with the driver mounted before
Bearing a dead convict's body—and nothing more
To a grave dishonored, unmarked and unknown,
Save by Him who keeps watch, and marks His own.

As the old hearse drew near to that burial place,
On a sand hill, where many unfortunates rest
The Deputy Warden, a few guards, and myself,
Awaited its coming along with some convicts,
Who in that desolate place, a grave had prepared,
For the body of him for whom nobody cared.

No monuments rose from that burial ground,
No tablets of marble or stone, marked the mounds,
Bearing record of deeds, either honest or great.
No story of service to Church, or the State,
But pieces of boards, going into decay,
Showed where the bodies of prisoners were mouldering away.

A grave had been dug in that sad grewsome spot,
By men under guard, from the prison brought,

The loose sand had fallen in at the sides,
Until the grave must have been five or six feet wide,
Hollowed out underneath, and seven feet long,
With ragged edges jutting over all around.

A rough wooden coffin, old fashioned in style,
And stained in the old fashioned way,
Was carried by convicts, away from the hearse,
And by them was lowered down deep in the earth
And placed in the center of that ragged pit
Without any protection, no box shielding it.

A brief earnest prayer was lifted to Him,
Who died on the Cross for humanity's sin,
After which, a short portion of Scripture was read;
And a few remarks made concerning the dead,
And a victory through Him whose Almighty tread,
Was heard long ago in the chambers of death.

The benediction pronounced, prisoners shovel the sand,
Over the body of him whom nobody claimed.
In the hospital ward, he had wasted away;
For months slowly dying, as day followed day;
No father, or mother, no sister or friend
Came there to comfort his soul, or to witness the end.

In the hospital ward, his companions in crime
Had watched o'er his body going into decline;
The prison physician, no doubt, let me say,
Prescribed for his ills, faithfully, every day,
While prisoners, carefully guarded by guards,
Administered the potions in that hospital ward.

The man's life, it is true, was tainted with sin,
There was evil without, and corruption within;
But say—was it proper, and right to cast him aside,
To be cared for by strangers, that night when he died?

Stern law had relented, and granted parole,
But kindred refused the last wish of his soul.

But while I thus muse, my heart grows more sad,
When I think that a soul, with humanity clad,
Should meet, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And go out from this world without having a friend.
For humanity's sake, let us pause at the bier,
And let fall on the grave of the prisoner, a tear.

A Ward in Prison Hospital.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE AND PRAYER.

The following touching incident was related by Warden Shidler and published in a local paper at the time.

> An old woman, who had been informed by telegraph that her son, a young man serving a sentence of from one to three years for petit larceny, was dying, arrived at the Michigan City prison on an excursion train at one o'clock Sunday afternoon. A hospital ward, where the young man lay, was cleared of patients, in order that the mother might spend a few minutes alone with her son in the last hours of his life. The prison physician warned her against staying too long, as he feared the son would not stand the strain. After many a reluctant start the woman finally got up to go, asking the son if there was anything he wanted. He replied, "Some oranges."
>
> The old woman hastened to the city, but before she had passed the gates the son sank back and breathed his last. The prison officials counseled as to how to break the news to her, and as they talked, the old woman came hurrying into the prison. The warden beckoned her into the office, where the prison physician and the guard stood. She had the oranges in her hands, and appeared anxious to get to her boy. In answer to her expectant look, the warden said to her,
>
> "Madame, your son grew worse after you left him. In fact he grew much worse,

and we fear you cannot take him home with you as you asked. In truth, I fear he may die at any time."

"Warden," broke in the physician, in a low tone, "he is dead."

"Oh, the look," said the warden as he related the incident. "We have to try to get used to such things, but it was too much for any of us. The doctor drummed on his chair, and the guards, big, strong fellows, made furtive movements to their cheeks. I confess I did not know what to say, but there was nothing to be said."

The old woman looked down at the oranges, which seemed dead themselves, and then without saying a word, dropped on her knees at a chair, and such a prayer as she offered to the Almighty, asking Him to forgive her son, who died in prison. She prayed fervently and eloquently. A Beecher could not have surpassed it. It was a new experience for us, and we stood with bowed heads.

Then she arose, but did not give way to her grief. She seemed rejoiced when we told her that the body of her son would be sent home for burial. She had thought he might be buried in the sand that lies around the prison walls.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A DAY OF STRANGE CONTRASTS.

By J. M. Buckley, D.D.

The following chapter is published in this book by permission of the author, Rev. James M. Buckley, D. D., editor of The Christian Advocate, and was given in that paper May 23, 1901, under the above caption, and is reproduced as given by the author.

The change of the name of Sing Sing to Ossining, to protect the town from the evil reputation given to it by Sing Sing Prison (which has greatly interfered with the prosperity of its manufacturers, competitors falsely calling their products prison-made goods), renders appropriate an account of a day of strange contrasts which on a Sunday in last autumn we experienced there. Sing Sing is supposed to be a corruption of Ossining, which in the Indian dialect signified "Stone upon Stone."

Early in the Sabbath, accompanied by Dr. William F. Anderson, we proceeded to Sing Sing Prison. This gloomy building was erected in the first quarter of the last century, and is now a disgrace to the Empire State. The main buildings were constructed on bad plans. They are the antiquated monuments of outworn ideas. The cell hall has two hundred cells in each tier, and the block is six tiers high. In that one wing are twelve hundred cells too small for the purpose, condemned for years, poorly ventilated, each receiving little pure air, which is always foully contaminated by the hall. The roof is of

wood covered with tin, the shops are cheaply built, old, and inconvenient, the north wall insecure. The new structures are in essential points impracticable, though tolerable. The site of the prison is so near the level of the river that it is impossible to get satisfactory sewage.

In one of the recently erected main buildings are two chapels, a hospital, and a mess hall. In one of the chapels the Catholics hold service, and the other is devoted to the service conducted under the superintendence of the chaplain.

Chaplain Sanderson met us in the hall and conducted me to the platform.

The chaplain was delicately reticent in answering my inquiries concerning individual prisoners. He seemed to wish to say nothing that, if known, would influence the men unfavorably, and for this I commended him.

I looked upon the eight hundred men before me with emotion. Among them I saw heads as large and symmetrical as might be found in any great deliberative body in church or State; eyes that flashed with the light of intelligence; faces that were seamed with the marks of suffering, and some that, judged by the often erroneous conventional standards of physiognomy, indicated criminal instincts and an abandoned life. But the large majority could in no way be distinguished from men of the same age in ordinary civil life. Comparatively few reminded me of the typical criminal class whose faces are so conspicuously represented in works on criminology. A considerable proportion indicated the effects of previous intemperance, and some bore the marks of low natural intelligence.

Prisoners are at a disadvantage when clad in prison garb and their hair and beard trimmed in a uniform way. When Guiteau was arrested for the murder of Garfield he was represented as of horrible mien, with a criminal face, and with a strident and unmusical voice. But when arrested he had been in hiding, had not been shaved or washed.

In an hour and a half's interview which I had with him in the prison I found his manners those of a gentleman, his countenance and head comparing favorably with those of cultivated men, his intelligence marked, his conversation entertaining, and his voice musical.

Of the 800 before me the warden's last report showed that there were 25 sentenced for life. Besides these, among my hearers were 2 bankers, 30 bookkeepers, 47 clerks, 4 physicians, 5 lawyers, 1 United States Consul, and 21 salesmen. Besides these there were policemen, chemists, dentists, 9 merchants, 2 journalists, an architect, and one or two clergymen. The balance of the 1,250 in the building, 450 of whom were in attendance at the Catholic chapel, included all trades and occupations known among men. Ten hundred and fifty-three of the 1,250 in the prison were under 40 years of age. Among these were 250 total abstainers from the use of ardent spirits, and 74 abstainers from tobacco. Ten hundred and forty-two acknowledged the use of liquor as a beverage, and 1,176, of tobacco. Of the Protestants the chaplain informed me 82 were present at the last communion, and 6 of them had been baptized by the chaplain previous to the celebration of that sacrament.

To preach to prisoners is an easy task if one does it

only occassionally. Never have I had better attention, never has a congregation seemed more completely to fuse into one, never were the responses (by that subtle method of communicating with the speaker, of which the hearer is unconscious) more stimulating.

Mr. Wesley is the best teacher. One day, before the pulpits of London were closed to him, he preached to a fashionable but godless congregation from the text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" After the sermon he was rebuked by one who said to him, "Why did you take a text that would have suited Newgate, to preach from to such a refined and distinguished people?" Said Wesley, "Had I preached in Newgate I should have taken as my text, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Mentally to put one's self in the prisoner's place, not the place of the hardened, impenitent prisoner who is a monster in the sight of God and would be in the sight of men if his condition were understood, but of the conscious sinner against his Maker, should prepare anyone to preach to prisoners. One can do that by drawing upon his memory. Also, who has not had sorrow enough to sympathize in a certain sense with all sorrowing? For though some have said, "There is no God," "none hath said there is no sorrow."

In that audience also were friends of prisoners, who were residing temporarily in the town to embrace any opportunity that might be allowed them by the authorities to see their friends. Their presence and demeanor illustrated another phase of pathos.

To the right of that vast hall was a chamber into which my words could not penetrate, though the windows were open. In it were six men under sentence of death, one at least born and reared in an atmosphere of refinement, connected with a family whose oldest representative still occupies an honored position. (His appeal from the verdict which doomed him to death is yet to be argued before the highest court of the state.) Among the eight hundred were many Sunday school scholars, and one man at least whose name has been an honored one in Methodism. Conspicuous representatives of almost every denomination, some of them very conspicuous, are there.

The singing of so many male voices properly led produced such a volume of musical sound that had one been taken blindfolded into the place he might have thought himself present at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church on the opening day, or in the General Conference of the Methodist Church.

The sentiments of the hymns sung, if believed and reduced to practice, would reform every man among them that needs reformation, and give every man strength to resist temptation.

Before half past nine the service was over, and accompanied by the pastor, Dr. Anderson, I ascended the hill to the Methodist church, which, like Zion of old, is beautiful for situation, and is an edifice that would do discredit to no situation, however imposing. An immense congregation had assembled when we entered the pulpit, all seemed peculiarly happy, and in many eyes was the expression which indicates delighted expectancy. They

knew who the preacher was to be, but that was a small figure in the production of the peaceful and even jubilant aspect of every countenance.

A scene was to occur which made that day memorable in earth and heaven. Nearly seventy "young men and maidens, old men and children" were to be received into the church, the first fruits (after six months of training) of the time of refreshing "from the presence of the Lord" which the church and people had enjoyed in the preceding winter and spring.

In the company, which formed three rows around the altar, were husbands whose wives had long prayed for their conversion, and parents upon whom their children gazed with delight, wondering that they did not give their hearts to God long ago, before their sons and daughters had grown almost to manhood and womanhood. And there were husbands and wives lately married who were sanctifying the domestic relation by uniting their hearts more fully in love to Him who hath set "the solitary in families."

We have seen fine paintings representing the signers of the Declaration of Independence. These were signing a declaration of dependence upon, loyalty to, and alliance with, God; a dependence which insures man his highest dignity, his purest happiness, and his only real security.

How great a contrast was this with the condition of most, if not all, of the prisoners whom I had just before addressed! Yet among them were many whose opening lives were as promising as any of these, and who had stood before the altar in similar circumstances.

In the evening, just as the sun was sinking to its rest, I ascended the lofty heights above the town and looked away upon the beautiful scenery of the Hudson. The river at this point is wider than at any other; the wide Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay are separated by the peninsula known in ancient time as Teller's Point, and now as Croton or Underhill's Point. There the Vulture waited for Arnold and Andre, there the Croton Aqueduct crosses the Kill by an imposing stone arch seventy feet above the stream. On the other shore are slopes and rocky heights which the Rhine itself cannot surpass, and the Hudson lay darkling in its valley, whose rocky western slope prematurely hastened the sunset.

On that noble river glides many a pleasure boat laden with Sunday schools and other excursionists, ascending to the islands further up the river in the hope of escaping the heat and dust of the summer. But beneath its surface the escaping prisoner hotly pursued has plunged to his death; and others have worked their way out of the prison for no other apparent reason than that they were

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

As I sat there looking and musing a strangely fascinating scene burst upon my eye far up the river. The sun, now almost below the horizon, reached a point where between the heights it could shoot its rays for a second full upon the river, which there makes a slight turn. It blazed for a moment in golden light, then slowly sank.

Above and below the river, in contrast, seemed dark as the fabled Styx.

I thought of the prisoners and prayed that some rays of heaven's own light might reach the recesses of their hearts, rays which would lead them to offer David's prayer: "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

A Group of Christian Endeavor Prisoners

## CHAPTER XV.

### MRS. ELLEN JOHNSON'S LAST REPORT, BEFORE THE NATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

By Permission.

The following chapter contains the contents of a paper prepared by Mrs. Ellen Johnson manager of the Women's Reformatory Prison at Sherborn, Mass., just before her death; and was read by Mrs. Barrows before the chaplains meeting on Monday afternoon September 24, 1899, at the National Prison Congress held in Hartford, Connecticut, and was published in their report for that year. After a careful reading of the report I was so deeply impressed with its Christ like spirit, and the true methods presented for the reformation of the fallen, that I felt it ought to have a wider circulation than is to be obtained from the reading of prison reports by the few who are engaged in prison work. So I wrote to Mr. Butler, secretary of the Board of state Charities; asking what he thought of the propriety of giving it a place in my book. He wrote me "that he thought there would be no impropriety in my publishing the article as prepared by Mrs. Johnson, and read by Mrs. Barrow." Dr. Fred H. Wines, of National repute as a Prison worker, has said of Mrs. Johnson, "that she was a far greater woman than Mrs. Elizabeth Frye; and that there has probably never been a woman, and possibly any man, connected with prison work who has been her equal," and that Mrs. Johnson,

might have said of her prison at Sherborn, "Thy walls shall be called Salvation." "For her walls were Salvation, and her gates Praise." "She had such trust in the essential nobility of man as a child of God, that she looked upon no case of degradation as hopeless. All she asked was time and opportunity, to find a way to the lost woman's heart." So may it be with all prison workers.

"It is now about thirty years since the commonwealth of Massachusetts tried to establish a separate penal institution for female convicts. The initial steps in the movement were taken, as was fitting, by a few philanthropic and determined women, inspired by the prophetic works and words of that honored pioneer in prison reform—Elizabeth Frye. For seven years these women, with a slowly increasing band of helpers, persevered in their purpose, until they had won over public opinion, and its representatives in the legislature. In 1874, an appropriation of $300,000 opened the way for a realization of their hopes. The construction commission lost no time in carrying out instructions, and in three years the buildings were completed, and the experiment of a woman's prison, officered and managed by women, was under way.

"For more than twenty years the work has gone on not, of course, without mistakes and discouragements, but with constantly increasing efficiency and hopefulness. From the outset it was determined that the discipline of the prison should be reformatory, as well as penal in character: a determination based upon the belief that no soul is entirely depraved, and that no criminal should be judged as lost to all sense of honor until faithful effort had been made to awaken that sense. It is a common saying that

the worst criminals are not prisoners. It is certainly safe to say that human nature is the same inside prison walls as outside. The same principles, therefore, should be applied in its treatment; the same spirit shown towards the weak and fallen. No man is inspired or softened by having his sins or misfortunes constantly held up before him; no courage of soul or purity of purpose comes from dwelling upon a wretched past or an unhappy present.

"The impulse must be forward and upward and outward. Some of us may learn our lessons easily, but the vast majority must not only be taught by stern experience, but must receive from some source outside of self the inspiration and guidance which is necessary to establish us in the right way. Beyond all question this is true of such criminals as are received at the Massachusetts Reformatory prison for women. Of other prisons and other methods I have neither the right nor the wish to speak; but of the spirit and system of the work which has been my charge for fifteen years, I can speak understandingly. Our women are of all ages and nationalities, of all grades of intelligence or ignorance. The majority are young. Very few are strictly illiterate—that is unable to read or write—but a large proportion are practically uneducated. We take the woman from the officer in whose charge she comes to us, with no inquiry as to her past. The Mittimus sent with her states simply the crime for which she was sentenced, and we do not seek to know more than this. Any woman, criminal, though she be, has a right to an unprejudiced trial and a fair start in her new life. A few necessary data as to age, nativity and parentage, are recorded; a thorough bath follows, and clean, whole clothing replaces the

soiled, and ragged garments in which most of the women reach us. An examination is made to the physical condition, the results of which go on record for possible future reference, and the woman begins her experience as a prisoner by entering the department called "probation." The probation plan we regard as one of the most effective points in our system which is essentially a system of grades founded upon the record of the daily conduct of the prisoners. Here the woman spends four weeks by herself in a well lighted room 12 by 14 feet, where she does not come in contact with other prisoners, and sees no one except the officials in charge of her. At the end of that time she is quite certain to be sober, quiet, and disposed to conduct herself properly in the next grade. She has had no privileges except those necessary to the health of body and mind. From the time she enters the prison until the day she leaves it every woman is supplied with a readable book from the well chosen library. The prison dress has a large outside pocket in which the book is carried. The time of probation can therefore be partly enjoyed in reading.

"After experiencing the isolation of probation, no woman will readily forego the companionship of her mates to return to it. Those in charge of her have, meantime been shown something of her character and tendencies, and are better prepared to meet such manifestations as may appear later. Furthermore, newcomers often develop delirium tremens, not infrequently insanity, and the conditions of the probation ward make it comparatively easy to deal with such cases. Another point in favor of the probation plan is that the news brought by a criminal from the outside world becomes stale and unimportant to the other prison-

ers before she has a chance to relate it. News four weeks old has little interest for them."

"Above probation there are four grades, numbered from one upward, each bringing with it certain privileges, additional to those of the grade below; privileges so slight as almost to provoke a smile from those who do not realize how small is the world to which these women are restricted, and how few and pathetic are their interests. A different dress, more varied food eaten from better dishes, another way of holding the hands in line of march, and the right to carry a library book in sight under the arm, instead of out of sight in the pocket, only one who has had to deal with prisoners can understand the importance to them of these things, and the influence exercised thereby upon their conduct. Every prisoner knows when she enters a grade, the number of days she is to remain in it, the date upon which, if she is orderly and obedient, she will pass to the next higher, and her daily record is kept by marks upon a system which she fully understands.

"Every year demonstrates more clearly the value of a graded system in the management of prisoners. Ambition without which no reform is possible, self control, which is character, have been gained by many an unstable, sinful, or despairing soul, simply by the purposeful effort to attain the best rank in her little world. We who watch these women as they pass before us, at work, or at meals, or in their assembling in the chapel, have learned to recognize the first hopeful signs, the brightening eye, the higher step, the tenser muscles, the steady gain, not only in grade but in spirit. These tell the story. I do not need to say that there are downfalls, in some cases many. The

habits of a lifetime are not overcome in months. The deadened conscience, the weakened will, the disordered brain, the confused ideas of morality and truthfulness all conspire to drag down and keep down these unhappy victims of vice and passion. A woman's standing is seriously, sometimes permanently, affected by these lapses, but every effort is made to hold her to duty, and restore her if she falls. Patience, gentleness with firmness, time to consider and repent, forgiveness and restoration where it seems wise, loss of grade or punishment in extreme cases, nothing is left untried in the purpose to save the woman from herself, and to reform her if possible. That it is ever impossible, I dare not to say.

"Of all the means employed in dealing with offenders, not the least effective is allowing time for reflection. Sober second thoughts will almost surely come to the most enraged and excited woman if she is given space to cool her brain and quiet her nerves. Even if circumstances require the infliction of punishment, it will be far more effective if the offender can be made to see the fault and to recognize the justice of the penalty. Criminals are not seldom dull and slow of intellect. They consider themselves the victoms of power which governs by force alone, and which has imprisoned them simply by virtue of its greater strength. They must be made to see the falsity of this belief. They must learn that they are not friendless, and that law though merciless, is just. Obedience to obtain the best results, should be intelligent, and to arouse the intelligence of a prisoner is a process requiring time and patience. But it pays to take time. Patience is a good investment.

"From all that I have said I would not have it inferred

that punishment should not sometimes be sharp and sudden. No lesson is more important than that which teaches respect to law, and dread of its wrath. At the same time, it is a fundamental point in our theory, that every criminal can be won by gentleness and patience. I believe if time were allowed to deal in this way with each indivdual, that punishment would in time—a long time perhaps, but certainly at last,—be abolished as useless. I might give you countless incidents, from my own experience, but perhaps one extreme case will illustrate sufficiently.

"A woman was received at the Prison whose intelligence and morals seemed but one degree above those of the brutes. She resisted every offer of friendliness and defied authority so boldly that we were forced to put her in punishment, but solitude and quiet had no effect except to enrage her still farther, to the doing of deeds unfit to be told here. She seemed bent upon her own undoing; but we used no severity beyond what was absolutely essential to her control, and she was told quietly, though firmly and repeatedly, that disobedience so persistent would surely involve greater humiliation and atonement. Somehow I could not give that woman up. I set my patience and resolution against hers, and every day for five weeks I went to see her, hoping and believing that the good in her would triumph. And it did triumph. One night as I entered her cell, she burst into tears of penitence and shame. "O Mrs. Johnson!" she cried "I wanted long ago to tell you that I was sorry, and that I would do anything you asked me to; but I was ashamed to say it. May I begin tomorrow morning?" The victory was complete. The woman did without reluctance or reserve all

and more than was asked of her, and I need not tell you of the courage, and renewed faith brought to our own hearts by this happy outcome of what had seemed a hopeless contest.

"The greatest good can be accomplished, as I have said, only by an intelligent obedience on the part of the prisoner. If she understands the true nature of her offense against law, feels the justice of her penalty, and comes to believe in the friendliness of those who have her in charge, she is prepared for the next step of repentance, aspiration for better things, and a definite purpose to attain them. She begins to see the value of discipline, however grievous it may seem for the present, and to submit herself to it in a spirit which in itself goes far to accomplish the desired work. The end of all discipline is to train mankind in ways of integrity, unselfishness and sobriety. What other end should we seek for these women, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of society, in whose interests they were imprisoned? They must learn to do right because it is right; to make a right decision when they are free to make a wrong one; to stand steadfast when they are released from restraint and confronted with temptation. A prisoner who obeys because she is afraid to disobey, can be trusted as far as the arm of authority can reach, and no farther. One who obeys because she thinks obedience pays better than disobedience may go down under the first strenuous assault of the adversary. The right purpose and principle must reign in the heart, if life is to be either happy or useful. The only effective control of the prisoner is self control and to cultivate this in our women every incentive is brought to bear and

every discouragement to evil doing is kept before them.

"Many of the privileges given, especially those in the form of recreation, are unannounced and irregular in their reoccurrence, and often of a kind new in the experience of the women. For instance, as an unexpected and exceptional favor, they were once summoned from their beds at midnight, bidden to wrap their blankets around them, and pass in procession to the office. They obeyed, not knowing why, and were rewarded by the sight of a night blooming cereus in full glory of fragrant blossom; and the delighted faces, the orderly behavior and the earnest thanks expressed then and later, by word and act, showed their appreciation of the favor.

"At another time, on the last day of the year, I went into the rooms where the women were gathered for their evening recreation, and told them that as it was my custom, I should spend the closing half hour of the year in the chapel; and that I should be glad to see there that night any woman who felt that by coming she could find comfort for her soul and an inspiration towards a better life. They were all free to come or stay away, but whatever they did they must conduct themselves so that there would be nothing to regret, either for them, or for me. The plan was no impulse. I had considered it well, and was convinced of its wisdom, notwithstanding the fact of the three hundred women in the prison, a large proportion were in the lower grades, and comparatively unused to discipline. I had spent that day planning the simple decorations of the chapel. The Christmas green still hung on the walls. About the desk I placed palms, and flowers. In

front and between these was a bank of white lillies with nodding heads of golden hearts, and into the center of these I dropped a single electric light. It shone up into the faces of the flowers, and beamed out with a soft radiance through the snowy petals; and the place was glorified. At half past eleven that night I was in my place in the chapel, with my deputy at my side, and the organist at the instrument. I heard the distant, measured step of the women in the corridors, coming nearer and nearer, and then they filed in, a single matron in charge of each division. I looked over the expectant faces, and every woman in the prison was there except those in probation and a few in the hospital. We had a simple service, responsive reading from the Psalms, prayer and singing, ending with a hymn suited to the closing year. At three minutes before twelve I said, "Now we will kneel in silent prayer."

"They dropped on their knees as one woman, and amid a silence unbroken save by the prison bell as it tolled the midnight hour, we passed from the old year over into the new. When we rose, I talked to them for a little while about some matters necessary and helpful in their daily life, then we sang together a new year's hymn, and then they went as they had come, in order and quiet, their footsteps growing fainter and fainter down the stairs and along the corridors, and I knew the experiment had succeeded. Time and time again, as the days went by, was I assured by one and another of the helpfulness of that midnight service. So satisfactory were the results that what was at first only an experiment has become a custom, and is carried out on every New Year's eve.

"But we try to reach and influence the women not only by their recreation, and by the privileges which belong to the successive grades, but by other means, flowers, music, reading, pet animals, the little children in the nursery, their helpless comrades in the hospital, in some way, at some time, we can almost certainly reach a tender spot in the heart of every woman, a little handful of soil where the good seed may find lodgment. There are very few to whom flowers do not appeal; and we employ them freely in chapel decorations, often using one variety alone, as on "cowslip Sunday," and "laurel Sunday." After the service on a certain "cowslip Sunday" an English woman, whose hands like those of the other prisoners, were full of the golden blossoms, came and told me in earnest words how they had touched her heart, and stirred memories of an innocent childhood spent amid the green fields of England where the primroses grew.

"In all that I have said in regard to the times and efforts spent in reaching the reason and conscience of the prisoner, I do not wish to be misunderstood. We suffer no compromise with authority! We allow no parleying nor evasion of orders. We desire intelligent and willing obedience, but it must also be instant and complete. That this is thoroughly understood by the women, let me give a proof.

"The women are sometimes allowed five minutes for general conversation at the close of public exercise. Every tongue will be active when such an opportunity is given but at the first tap of the bell on the superintendent's desk, the sound stops on the instant. There is no gradual lessening of the volume of conversation, no scattering

words falling on the silence here and there; the hush is absolute and instantaneous. This argues a degree of training in prompt and perfect obedience.

"I have said nothing in regard to the occupation of our prisoners, but it may be stated in a general way, that they are such as will best fit the woman for a life of freedom and self support. All branches of housekeeping, cooking, dairying, laundry work, plain sewing, the arrangement and management of a house, the care of the sick and small children, all are a part of the daily routine, besides the rearing of silk worms and the winding of silk, an especially attractive duty to most prisoners, and bestowed as a high privilege upon those who have shown themselves trusty and steadfast.

"Those women who are illiterate, that is, unable to read or write, are arranged in two classes, one for reading and one for writing, and each class spends an hour a day, for five days in the week, in the school room; while to those who prove apt and docile some additional teaching is given in the evening class.

"The subject of prison recreation is one to which we have given much time and thought. The custom of allowing unrestrained intercourse between convicts of all ages and grades, even for a limited time and in the presence of an officer, seems to us unwise, for all experience shows that the conversation of prisoners, when left to themselves, will certainly relate to their sinful past. In such "recreation" there is no good and much harm, since it effectually destroys the tender growth of a new purpose, and gives added impulse to the unruly and evil disposed. We endeavor therefore, by various expedients, to break

into this free recreation time, and turn it to a better use.

"In the first place, the different grades, four in number, are never, either in work or recreation, allowed to converse together. Each has its own corridor and cell block, its own recreation and dining rooms, and its own division of seats in the chapel; and in the latter place, as well in the work rooms and school room, no conversation is permitted. Even among members of the same grade the recreation, allowed for a half hour each day, is made general as often as possible by readings, music, games, simple entertainments, often arranged by the women themselves. For the higher grades an evening temperance club, managed by the prisoners, has proved of great interest and profit. The literary efforts of some of the women are surprisingly good. The little silver T. given as a club badge, and attached to the breast by a knot of red ribbon, helps to produce an esprit du corps, which in its way is beneficial both to the members and to us who are trying to inculcate the principles of "temperance, truth and trust," for which the T stands. The red ribbon in itself is the badge of the "trust women" who constitute the higher grades of Division IV, and are those only who have maintained from the day of their entrance into the prison an unbroken record for obedience and honest effort.

"Of course the prisoners themselves are not aware of our wish to interfere with their recreation time. They are very jealous of what they consider their rights, and whatever we do, must be managed with tact, not to antagonize them, and so destroy the good effect of our efforts.

"I have tried in this short space to give you an outline

of the spirit and methods of work in the Massachusetts Reformatory Prison for women. To sum up briefly, the principles are these:

"A criminal reformed is a citizen gained."

"No criminal is incorrigible."

"Love rules better than fear."

"Perhaps these thoughts can be stated in no better way than in the words of your own noble philanthropist, Elizabeth Frye; words which have guided and inspired prison workers on both sides of the water."

"The spirit must be the spirit, not of judgment but of mercy."

"In our conduct towards these unfortunate females, kindness, gentleness and true humility ought ever to be united with serenity and firmness."

"The good principle in the hearts of many abandoned persons may be compared to the few remaining sparks of a nearly extinguished fire. By means of the utmost care and attention, united with the most gentle treatment, these may be fanned into a flame, but under the operation of a rough and violent hand they will presently disappear and be lost forever.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE NATIONAL PRISON CONGRESS.

By Chaplain D. J. Starr, D.D.

The following report of the National Prison Congress was reported by Chaplain D. J. Starr, D. D., of the Ohio Penitentiary, for the Western Christian Advocate, and is given here by permission.

The holding of the National Prison Congress of 1902 in Philadelphia was like the coming of a child back to its home; for the first meeting held in this country for the amelioration of the condition of prisoners and the prevention of crime was held in the Quaker City in 1776 almost a twin to the Declaration of Independence, as both were born of the spirit of liberty and of love for humanity. The first National Prison Congress was held in Cincinnati in 1870, and was presided over by Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, who, until the day of his death, gave valuable support to this cause. Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, welcomed the Congress with words of discriminating commendation, and was followed by Mayor Ashbridge and Judge G. H. Davis, of Philadelphia. Hon. Frederick H. Wines, of Washington, replied in behalf of the Congress.

One of Governor Stone's utterances was: "You are doing a great work, but I doubt if the public fully understands or appreciates the nature of that work. There are more men and women in Pennsylvania to-day who are

striving to prevent cruelty to animals than are striving to prevent cruelty to human beings."

Professor Charles R. Henderson, of the University of Chicago, delivered an able address as president of the Congress.

The Prison Congress consists of three sections: an association of prison wardens, an association of prison chaplains, and an association of prison physicians. Besides the general meetings of the Congress, the sections carry on the work of their several departments in respective lines, yet all converge to promote the welfare of prisoners and of society. Unity in variety characterizes the proceedings of every session. Each warden, chaplain, physician, and penologist pursues his investigations independently, and brings the results of them as his contribution to the general cause.

### WARDEN'S DEPARTMENT.

There is a wide difference in the standards of prison requirements and the methods of maintaining discipline and enforcing obedience. The representatives of the Canada prisons enforce obedience by the infliction of stripes, and think that the most humane, efficient, and economical way.

Dr. N. T. Gilmour, warden at Ontario, in his address on Prison Discipline, said: "In the non-destructive class of punishments we place whipping, and whipping alone." In most of the prisons of the United States discipline is secured by solitary confinement and diminished rations, rather than by flagellations; and Dr. Gilmour's radical position was not at first favorably received, and created

something of a sensation. But when Dr. Gilmour explained that in punishment he never allowed the lash to be used, but a strap, and that he had formerly tried solitary confinement and cut rations, and that he found these wasteful of valuable time and unfavorable to the prisoner's health, and favored whipping as better for the prisoner than incarceration or the "water," his conclusions were better thought of. The consensus of opinion was that prisoners require individual treatment, and the wardens must judge what is indicated in each case. Still there is a constant tendency away from the whipping-post and toward such forms of punishment as will force reflection upon the recalcitrant.

Rev. Dr. Russell Conwell, of Philadelphia, spoke emphatically against the whipping-post. Delaware has now almost a monopoly of the whipping-post amongst the States of the Union, as lashing has been the punishment in the "Blue Hen State" from the beginning for felonies and wife-beaters. The number of lashes is usually from five to forty, but several years ago one offender received one hundred lashes in broken doses. Warden A. S. Meserve, of the Delaware State Prison, does not favor whipping, presumably because the statute requires that the warden shall administer it in person.

### CHAPLAIN'S DEPARTMENT.

Indications are that in nearly all prisons there is a growing importance attached to moral and religious work amongst prisoners. In nearly, if not quite every State prison there is a chaplain appointed to care in a non-sectarian way for the moral and religious welfare of pris-

oners; and in several prisons a priest is also employed to teach the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. No chaplain is allowed to teach distinctive Protestantism or sectarianism; but a priest may teach his dogma without restriction.

In the prisons of Canada free scope is given to the Salvation Army workers, and with gratifying results. Also in prisons of the United States these soldiers are a valuable help to the chaplains. Sunday schools and Bible classes, besides chapel services, are held by many chaplains, with reports of most favorable results. The Sunday school classes are generally taught by Christian men from city churches.

In the Ohio Penitentiary a large Sunday school, with voluntary attendance, is held at eight o'clock, a largely-attended prayer and testimony meeting is held at nine o'clock, and public chapel services attended by all prisoners and many visitors at ten o'clock. In addition to these, Bible classes are held in the female department Sunday afternoons and in the men's department Sunday and Friday evenings. Roman Catholic services for all who wish to go are held at eight o'clock Sunday mornings by a priest of that church.

Numerous conversions are reported in most of the prisons every week. Of course, there is the possibility of profession without possession in the prison, as well as out of it; but the chances of deception are less under the expert chaplain than under the pastor.

Are the results of prison conversions lasting? Yes, if they are genuine, just as on the outside.

Papers were read at the Congress by Rev. William J.

Batt, chaplain of the Massachusetts Reformatory; by Rev. W. H. Locke, chaplain of the Ohio Reformatory; and by the chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary; and out of these grew valuable discussions and useful conclusions. A valuable paper was also presented by Professor J. A. Leonard, superintendent of the Ohio Reformatory, and Warden W. N. Darby, of Columbus, spoke on the good record that is being made by many discharged prisoners. Mr. A. W. Butler, of Indianapolis, also presented an excellent paper on "Discharged Prisoners."

## PROGRESS IN PRISON REFORM.

It may reasonably be asked, What good results have been attained by the work of the Prison Congress since President Hayes presided over its first session thirty-two years ago?

Much every way; but these results can only be indicated here. The attention of the world is being directed to prison problems; for these concern humanity. Legislation against crime and for its punishment and prevention is becoming more intelligent. The basis of imprisonment has been changed. Imprisonment is not vengeful, but for the protection of society and the reformation of the prisoner. Crime has been traced back toward its sources, and measures are being taken to prevent its increase. It is now well known that the back door of the saloon opens into the front door of the prison. Care is being intelligently taken of criminally-inclined children, to prevent them from growing into penitentiary convicts; and the conversion and salvation of prisoners are demonstrated facts.

The observance of the last Sunday of October by all the churches of the United States as "Prison Sunday," for the consideration of related questions, was earnestly requested. Pastors wishing information on such questions can obtain some helps by applying, if in Ohio, to Mr. Joseph P. Byers, secretary State Board of Charities, at Columbus, or to the secretary of such board in other states.

Ohio had the largest representation in the Congress of any state, except Pennsylvania. The hospitalities of Philadelphia to the Congress were beyond description, and will never be forgotten.

ROWS OF CELLS.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE MODEL PRISON

DAVID D. THOMPSON,
EDITOR NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

By Permission.

The great improvements which have been made in provision for the care of prisoners as well as the protection of society from criminals since the day when John Howard began his advocacy of prison reform, is well illustrated in the Illinois state penitentiary at Joliet. Warden E. J. Murphy, however, maintains that discipline which causes the prisoner to feel that the criminal disregard of the law receives, as it deserves, proper punishment. The later methods of prison management, which are based upon the principle of reforming the prisoner, are employed, but not in such manner as to sacrifice the sentiment of just retribution.

There are at Joliet about 1,240 convicts, of whom fifty-two are women. The women occupy a separate building, which is in every respect a model. It is provided with the latest improvements which are designed in the interest of economy and health. The cells are prison cells, but they are large and airy and are provided with running water. These are, however, in striking contrast with the small, objectionable and unsanitary cells in the building devoted to men, which are but four feet wide and are insufficiently provided with decent, not to say proper, toilet accommodations. The woman's building

is perhaps the most notable work of the administration of Governor Altgeld and for it he deserves praise. It is to be hoped that some other governor of Illinois may be able to persuade the legislature to signalize his administration with a similar improvement in the cell accommodations of the male prisoners. Convicts should not be made to feel that prison life is a luxury, or even a convenience, but it is the duty of the state in assuming the responsibility of punishing criminals to be humane at least in caring for them; and this the penitentiary at Joliet is except in the size and necessities of the cells.

An interesting feature of the institution is a library under the direction of the chaplain, Rev. S. W. Thornton, D. D., under whose direction every prisoner is permitted to read such books as he may desire, with a collection of 12,000 to draw from. These books include history, travel, biography, science, religion, philosophy, sociology, education, arts and literature as well as fiction. Of the thousands of books issued during the past year about forty-six per cent were of a solid character. The chaplain is responsible also for the conduct of a night school, in which during the past year 200 prisoners were enrolled. These men had so little education that they could hardly have passed the fourth grade in a public school, and more than a score, when they entered the school, were unable to either read or write, but at the end of five or six months could do both.

In July, 1895, the legislature of Illinois adopted the new parole law. Under this law all prisoners convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary are given an indeterminate sentence of not less than the minimum term for

the crime of which they are convicted nor more than the maximum term formerly provided. The exact length of confinement is now determined by the state board of pardons. If, for example, a man is sentenced for burglary, he must serve the minimum term of one year, and may be required to serve the maximum of twenty years. After serving one year he may be released upon parole at any time in the discretion of the board of pardons, except that he shall not be confined beyond the maximum term. His release upon parole, however, will not occur until the board is fully satisfied that he is thoroughly desirous of becoming and remaining a good, law-abiding citizen and that he is able to become and remain such. The decision of the board is based upon his record previous to conviction, the circumstances of his crime and his record as a prisoner. There must be, in addition, a promise from his friends or some responsible person of satisfactory employment for the prisoner before he will be released on parole. After his release from the penitentiary he must make a written report at regular intervals to the warden and must not change his employment without permission from the warden. He must abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors in any form and must avoid evil associations and improper places of amusement. The violation of any of the rules forfeits his parole. At the end of a year, or such longer time as the discretion of the board of pardons may determine, he may be given a final discharge.

The parole system is said to have worked most satisfactorily. Previous to Sept. 30, 1898, 452 prisoners were paroled. Of these, 269 reported for twelve months

and received their final discharge, sixty-seven were returned for violation of parole, four were convicted and returned under new sentences, and ninety-five were defaulters at large, subject to arrest and return. During the following two years 886 prisoners were paroled, of whom 347 reported for twelve months and received their final discharge, 274 were reporting regularly at the date the report was made, ninety-two were returned for violation of parole, one had been convicted and returned under new sentence, 141 were defaulters at large, subject to arrest and return.

About the time of the adoption of the parole system the state also changed the dress of the convicts, who now wear a gray suit instead of the former stripes, the stripes being worn only as a punishment by those who violate their parole or have in some other way broken the rules. The change in the dress is one of the most commendable reforms in the prison management. A large percentage of the convicts are men who are not criminals at heart, but have committed crime under some impulse. They are subjects for reformation and, when released under favorable conditions, will make good citizens and worthy members of society. To such persons the wearing of the striped dress was a degradation from which escape seemed hopeless. The adoption of the new dress preserves in large measure the self-respect of the prisoners, and when released they come into the world again with a spirit of hopefulness and courage.

With such persons there is opportunity for the chaplain to render the service of a brother, and the men holding this position are, as a class, doing the work to which

they are appointed. The letters which Chaplain Thornton has received show the gratitude of those to whom he has ministered in prison. For the benefit of the convicts the chaplain conducts a chapel service every Sunday morning, at which, though the attendance is voluntary, he has a congregation of prisoners averaging 750. He conducts also a Sunday-school at which there is an average attendance of 200. In this he is assisted by five gentlemen from the downtown churches of Joliet.

The employment of convicts is one of the most difficult problems with which the administrators of prisons have to deal. It is not just that the labor of violators of law should be so utilized as by competition to reduce the wages of those who are law abiding. It is necessary, however, to give them occupation, otherwise many would become insane, and it is desirable that they earn at least part of the expense of their support. At Joliet the problem is solved by using the least possible amount of machinery, most of the work being done by hand.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PRISON REFORM.

By Rev. G. W. Switzer, D. D.

By Permission.

Synopsis of sermon in the First Methodist Episcopal church, LaPorte, Sunday evening, October 27th, by the pastor, Rev. G. W. Switzer, D. D.

Text, Romans xv, 1. We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Also part of the third verse, For Christ pleased not himself.

The sermon was preached in response to the invitation of the Board of State Charities to observe the fourth Sabbath of October in the interest of Prison Reform. No announcement of the theme had been made, but the usual congregation asembled, well filling the auditorium. The pastor stated that it might not seem to a congregation that it could have any especial interest in the theme of Prison Reform, situated in the beautiful law-abiding city of LaPorte. But there are phases of this topic, now of national interest and should be of interest to every citizen. These three phases were then presented and considered:

The criminal population within the prisons.

The principles for their reformation.

The conditions that cause criminals and their correction.

Under the first topic it was stated that there were in the prisons and reformatories of the United States more than eighty thousand men, women, boys and girls. A significant fact is that over fifty-six thousand were under thirty-five years of age, and more than sixty-five thousand under forty years of age. These facts would lead to the conclusion that it is not the old and unfortunate who are driven to crime, but that the young are the ones who choose criminal practice.

In Indiana, in 1898, there were in all the prisons and reformatories, twenty-six hundred and twenty-six. Three hundred and twenty-one were women and girls.

Besides those in prisons, are the large number in the jails and those not under arrest, who are as truly criminals as those behind the prison walls.

The work of reformation was the second topic. The work in the prisons, and after the prisoner's release, was considered. The parole system was explained and highly commended. It furnished a motive for good conduct and an incentive for release that had with the release, the honor of dismissal with the minimum amount of time in the prison. This would be to the credit of the man when out in life.

Under the second topic was considered the duty of the people to give recognition to those out on their parole. They ought to have encouragement. The people are the strong of the "text" who ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. The paroled man deserves help. He is handicapped. He is fighting a hard battle. He is trying to win with the odds against him. And then he has had his punishment, and in all probability is farther

convinced of the wrong of his life and the value of a good character, than the many who have by cunning never been apprehended, but who have been equally guilty of wrong doing. The paroled man has already had one victory earned, he has his parole. Now the complete reformation is to be secured by help to earn an honest living and become not a member of the criminal class, but a strong member of the law abiding community.

Under the third topic, the conditions that cause criminals and their correction, the practical side of the discussion was presented. The causes of crime may be found in some of the general conditions. In the criminals of Indiana, it is found that twenty-five per cent are unable to read and fifty per cent have not passed beyond the fourth grade, where a ten year old child ought to be. And less than five per cent have reached the high school. These facts would indicate that the lack of the discipline and inspiration of education might have something to do as a condition favoring criminal tendencies.

Another fact from this class is that seventy-five per cent have no trade, and that ninety-five per cent have no trade that is well learned. This reveals two things. That while the education has been neglected, it has not been for the purpose of learning a trade. The conclusion is that the period of youth has been spent in idleness and that idleness and ignorance are twin causes of crime.

Another fact is that eighty per cent of those in the prisons, have been users of alchoholic beverages. There is no doubt that intoxicating drink not only robs men of their money, but of their character. The saloon is a

breeder of crime. As surely as ignorance and idleness produce crime, so does indulgence in intoxicating beverages. The statistics of the criminal class will confirm this. Ignorance, idleness and drunkenness, produce the class that cannot be allowed to be at large but must be incarcerated, and their reformation sought for on lines for the overthrow of the causes of crime and furnishing of the conditions that produce good citizenship. Hence, in the prisons, schools are conducted to overcome the ignorance. Young men come out of these schools, able to read and write and have a new conception of life. In the prisons, the trade system is practiced. Men are taught to do something that will enable them to earn an honest living when they have earned their parole. Within the prison total abstinence is the rule. It is prohibition with the class that would the least practice it if without the prison, but who most need it for their own recovery and future good. And in many of the reformatories tobacco is not allowed to the prisoners. The blood is cleared, self-denial practiced, and the better lesson is taught that they do not need the indulgence of intoxicants.

Now if the same rules would prevail without the prison that prevail within, a man might come out and continue his good record. He might not only have earned his parole, but in the eyes of the world earn his right to a good standing in the ranks of the honest wage-earners and self-supporters.

Our duties in this great question of reform, are not only to those that come from the prison, but to those who have not yet gone in, but who will go in if they are

not stimulated with the principles that keep men from joining the dissolute classes. Our duty is to give education to the children. Let it be compulsory if it need be. Better compulsory education in the school houses of the land with the American flag floating above, than within the prison where a guard, armed with a rifle stands on the walls. If ignorance is a cause of crime, it is better and cheaper to abolish it than to pay the penalty of the cost of courts and prison reform and then send a man out to meet the cold charities of the world.

If idleness is a cause of crime, it ought likewise to be overcome. The unemployed should be put to work where at least they could earn their support.

And we can come to no other conclusion in regard to the third cause of crime. We would have no hope of a paroled man if he at once frequents the den of drink and dissipation. In fact we are wise enough to make that act a cause of the forfeiture of the parole. Why not be wise enough to take that cause out of the way both of the youth who is preparing for life's work and from the man who is trying to overcome life's follies? The saloon has no logical place in our civilization. They stigmatize those who conduct them, by their own confessions. In Muncie, Ind., August 14, 1901, Joseph H. Schaub, in an address to the Knights of Fidelity (an organization of saloon-keepers), said in part: "Our children are scorned at the public schools, our wives are ostracised from society, and we are looked upon as a set of thieves and knaves." These words truly represent a condition. But the saloon does more than that. It takes the honest wages without an adequate return. It

gives that which destroys self-reliance. It robs the dependent ones of that which by the legal and moral right belongs to them for their food and clothing. And again, the saloon has become a place for the congregating of the criminal classes. It is there the anarchists often meet. It is there that temptation is presented to the youth. It is there the weak fall a prey to vices that crush the nobler feeling of life. As truly as the paroled man ought to be kept from the saloon, so ought the man who is in danger of crime be kept from it. If the absence of it from the prison is necessary for the criminal's reformation of character, so the absence of it from the streets of the city is necessary for the youth's formation of character.

Abolish ignorance and idleness and the saloon, and we have taken the causes of nine-tenths of all crimes and reduced them to the least possible chance for harm.

This is our duty. We need to awake to it. We are seeing things as they exist. The movement is on and will not stop until the evils are corrected. The progress has begun. We will never turn backwards. Soon may the time come when the weak shall have the strength of the strong for their preparation for life as well as for the reformation of it. This was the spirit of Christ. Not to please himself. We are not to please ourselves, but take these infirmities, furnish a helping hand to the fallen ones, and keep those not fallen from the temptations of vice until the man stands in the strength of mature manhood.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PRISON PROBLEMS, GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

### Christian Responsibilities Regarding Crime.

In 1884 a large company of New York clergymen who saw the responsibility of the Christian church for every movement having for its purpose the uplifting of the fallen, after careful consideration recommended that the fourth Sunday of October in each year be observed as Prison Sunday. Since that time the day has been set apart by many churches for the consideration of those interests of the community which are connected with the wise treatment of the criminal.

In the intervening years great progress has been made in dealing with delinquent members of society. Formerly the main purpose of the State was the punishment of the criminal. When this was accomplished he was returned to the community, usually unimproved in character, to continue in ways of crime if he chose. But a different view is now taken. It is seen that the protection of the community demands the reformation of the criminal, as well as his punishment; that the State owes it to itself, as well as to the offender, that the period of incarceration shall be used for this purpose, and that no man shall be returned by the State to the community until there is a reasonable probability that he will live an orderly life.

This change in the attitude of the State toward the

criminal involves great changes in all the methods of dealing with him, and has compelled attention to many new questions.

The importance of preventive work has commanded a recognition never before accorded to it, and it has become a distinct field of labor, in the hands of earnest men and women who are giving it the best available thought.

It has been discovered that in many cases the new purpose of the State can be accomplished best without imprisonment, by supervision under probation officers, and the use of that method has attracted constantly increasing attention, with excellent results.

The importance of classifying prisoners has acquired new emphasis, and the duty of separating the beginner in crime from the hardened offender is now recognized.

There has been a careful study of the methods most likely to reform offenders, and institutions have been created equipped with every facility for applying these methods and administered with this well defined purpose.

It has been found that there are criminals who do not yield to any reformatory methods yet discovered, and there is an increasing response to the demand of students of prison science that the apparently incorrigible, heretofore discharged at the end of short sentences to prey again upon society, shall be imprisoned permanently.

These changes in the attitude of the State towards the criminal make necessary a change in the attitude of the community. So long as the State merely punished the offender, the good citizen had little to say or do with the crime question. The work was one for prison keepers; it must be done inside prison walls. But the community

has a share in the new work now accepted by the State as a duty.

The probation system, under which the State attempts to secure the reformation of wrong-doers without imprisoning them, cannot attain its largest success without the intelligent co-operation of the best citizens, who must insist upon the selection of the right men as probation officers, and must aid them in their work.

There must also be co-operation between reformatory institutions and the community in dealing with those who have been subjected to reformatory treatment. The reformed criminal must be restored to his place in the world. The work of reforming him must be left mainly to the institution; his restoration must be effected by the community, whose attitude toward him when he is discharged must be changed materially before its best work can be accomplished.

Notwithstanding the great progress made in the last twenty years, much remains to be done. The volume of crime is still enormous. The causes of crime are well known, but little is done to remove them. Preventive work among children and youth commands the attention of only a few people, and there is little organized effort to keep the boys and girls from going astray.

Reformatories have been established which are doing excellent work, but the State continues to merely punish the vast majority of its criminals, regardless of its clear obligation to attempt to reform them.

Most of our prisoners are still herded together without any effort at classification, and the State continues to discharge into the community scores of thousands of crimi-

nals every year who are known to be unimproved in character or purpose.

The evils still existing in our methods of dealing with criminals are tolerated because of the indifference and ignorance of the people. They will not cease until public sentiment demands their removal. The creation of a better public sentiment depends largely upon discussion. The churches furnish intelligent and sympathetic audiences for such discussion. Every pastor owes it to his people that they shall be informed of the facts regarding crime and its treatment, and the experience of many clergymen has shown that he will find them thoughtful and sympathetic in receiving facts and arguments presented to them, and responsive to appeals for attention to the needs and claims of this large class.

The Massachusetts Prison Association joins with the National Association in urging the more general observance of Prison Sunday, at least once a year, either upon the fourth Sunday in October, or upon some other Sunday, if that is otherwise occupied.

## The Man Behind The Bars.

Hon. C. E. Faulkner, Supt. Washburn Memorial Orphan Asylum, Minneapolis.

The man behind the bars of a prison wall represents an interrogation point in social economics. He is there because he has offended society by ignoring the duties and neglecting the proprieties which form a proper part of his contribution to the public good.

Why has he been guilty of the offenses which subject

him to the displeasure of his fellows? This is a question suggested by the mute figure behind the bars. He may, or he may not, be able to answer it intelligently. If the cause of his offending originates within the lines of control which define his own personality, he will have knowledge of the element of impulse, or choice, which made him a criminal. If a contributing cause of his offending be discovered in the heredity or the environment bequeathed to him as an uncontrollable inheritance, society must aid him with his answer.

The urgency of inquiry in his case is, however, not so much a question of how he got there as of what is to become of him when the prison doors open for him to pass out again into the world?

The right answer to this question will be framed in recognition of the truth that whereas the man was at the time of his imprisonment a free agent in the social world with certain power for good or evil, the fact of his imprisonment has lessened his power for good, without in corresponding degree lessening his power for evil. It is therefore the manifest duty of society to restore by opportunity the equilibrium of equity in the personal equation presented.

There are two essentials of conduct required in the restoration of a dischared prisoner to his place in society, under conditions to insure his value as a member.

First:—His manhood. If it be missing, and cannot be recovered, the man will either relapse into bad ways, and return to prison, or become a torment to society by deserving its displeasure, and becoming expert in escaping it.

Second:—Society must open its ranks to the discharged prisoner under conditions which insure his well being. It has been the shame of society that necessity often compels the discharged prisoner to slink away from frequented paths in order to escape the questioning look, and the unmistakable evidences of distrust which greet him from former acquaintances. Whenever a discharged prisoner is compelled to hide his identity in order to secure a fair place in the ranks of honorable employment, and social recognition, he suffers in self respect, and lives in fear of the discovery which will sooner or later overtake and confuse him.

These considerations make it imperative to the best results that society meet the discharged prisoner at the prison gates, offering a sincere hand of fellowship, and an open chance for him to prove that he is indeed worthy of the complete recognition which an honorable manhood demands.

An obstacle to the employment of discharged prisoners in places of trust, is a fear that they may abuse the confidence reposed in them. Facts in experience do not justify this fear, but it illustrates the general attitude of society towards those who have passed under the ban of its displeasure. If men are to be restored to the opportunities for honest living, and prisons are to be depopulated through a wise study of means for rehabilitating the manhood of inmates released to the mercy of the world, business men who accompany their prayers with worthy deeds, must exhibit a willingness to open the way for the work.

## The Recoverableness Of The Lost

### Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs.

No one need exaggerate, every one should recognize, the weakness and wretchedness, the exposure and peril of human society. When we remember that in this universe of ours destiny clings closely to character, has never anything mechanical or arbitrary about it, but follows the spirit which enters into it, then those tremendous words of our Lord in the twenty-fifth of Matthew have upon them an appalling sharpness and reach, as addressed to great classes and companies of mankind; and we must recognize it, and hear the solemn bell of the universe ringing through His word, and telling us of what is to be looked for in the Hereafter.

But then with this recognition of the exposure and peril of human society, of mankind at large, we must associate the recognition of the recoverableness to truth, to virtue and to God, of persons and of peoples who are now involved in these calamities and pains, to whom now unrest and apprehension are as natural as speech or sight—the recoverableness of men as persons, and of communities as well as persons.

Here, of course, we come into direct antagonism with the pessimist, who says, "It is all nonsense! You can't possibly do the work! You can't take these ragged and soiled remnants of humanity in your city streets and weave them into purple and golden garments for the Master; you cannot accomplish the effect which you contemplate in the cities in your own land, along the frontier, or in other lands. It is as impossible to make the unchaste pure,

to make the mean noble, as it is to make crystal lenses out of mud, or the delicate, elastic watch-spring out of the iron slag!"

That is the world's view, a common and a hateful view. Our answer to it is that the thing can be done, and has been done, and done in such multitudes of instances that there is no use whatever in arguing against the fact. Christ came from the heavens to the earth on an errand. He knew what was in man; and he did not come from the celestial seats on an errand seen and known beforehand to be fruitless and futile. He came because he knew the interior, central, divine element in human nature, to which he could appeal and by which he could lift men toward things transcendent. We have seen the examples of success how many times! hundreds, yea even thousands of times, in our own communities (as missionaries have seen them in the lands abroad), where the woman intemperate, in harlotry, in despair, has been lifted to restored womanhood, as the pearl oyster is brought up with its precious contents from the slimy ooze; where the man whose lips had been charged with foulest blasphemies has become the preacher of the gospel of light and love, of hope and peace, to others, his former comrades; where the feet that were swift to do evil have become beautiful on the mountains in publishing salvation. We have seen these things in individuals and in communities; in the roughest frontier mining camp, where every door opened on a saloon, or a brothel, or a gambling table, and where, by the power coming from on high, it has been transformed into the peaceful Christian village, with the home, with the school, with the church, with the asylum, with the holy song, where the former customary

music had been the crack of revolvers. We have seen the same thing on a larger scale in the coral islands, scenes of savage massacre and of cannibal riot and ferocity, where the church has been planted and Christian fellowships have been established and maintained. We have seen these things, and why argue against facts?

## The Treatment Of Vagrancy.

Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America.

The vagrancy so prevalent in American communities has naturally caused many sugestions as to the best means of eliminating or curing it, but I cannot see that we have yet found anything that will do more than afford temporary relief. The reformation of the slums is a difficult problem to solve. My experience in connection with the Volunteers of America has led me to believe that the plan for colonizing the idle and destitute of the cities with the expectation that they will remain permanently in the country and become contented and thrifty is not practical. The results of such experiments thus far indicate that they cannot succeed. One reason is because the associations of a city have a fascination for all classes of residents, which it is hard to resist. Even the homeless wanderers feel isolated when transferred to the country, and long for the old life, although their condition may be much better. A temporary sojourn in the country for those who are broken down physically by leading dissolute lives is undoubtedly a wise plan, for they can be strengthened to withstand the temptation to fall into their old ways. Men and boys released from the penitentiary and jail can also have an

opportunity to go into some quiet spot and away from the evil surroundings of the city and regain the character they have lost. I have advocated this course in my work among the prisoners, but they should acquire a trade or be placed in the way of getting some means of livelihood, while isolated from city life, if their reform is to be permanent.

Much can be accomplished by providing shelters for the destitute and homeless, where they can have food and lodging without the proximity of the saloon usually found in connection with cheap hotels or boarding houses. Our shelters in Chicago, for instance, accommodate large numbers of persons. They are provided with bathing facilities, and the rooms differ in price so that one can be provided for by paying a little extra if he desires. Religious influences are thrown about them, and the results justify the effort, but I realize that the great proportion of the lodgers utilize the shelters for temporary convenience, and that this plan merely relieves and does not effect permanent cure for vagrancy.

My conclusion as to the best means of treating the whole subject is that the class under consideration should be treated as individuals, not in bodies. If the workers among them should each pick out a special subject and attempt to induce him or her to change their mode of living, much better results would be reached. A large proportion of them have known no other manner of living, and have followed the idle and vicious ways of their parents. Religious advice, in the form of addresses, no matter how forcible and eloquent, has no effect on such people. They are too deadened to realize the meaning of the advice. Only individual effort will benefit them. The

various denominations can accomplish much in reforming the slums by carrying out systematic plans of work. The various churches should have an understanding so that each body will be in harmony with the others and interests will not conflict. In smaller cities of 100,000 population and less, I believe the congregations can do better operating together. At Auburn, N. Y., for example, this scheme is followed and the result is that the City Mission is supported jointly by the different congregations. It is in charge of the Volunteers and includes a hall for meetings, a lodging-house and also a restaurant. In larger cities the area which includes these classes is so large that it is perhaps better for each church or denomination to work by itself. The field can be mapped out into sections so that there need be no interference. With the comparatively numerous force that Christian people could supply the plan of individual effort ought to be carried out with little difficulty.—The Independent.

### A Public Duty.

Rev. William H. Locke, Chaplain Ohio Reformatory.

Every one can aid in the permanency of the reformation of the criminal by cultivating a personal faith that much is done for his moral uplifting in the prison, and by showing his faith by his works. The released prisoner must be sought after as one whom the community needs, and not shunned, as is now the case, as one whose room is better than his company. If his prison training has done anything whatever for him, it has made him more trustworthy. He has learned submission to authority, and how to deny

himself. He knows how to be prompt and punctual, and what is meant by order and orderliness. He has been tested in a rigid school. If he is given a fair chance to do so, his new acquirements will prove him a better employe than he was before in any industry. It is somewhat surprising that so many wise and shrewd employers should fail to see so patent a fact.

It was said of Dante, by his ignorant neighbors, as he passed them in the street, "that man has been in hell." Some people are yet disposed to think, after all the progress of a quarter of a century, that a prison is no better than hell, and that the imprisoned man must ever after smell of brimstone. The public must learn to entertain other views, and to think other thoughts. We have built our Reformatories and maintain them at vast expense. The community must put more honor on its own created agencies, and have more faith in its own efforts to reclaim the wayward man. It must have a more practical faith in the man. "To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to thrust them into recklessness and despair."

The community has not done its whole duty when it has built the prison and delivered the prisoner to the keeping of the jailor. The prisoner is worth more than the prison; and the care which society takes of him while within walls, and the spirit with which it receives him when the walls give him up, will render certain or doubtful the permanency of the man's reformation.

The parole from prison to a place in the community is of great significance. It must be accepted in its broadest meaning to the man himself and to society. The parole is the highest endorsement which those who act for the

State can give to a recovered manhood. They must be as cautious in giving it as a business man is in endorsing a note, and the public must be pleased to accept the State's endorsement.

## Factors In Reformation.

Miss Emma F. Cary, Ex-Commissioner of Prisons, Massachusetts.

More years ago than I care to count I began in our county prison a modest attempt to study the peculiarities of the criminal class and the possibilities of reformation. There is no better field than a well ordered jail for such an investigation. Men serving long sentences are apt to become machines by living year in and year out according to a fixed routine, but in a jail they are moved by hope and fear, their pulses still beat in time with the pulses of the outside world; retribution hangs over them, it is true, but it has not yet dropped its iron weight upon their youth, their prime, the years that in better, more prudent or more fortunate men make the glory of manhood. Every kind of criminal is to be met there; the weak man, who has raised money on a bogus check to pay for food for his sick wife and buy clothes for his naked, new-born child; the defaulter, who has defrayed the expenses of his own excesses with trust money; the professional thief, the murderer and the tiny child crying for his mother, while he expiates the crime of snatching a bunch of grapes from a shop window.

Among this varied throng in the course of years I learned that the strongest motive to reform is hope; that

every element which enters into the reformation of criminals is based upon hope.

Is education important to reformation? Yes. If a man is serving a life sentence, all that widens his horizon tends to enlarge his prospects, at least within the prison walls. If his sentence is limited, education makes success in after life more possible; it widens the field of his hopes.

Is employment needed for reformation? It is indispensable. It prevents despair in the "life-man;" it gives to other prisoners their best friend, hope. All the methods used in the best reformatories of the present day are intended to inspire prisoners with a hopeful spirit, to make them co-operate in the work of reformation. Grading in prisoners, commuted time, increased privileges, all give the prisoner something to live for, to hope for, to earn by good conduct.

Is religion an important element in reformation? To one who, like myself, believes religion to be the best friend of every human being, it is difficult to answer this question with a due amount of restraint. But let it be looked at from a purely human standpoint. You and I should lose more than we should gain by crime; the members of the criminal class, to all appearance, gain more than they lose by crime. It is a short-sighted view, I allow, but to a man who cannot get work starvation looks near and larceny looks tempting. Religion is the very fountain of hope and confidence in God. A discharged prisoner who has learned in prison to work well at a trade and to believe that God will, in time, answer reasonable prayers and reward the effort to do right, will be easily assisted and

reformed by the agents of the prison association. If there is not a religious principle as the basis of reform, it is not likely to be permanent, because old habits and the specious and speedy rewards of crime are too strong for men of weak will and untrained intelligence to resist when a crisis comes. This applies to the prisoner trying to find a foothold in a world which despises him, if it remembers his existence. How must it be with a man condemned to spend the remainder of his days in prison? He has not only been guilty of a great crime, but he has spoiled his life by evil folly. Men may forgive sinners; only God looks with mercy upon the fool. If the thought of heaven is resting to the weary heart of the successful man, how must it look as a refuge to one who, in his teens, has ruined his life by a crime committed in a drunken frolic? Yes, religion is important for reformation, for, when the world preaches despair, religion offers hope, promises appreciation of every effort to do right, opens a new life to the man who has found the present life a stone wall impossible to scale.

### The Old And New Systems Compared.

The Indiana Reformatory has a system under which the inmates earn wages and pay for their own support.

Men in the upper grade receive 55 cents a day, in the middle grade 50, and in the lower grade 45. From his earnings each one is required to pay for his board, clothing and medical attendance. In the upper grade he is charged for board and clothing at the rate of 45 cents each day, in the middle grade 40, and in the lower grade 37. For medical attendance and medicine, each is charged

10 cents per visit. On a day of perfect record, therefore, men in the upper and middle grades gain 10 cents a day, and those in the lower grade eight cents. This system is associated with the conduct record. If a prisoner breaks the rules he is fined, the amount of the penalty being from five cents to $5, and for very serious offences a larger sum. If the fines in one month amount to $3 the prisoner is reduced to a lower grade. The fines are paid from his earnings, and as release upon parole depends upon being in the highest grade and upon having $20 to his credit from his earnings, the inducements to perfect conduct are very pressing. Some of them accumulate $100.

The permanent effect of this training is seen in the histories of the paroled men. In the first two full years of the Reformatory, 239 were paroled. Only 19 were returned to the Reformatory for all causes combined. The habit of earning and saving established in the institution continued. During the two years these paroled men together earned $27,356.24. 125 of them also received their board, which, at an average of $3 per week, is $9,639, making a total of $35,965.24. Some of them invested their savings in real estate; some in business. A larger number gathered their families together and re-established their broken homes.

The saving to the State, under this system, must also be considered. If these 220 men who were paroled and did not return had remained in the Reformatory the usual time, the aggregate would have been 145 years. The average cost of maintenance was $114.76 per capita. Hence had these young men remained this time in the Reforma-

tory, they would not only have failed to earn the amount that has been indicated, but would have cost the State $16,640.20 for their support. In addition some of them would yet have years to serve, and therefore be a continuing expense to the commonwealth.

Commenting upon these facts, Secretary Butler of the Indiana Board of State Charities, says:

"Is it not better for the State as an organization that it be relieved of this expense; for society, that these men be returned to it professing reformation and willing to prove their profession by becoming working, earning and saving members of it? Is it not better for themselves that they can come out, with the testimony of the prison authorities as to their belief in their reformation, rather than have them go forth to the world as discharged convicts whom no one will hire? It makes a great difference whether one comes properly vouched for, asking to show the proof of his reformation, or comes without voucher, as a convict discharged at the end of his term. To no one can the outlook be more hopeless than to the convict discharged under the old system. No matter what his resolutions, no one receives him with confidence. Employment is almost impossible to find, and when found, the other employes, upon learning the new comer's history, usually demand his discharge.

"What is the comparative effect of the old prison system and of the new one? Information obtained from those of long experience who have carefully watched results and are most competent to speak on this subject substantially agree. Under the old system, 80 per cent of those who were discharged returned to lives of crime,

and 20 per cent managed to keep out of prison. Under the new system, 80 per cent of those released, after the parole test, became law-abiding citizens, and but 20 per cent again found their way behind prison walls."

### Reformation In Prison.

Rev. Joseph Welch, Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia.

The general prosperity with which the country has been favored seems to have lessened the number of prison admissions from causes which have a direct relation to idleness as a stimulating cause, but it has not produced as great an effect as might have been reasonably expected, indicating that crime is not merely a matter of circumstances, nor even of occasion. There is first sin; afterwards crime.

We cannot too strongly insist upon the evident lack of due training in youth in self-denial. Temptation is inevitable; it need not be triumphant. These lessons ought to be well taught at home and exemplified there; we might then reasonably hope for better living than so much of what we have. The old Proverbs teach it, and the sad illustrations we meet with in prison enforce the lessons.

It is not reasonable to expect, from the circumstances that attend a life in prison, the development of a higher character than has been the outcome of the opportunities afforded by the ordinary life in what is called a "Christian community." The shame endured, and inconveniences and loss of the opportunities afforded by liberty, which are experienced in confinement, with nameless moral and mental infelicities, are not a means of grace in themselves,

and will not transform the man brought into a subjection to them. The Holy Spirit can reach and does reach and save men in spite of the evil one, and it is only so that a man is "reformed," as it is called, in prison. With all that we can do, it is still a problem to be worked out by God and the man himself.

With all the disadvantages arising from the break in occupation and position, and the incubus of such a disaster as prison life becomes, there is still a possibility of a true, manly future. To make that possibility more attainable and less crushing to the honest effort that attempts it, is worthy the consideration of every one claiming manhood for himself.

### Religious And Moral Influences.

No reformatory attempting the work of reclaiming men should leave out the agencies of religion and morality. When a Godless life brings men to prison, a Godless prison will do little towards their restoration. No matter how well prisoners may be instructed in trades, educated or physically trained, their reformation is not a complete work unless there has been instilled into their hearts a strong desire for the right. A reformatory should afford ample moral and religious instruction and should produce a healthy and religious atmosphere, so that its influences shall ever be felt.—Joseph F. Scott, Supt. Mass. Reformatory.

### Is Imprisonment Necessary In All Cases?

More recently a new question has been pressing for an answer: "Is it necessary to imprison a man in order to secure his reformation?" The question cannot be an-

swered with a simple "Yes" or "No." There can be no doubt that the imprisonment of recoverable men is necessary in many cases. The man to be reformed must be brought where reformatory treatment can be applied, and must be kept there. He needs to learn many things which cannot be taught him unless he can be in an institution. This class includes those deliberate criminals whose offenses are due to criminal instincts and purposes; those who are defective, physically and mentally; those who are incapable of self support because of lack of knowledge of trades; those who have never learned respect for or obedience to authority; those whose criminality is due in some measure to illiteracy; those who are homeless and friendless and have a predisposition to vagrancy and to wandering about. These must of necessity be imprisoned when they are to be subjected to reformatory treatment because it cannot be applied otherwise. They must be subjected to strict discipline, and many of their other needs can only be supplied when they have been taken by force from vicious surroundings, put under moral, ethical and religious instruction and compelled to fit themselves for self support. To these large classes must be added a still larger one, composed of persons who have committed offences so grave that the community reasonably demands that they be subjected to imprisonment for its own protection. This imprisonment is not to be considered as a determination that they are not recoverable, but only as a wise precaution, in view of their very serious offences, which are properly accepted as a proof that they have charcteristics which for the time unfit them to be at liberty.

But when all these have been excluded there remains a very large number whose reformation without imprisonment may be reasonably expected. They include many minor offenders, whose offences do not indicate criminality, but who must be deterred, in some way from their repetition. They also include a large number of persons whose offences are the result of sudden impulses, some who have fallen into crime on account of circumstances, and many of those whose crimes are due to drunkenness. Some persons who have committed serious offences may also be dealt with in this way.

### Restraints Of Custodial Supervision.

How shall the system be administered? It is essential that the offender shall not be allowed to be at liberty, fully. In most cases he needs some restraint. He should also be made to understand that by his offence he has to a certain extent separated himself from those who are wholly free to do as they please; that he has shown tendencies and weaknesses which justify the State in assuming an oversight of his conduct. It may properly do more than this—it may direct the details of his life so far as it sees best. The court may wisely say that if he is to retain his liberty he shall keep away from the saloon and other haunts of vice; shall shun evil companions; shall do, in fine, whatever is thought necessary to prevent a relapse.

This course has always been taken in a few instances. It has been done by laying cases on file or continuing them from term to term, the exemption from imprisonment being dependent upon the continuance of good behavior. One defect of this method is that it produces

a wrong impression, upon the offender. It minifies his offence in his eyes. He feels that he has been "let off," because his wrong-doing was of little consequence. The community is very likely to receive the same impression, if this course is taken in any large number of cases, and disregard for law follows. True, the suspension is conditioned, nominally, upon continued good behavior and upon a compliance with conditions imposed, but it is well known that except in rare instances there is no way of knowing whether the conditions are kept or not, and usually the case remains on file permanently unless the person commits a new offence. There is little or no attempt to keep informed regarding his conduct, in detail. He understands the court to say to him, "You can go, but you musn't do so again."

At this point the probation system differs vitally from that which has been described. The offender is not released from custody and control. He is as truly in custody as is the man who is imprisoned. He is allowed to be "at large," but he is not free. His liberty is continued upon his compliance with certain conditions, and he is placed in the custody of the probation officer, whose duty it is to see that he complies strictly with the conditions. The standard for his conduct is higher than that of the citizen who has not been found guilty of breaking the laws, for the latter can go into the saloon, or with vicious companions; can work or be idle as he pleases, and nobody can interfere with any of his actions until he breaks a law. But the State requires the probationer to avoid all courses tending to lead to crime, appoints a man to see that he obeys, and compels the probationer and the probation

officer to report to the court. Practically the court says to the probationer precisely what the superintendent of a reformatory says to one in his care, not, "You musn't do so again," but, "You must reform"—change your whole manner of life, not only avoid overt criminal acts, but avoid everything which tends in the wrong direction.

### Prevention Of Prison Contamination.

The advantages of this plan are many. The most important is the segregation of law-breakers. In quite a percentage of cases the man who commits his first offence has no criminal acquaintances. Imprisonment throws him into contact with men who are criminals at heart. One-half of all the inmates of Massachusetts county prisons have served previous sentences, and 15 per cent. of them had served in the same institutions from 6 to 50 times before. To force into such companionships the man who has heretofore kept himself among reputable associates cannot fail to injure him. Probation also saves the offender from the prison brand. When one becomes known as a "jail bird" he loses in self respect and many of his hopes vanish. Disgrace also attaches to the family of the prisoner, especially to his children. The loss of his wages by his family is a serious thing. Many offenders have families and support them. When they are imprisoned the families become dependent. The prisoner also loses his place in the world. Some one else takes his situation, and when he returns from the prison he may remain idle for a long time, involving himself and his family in conditions which lead to pauperism. He is very likely under such conditions to lose his courage and relapse into crime.

It is a serious thing, also, to break the bond between man and his family, and to relieve him of the feeling of responsibility for their support. When he finds (and they find) that their support does not depend upon his industry, great harm has been done.

All these evils can be avoided by custodial supervision, which prevents the contamination of prison life; saves from the prison brand; retains the offender in his place in the world, as a wage-earner, and compels him to support his family. With this is the added direct advantage of the friendly counsel and support of the probation officer, whose duty is not so much to watch his charge as to watch over him and re-inforce his resolutions and purposes.

### Results Of Massachusetts Experiment.

These are not abstract theories. Massachusetts has been practicing them for nine years and more, under the present law, and many years more in a tentative way under a previous statute. More than 5,000 cases are taken on probation every year. The results have been so satisfactory that this year the legislature has authorized important extensions of the system, and created machinery which will make it possible to greatly increase the number of probationers. It has been found that comparatively few persons relapse or disappear while on probation and that probationers who had neglected their families now support them. (One probation officer collects wages of probationers amounting to more than $4,000 a year and disburses it for the support of their families in cases of "neglect of family" alone.) Embryo criminals are kept

under close observation and the weak are strengthened and upheld.

Besides the work of custodial supervision, the probation officers render a very important service in investigating criminal cases. Before the office was created the courts knew little of those arraigned, except that they had committed certain offences. The probation officers are now able to inform the court as to previous offences, if any, and in regard to the family of the accused; whether he is employed or idle; whether he support or neglects those dependent upon him, and in fact everything which will enable the court to dispose of the case wisely.

### Probation For Persons Sentenced To Pay Fines.

In recent legislation probation has been extended to cases in which fines are imposed. Heretofore if the fine was not forthcoming at once, the persons must be imprisoned. The unreasonableness of expecting to find three dollars in the pocket of a man who was just getting over a spree was so apparent that the new law authorized the suspension of the imprisonment, putting the man in control of the probation officer, to whom he may pay his fine. It is expected that the new law will prevent a large number of commitments, thereby saving a large expense for commitment fees, enabling the men to retain employment and secure a much larger revenue from fines.

Nothing can be more unbusinesslike than the present system of dealing with persons upon whom fines are imposed for minor offences. To secure the payment of the fine it is necessary to provide for imprisonment as the

alternative of non-payment. The result has been that in Massachusetts, in 1899, 16,173 were committed to prison for non-payment of fines, and 4,323 paid their fines in order to secure release from prison. In other words the attempt to secure the fine by imprisoning the convict failed in about three-fourths of the cases. The attempt cost the tax-payer the expense of committing more than 16,000 persons and of supporting more than 11,000 of them for a time. The 4,323 who paid their fines would have done the same if they had been placed on probation with the condition that they pay their fines to the probation officer, and many of those who did not pay, because prevented by imprisonment from earning the money, would also have paid them if they had been placed on probation. The public treasury will receive more money from fines by making the probation officer instead of the prison keeper the collector, and will make very great savings on the cost of commitment and the cost of maintaining prisoners held for non-payment of fines.

## Some Causes Of Crime.

It is apparent that there is something lacking with the majority of those committed to prison. One cannot but be impressed by the hanging heads, the stooping shoulders, the crooked backs, the shambling gait of prisoners who pass before him. They are defective: notably physically defective. What do they lack and why are they here? The greatest reason for their being prisoners is disturbed family relations. In over 50 per cent of the cases in the Indiana Reformatory one or both parents

are dead. Others have separated, or one is in an insane hospital or elsewhere in confinement. The great majority have been deprived of home influences and home training. They have not been taught obedience. They lack mental training; 25 per cent can neither read nor write. 400 out of 950 in the reformatory night school had not reached the fourth grade in the public schools. Only 39 of the 849 received last year had reached the high school; 75 per cent have no trade, and it is likely that 95 per cent of them have learned what they know so poorly that they could not be considered mechanics; 80 per cent have used liquor and tobacco. A still larger percentage have associated with bad company. They have let their passions and appetites lead them whither they would. They lack self control. The work of the reformatory is to remedy, as far as possible, the physical defects; to furnish instruction in the school of letters; to teach self control, to develop their hands by manual training and to teach them trades.—A. W. Butler, Sec'y Indiana Board of State Charities.

### Importance Of Employment For Prisoners.

A suitable occupation is important—is imperative—to the health of the mind and body of a prisoner. When a man is not on good terms with himself, it is unwholesome to give him no other company. To be enjoyed and beneficial, the occupation should be, if not congenial, at least attractive, and as far as possible in the accustomed lines of work. Lack of suitable employment is one of the most formidable obstacles in the way of the moral growth of our prisoners at the present time. Men kept

in idleness deteriorate mentally as well as physically, become morose and fretful and are not susceptible to the elevating influences that would otherwise be effective. The prejudice against prison labor, which in Pennsylvania has crystalized into legislation practically prohibiting the employment of our prisoners at lucrative and ennobling work, I am convinced, is the outgrowth of a misconception of the real purpose of the prison to be a reformatory institution, where the inmate is subjected to a course of treatment—scientific treatment I would call it—as a moral invalid, with a view to fitting him for usefulness in the world. This unfortunate state of affairs, however, can be easily remedied by suitable legislation.—Rev. D. R. Imbrie, Chaplan Allegheny Co. Workhouse.

Who are these men—these men who look at you with wistful eyes through grated windows and barred doors? How came they to be where they are, and what evil causes have combined their influences to make these men what they are? They are of that genealogy of whose beginning it is written, "Which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." They are God's men, not thrust away from Him because marred by defects; not forsaken by Him; not hated of Him; but pitied of Him, and loved of Him.—Chaplain Locke, Ohio Reformatory.

How shall we get the right people interested in these great problems of charities and correction, and how shall we make the work that is to be done a living, vital one, affecting us and our children and the cities we live in? How shall we get the right influences to bear upon these many complex problems of our social life so that great

things may come, so that this State may be better and grander? Look back fifteen or twenty years and think what great things have been accomplished in that time, and then look forward fifteen or twenty years and believe how much greater things shall be done. The social question is the question of the twentieth century, the question of men and women and children. I wish I had time to bring before you these people about whom we are thinking—the inmates of hospitals for the insane, the prisons, the asylums, the various orphans' homes, persons helped by the trustees. You would have a better idea of what this great complex problem is with which we have to deal. We can not escape these problems. They are all around us. They are borne in upon us. How shall we face them? I know no better way than to read and think and learn, and to try very hard, each of us, to do our own part. I believe we can overcome these evils if only we take hold and do it. The question comes to every one of us: "How can I take hold? How can I help in the best possible way?" We must work together, ignoring politics, ignoring class distinctions, difference of sect, race or creed. That is what it means to me. We must join, as brothers and sisters, in lifting up these other brothers and sisters who are down. That is what this Conference means. That is what we want to take home with us now; that is what we ought to leave behind us. May we feel that we have done some little good in this city of South Bend; that we have given you a glimpse of the work we are doing, and have got a glimpse of the work you are doing. Let us feel that we are not working alone, and let us go away from

the Conference strengthened for another year's struggles.—Alexander Johnson, before the State Conference of Charities at South Bend.

With a great majority of people, the world over, the prisoner, whether man, woman or child, is a forgotten and therefore a neglected character. There are times when people are made painfully aware of the fact that prisoners exist. The expense of providing for them decently, the political breeze that is sometimes raised over the appointment of a warden, or the occasional scandal that attaches to some gross mismanagement of a prison, opens people's eyes to the fact that the criminal, like the poor, is ever with us. But they occupy a little world entirely their own, and the average Hoosier, or any other American, knows more about the Filipinos than he knows about the 2,100 men, women and children who are in the prisons and reformatories in this State. As to these people's location, term of service, employment, food, dress, discipline, moral, educational or religious advancement, manner of discharge, hereditary entanglement, influence of environment, hopes, fears, sickness, sorrows or despair, the general citizen, even though well instructed, intelligent and religious, knows next to nothing. It is with the object of doing away with this appaling ignorance, not to say indifference, that Prison Sunday has been established.

## The Church And Ex-Convicts.

Expressions from Leading Indiana Ministers.

The duty of the church is to train all men, convicts or ex-convicts, into spiritual strength. The opinion and example of the Master are conclusive on this point. He brought hope to all.

The best people will be friends of every man who seeks to atone for a previous guilt. Let the pastor seek out a few men of this stamp who will keep a kindly watch on the young man; invite him to dinner now and then; tempt him to the church and to the pew; try to foster his better nature, which will often droop under discouragements; help him with good companionship:—in a word, care for him in tactful, adroit way. Supply him with good books that make earth bright and life rosy. All these plans and more will depend upon the minister and a few friends. If common sensed—and rare is common sense in handling people—they will screen the past and give him the best chance. I have seen colts on a ranch in California that were too frisky and bruised a limb; the men at once came to their succor, applied liniments and oils to heal the sore or set the bone; and often on ranches they take better care of horses than we do of men. The general attitude of encouragement is the best medicine. Our silent attentions far outweigh all our loud protestation of interest in men. God and man should give every man who falls a chance to rise, and if he backslides we must not despair of his becoming a man in the end. Keep on. A more active correspondence between the authorities of the Reformatory and the ministers would be desirable. I

feel certain ministers are ready to help any ex-convict to win back his manhood in the war of the world.—J. Cumming Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

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The duties of the church to the ex-convict may all be summed up in the paramount duty to always treat him as a person counting one in society, and awakening him to the consciousness of latent moral possibilities, and undeveloped spiritual attainments, by showing him that God became man in Christ Jesus that man might become divine.—M. S. Marble, Kokomo, Ind.

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I think that convicts, who have undertaken again to go out into society to become true men and good, above everything else desire the recognition of their manhood, and an assurance that people do not turn away from them. The church therefore owes them peculiar attention and kindness. Christian men owe them a chance to earn their living by honest toil.

The churches of Indiana should also be intelligent upon the methods of the Reformatory, and should co-operate patiently and heartily with the officers of the Institution in the care of ex-convicts. The churches should assist in the formation of an intelligent public opinion, which will keep the Reformatory from partisan politics, and put back of it the power of the whole people."—W. M. Tippy, Terre Haute, Ind.

### Opinions Of Prison Men.

There is nothing more moral than hard work. There is nothing more invigorating to character than hard work

successfully and adequately paid, for successful work is in itself a restraining of unwholesome desires, and a means by which the will is enthroned and the conscience given voice.—Prof. S. G. Smith.

* * * * *

When you take the 100,000 population of prisons and cast up their ages and take the average, you will find that it is only twenty-six or twenty-seven years. They are young men susceptible or improvement. If you look further you will find that many of them were born wrong. There is also a percentage whose wrong comes from environment; they never had a chance, many of them are illiterate, their minds have been neglected.—Warden French, Kansas.

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Once the executive department only tied a rope around a convict's neck or prepared a stake and fagots of wood and roasted him alive. After a time it began to take care of his person in prison; now by due process of evolution it seeks to rehabilitate him that he may no longer be a menace to society. Its functions are yearly expanding as the public intelligence is being aroused to the necessity and obligations of reforming the prisoner.—Warden E. C. Coffin, Ohio.

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Experience has shown that there are criminals who are incorrigible. Some of these are congenital criminals or rural idiots, some have deliberately made a profession of crime, and for such there seems but one adequate remedy for the protection of society, and that is their permanent seclusion inside of prison walls, with compulsory labor

sufficient to pay the current expenses of the prison. Surely any one who by repeated conviction of crime proclaims himself an enemy to society, is entitled to be adjudged an incorrigible, with imprisonment for life.—General Brinkerhoff.

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It is not more than sixty years ago that America took the initiative in prison reform. Three generations ago society's attitute toward its imprisoned criminals was to have the greatest security with the least expense. That was the governing principle. Good men and good women looked on absolutely unconscious at the horrible cruelties that were perpetrated on individuals without regard to the injury to society. But a few strong men took up the subject and looked into the conditions, and the question of prison reform became one of the greatest questions of the day.—Hon. Lewis Hancock, Austin, Texas.

## Reflections From The Reflector.

It is never too late to mend; but a man had better not be too long thinking about it.

It is never necessary to whip any man in prison to make him a better man—it makes him a brute.

Making men better in prison is the same work exactly as making men better outside. It is work upon character.

Wanted—in every State, a Reformatory; in every county, an adequate jail; in every jail, a matron for women prisoners.

Penology, like geology, clearly shows an evolutionary process. In the former the stages have been, dungeon, prison, penitentiary, reformatory.

Of female prisoners it may be remarked, as it was said of the British infantry by their French antagonists: "They are the best in the world, but, thank God, there are very few of them."

We may be thankful for another thing, that is, that the few women prisoners there are in the State of Indiana are in an Institution entirely by themselves. This is as it should be. A woman's Reformatory managed by women is the ideal every State should set before it, and attain.

Prison Sunday is often the only Sunday in the year that the average church goer hears anything about prisons or prisoners. It surely is one of "life's little ironies" that missionaries and the heathen are on the regular list of church petitions, and prisons and prisoners are seldom if ever mentioned in public prayer.

Acording to the census of 1890 there were in the United States 82,322 prisoners against 6,737 in 1850; 106,-557 insane; 95,571 idiots; 20,411 blind; 41,283 both deaf and dumb; 73,045 paupers, a total of defectives of 448,806, nearly half a million; and these classes are increasing out of all proportion of population, and in each decade with a steady progression.—F. E. Daniels, M. D., Texas.

If every wrong doer was punished there would be many more vacant homes. A story is told of a lord and clergyman who were once driving together, and passed the city jail. The lord turned to his companion and jokingly said;

"Where would you be sir, if that jail had its due?" Without a second's hesitation his companion smilingly responded. "Riding alone, I fear."

## The Young In Prison.

When the census was taken, June 30, 1890, there were 82,329 prisoners in all the prisons of the United States, 75,924 males, and 6,405 females. A careful examination of the statistics shows many very interesting facts, but none more important than those relating to the age of prisoners. It has been well known that prisoners were young, but never before has there been an exact statement covering so large a number of persons at the same time, because no previous census showed so large a number of prisoners. Here are the figures.

| | Males. | Females. | Total |
|---|---|---|---|
| Under 20 years of age | 8,822 | 873 | 9,695 |
| 20 to 24 " " | 18,358 | 1,347 | 19,705 |
| 25 to 29 " " | 15,354 | 994 | 16,348 |
| 30 to 34 " " | 10,366 | 712 | 11,078 |
| 35 to 39 " " | 7,592 | 737 | 8,329 |
| 40 to 44 " " | 4,953 | 566 | 5,519 |
| 45 to 49 " " | 3,637 | 408 | 4,045 |
| 50 to 59 " " | 3,968 | 456 | 4,424 |
| 60 to 79 " " | 1,761 | 253 | 2,014 |
| 80 and above | 50 | 12 | 62 |
| Not stated | 1,063 | 47 | 1,110 |
| | 75,924 | 6,405 | 82,329 |

More than eleven per cent. of the males and more than thirteen per cent. of the females were under twenty years of age. More than forty-four per cent. of the males and more than thirty-six per cent. of the females were between twenty and twenty-nine years of age.

Or, dropping percentages, here are 42,534 youths and men and 3,214 girls and women under thirty years of age in the prisons of the United States on a given day! Leave out of mind for the time those above thirty, and fix the thoughts on these young men and women, more than twenty-six hundred of whom were in Massachusetts prisons.

Besides the 8,822 men who were under twenty years old, there were 3,203 others that were twenty, making 12,025 that were too young to vote! Are they beyond hope of reformation? It is not possible. The government has wisely determined that a person less than twenty-one years of age is not fit to exercise the right of suffrage; that there is a lack of the maturity and soundness of judgment that is necessary for making wise decisions. In admitting the same persons to this right after twenty-one, there is an assumption that there will come a period when the immature and unsound views and judgment will become sound.

But what does the world say of the youthful criminal? Does anybody act upon an expectation that he will become wiser and better as he becomes older? Rarely. It assumes that his evil character is substantially fixed before he is old enough to vote, and it abandons him. The State acts upon this assumption. The great majority of these young people are thrust into prisons in which there is not the slightest effort to change their characters. Some States have established reformatories, but they have but a small proportion of the young prisoners. As a rule, there is no well-devised plan to reform these young people.

And the church—what is its view about them? Do

the churches have any views? What church has a committee for the reclamation of hoodlums or a committee to send letters or literature to prisons, or to extend a helping hand to a young fellow when he is discharged? If a boy drops out of the Sunday school into the prison, who visits him? If an Endeavorer fails, who encourages him to try again?

Ten thousand boys and young men will have served their sentences and come out of prison into the world in 1896 before they attain their majority. Whether they will return to prison again will depend in a very large measure upon the attitude of the community, the State, and the church towards them. Some will always go wrong, being badly born and badly reared; but, if the community will insist that they shall be treated in prison upon the assumption that they are redeemable, and not upon the assumption that they are hopelessly bad, there will be a great gain in results.

If discharged prisoners—these ten thousand boys and young men, if nobody has any hope for older ones—can be received in the right spirit, as if those that had known of their fall expected them to rise again, there would be fewer relapses. If the homeless and friendless fellow can be supplied with work, and kept alive honestly until he can get it, the number of reformations will greatly increase.

This is the rescue work. Better far is preventive work. The "hoodlum" should have special care. The young man or woman that slips out of Sunday school and Christian Endeavor meetings should be followed and brought back.

The fourth Sunday in October is known as "Prison Sunday." Far too few churches observe it; too few pas-

tors preach on the subject; too few Christians pray for those that are out of the way. Why should there not be a universal observance of the day? Certainly the Master set an example of interest in the criminal which has had too few followers. Matthew, the over-reaching tax-gatherer; Peter, the profane; the woman at the well, and the robber on the cross were all guilty of deeds that are punishable in Massachusetts by imprisonment. But Jesus gave them his personal attention, and persuaded them to better things. No church should omit the observance of Prison Sunday unless it is fully following the Master's example in all its relations to the wayward, and therefore has no need of exhortation to better things.—Warren F. Spalding, in The Golden Rule.

One of the practical tests of Christian virtue given by the Master, in the judgment scene described in the Gospel by Matthew, is this, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." The history of prison life is one of the most thrilling chapters in the annals of the world. While it is supposed that the bars and the dungeon are for the restraint of the criminal and the dangerous, in point of fact some of the noblest spirits that have ever dignified and enriched humanity have been the inmates of these strongholds provided ostensibly for the protection of society. The imperfection of human judgment is nowhere more fully illustrated than in the miscarriage of justice in the world's civil and criminal courts. The students of sociology long ago recognized this fact, and there has been an increasing interest in the great subject of prison reform. On the one hand, the most laborious efforts are put forth to secure

reform in the courts so that innocent persons will not be victimized by false testimony, mistaken or malicious verdicts, and unjust rulings of those who preside in the high and sacred functions of judicial responsibility. But even in the many instances where the sentence is just and the prisoner is guilty, still society owes him proper consideration. His guilt may be more formal than real, and may be the result of mistreatment or disadvantages which greatly palliate the true nature of his offense. And in those instances where the wrong-doing has been most wilful and persistent, still there is a possibility of reformation, and opportunity should be given to the prisoner to amend his life. This does not necessarily mean that he is to be liberated from his confinement. The pages in this book show that many a prisoner lives a redeemed and useful life even while he serves out a life term of confinement.

There are those who would classify all crime as the result of physical or mental disease, and therefore that every criminal is to be treated with the kindness and forbearance extended to the insane. There are others who insist that the chief consideration is not to be given to the offender, no matter how his misdeeds may be induced, but the chief attention must be given to society, and therefore the prisoner must receive rigid confinement or be at once removed by capital punishment. The intermediate ground between these two extremes is assuredly the right position. Criminals are to be treated with the greatest care and discrimination. In too many instances the prisoner is the victim of bad usage of society for it to assume to be rigorous and unfeeling in the award of penalties. The study of Prison Life not only suggests better reformatory

measures for the prisoner, but also wiser protective measures, so that crime will be prevented and the correct life be encouraged from childhood on throughout maturity.—Hillary A. Gobin, D. D., L.L. D.

INDIANA STATE PRISON.—(Looking south.)

## CHAPTER XX.

### ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS.

"At the Prison Gate," Mrs. Annie Preston. "A Gift and What Came From It." The Old Minstrel's Mother's Home," and others,

### At The Prison Gate.

The following story is given by Miss Anna Preston as related by an old gentleman, one of the prison commissioners of the state of Connecticut. And though the event occurred some years ago, I give it as illustrating some of the feelings that prevail in society to-day.

"Passing the State Prison at Westerfield on foot, one spring morning thirty years ago, I saw the gate open. A man came out and the gate closed behind him. The man looked pale and worn and sad. He stood by the gate in that bright May sunshine in a perplexed undecided way, and I noticed that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked up and down the road, up at the sky, and then stood with bowed head. 'Where now, my friend?' I asked cheerfully.

"'I don't know, sir,' replied the man sadly. 'I was just thinking I would throw my hat straight up in the air, and go the way the wind blew it. I would rather go back into the prison, but they won't have me there, now that I have worked out my sentence. They won't have me there and I don't suppose they will have me anywhere,' he went on with a broken voice, 'but I suppose I have got

to be somewhere. I don't know what will become of me. Foresight isn't as good as hindsight.'

"'I am walking to Hartford, take passage with me,' I said.

"'You won't care to be seen with such company,' he replied, looking at me incredulously. 'Perhaps you don't know that I have just worked out a sentence in the state prison here,' he said.

"'I understand, we are all wayfarers. Come along with me, and we will talk the matter over as we go along and decide what can be done for you.'

"It was a lovely warm day, we walked slowly, and talked a good deal, or rather my companion talked and I encouraged him to do so. He answered my questions frankly, clutching hungrily at my ready sympathy. He was free to talk of himself, and said at last as I smiled at some unimportant disclosure,

"'Reserve was never one of my failings, sir. If I tell anything I tell it all. That is the way I came to get into prison.' 'I never had a trade before,' he said. 'I think if I had I would not have fallen into errors. Had I had a legitimate way of getting a living I would not have been tempted as I was. I have a good trade to begin with now, however, I have brought that away with me, as well as the bitter memory, and the lasting disgrace.'

"'It is not the fact of our being in prison, but the crime that carried us there, wherein lies the sin,' I said.

"'But those who are not found out escape the disgrace,' he replied, bitterly with a deep sigh.

"I hastened to say, 'I think I know a man here in the city, who will hire you. He is a large shoe manufac-

turer, and I am sure he will make a place for you as a favor to me, even if he does not need a man.'

"The more I thought about it, the more confident I felt my friend would take him into his manufactory.

"'If I were in your place,' I said, as we entered the city, 'I would not lisp a word about having been in prison.'

"The poor fellow stopped short and looked at me. The hopeful look dropped out of his face, and his eyes filled with tears as he said in a broken voice,

"'You have been very kind, but I had better bid you good bye, sir. I cannot live and lie. I promised my God last night in my cell, that was so dark at first, and so light at last when Jesus came to me there, that I would be true, whatever befell me, and I will keep my word.'

"'Forgive me for tempting you at the outset,' I said. 'Come on.'

"I saw my friend and told him the whole story. He had a little talk with the man and made a bargain with him. That night just at the hour for the shop to close, we three went into the work-room.

"'Here is a poor fellow who was discharged this morning from the Connecticut State Prison,' said the proprietor, 'I am going to give him a chance in life by taking him into the shop. He will begin work tomorrow.'

"There were indignant glances among the men, and one spoke up hastily, 'I shall leave if he stays. I will not work with a jail bird.' 'Very well,' said the employer, 'any one who wishes to leave may bring in a bill of his time in the morning.' Only one man, the one who had constituted himself spokesman, left. Ten years later that discharged convict was the owner of that manufactory,

and the man who would not work with a jail bird was one of the journeymen.

"As I said to begin with, that was thirty years ago, that man whom I met at the prison door is now a senator in the legislature in one of the New England states. He said to me this day,

"'I tremble when I think what the result might have been had an evil instead of a good friend met me outside of the prison door.'"

### A Gift and What Came From It.

The following pathetic story was told by the evangelist, J. P. Kain, in one of his sermons, and reported by W. L. Barth in Michigan Christian Advocate.

"Some years ago," he said, "while conducting a series of meetings in Michigan City, I was invited to preach to the convicts at the state prison, situated at that point. I sat on the platform with the governor of the prison, and watched the prisoners march in, 706 men, young and old. They marched in lock step, every man's hand on the shoulder of the man before him. At the word of command they sat down and fixed their eyes on a dead line, a white mark painted on the wall above the platform. Among that large number of convicts were seventy-six 'lifers,' men who had been committed to prison for life for the crime of murder.

"After the singing I arose to preach, but could hardly speak for weeping. Disregarding all the rules of the prison, in my earnestness to help my poor, fallen brethren, I left the platform and walked down the aisle among the men, taking now one, now another by the hand and

praying with him. Every heart was melted, and we all wept together. At the end of the row of men who were committed for murder, sat a man who more than his fellows seemed marked by sin's blighting hand. His face was seamed and ridged with scars and marks of vice and sin. He looked as though he might be a demon incarnate if once roused to anger. I placed my arm about his shoulder, and together we wept and prayed.

"When the service was over the governor said to me:

"'Well, Kain, do you know that you have broken the rules of the prison in leaving the platform?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'but, governor, I never could brook any rule while preaching, and I did want to get up close to the poor, despairing fellows, and pray with them.'

"'Do you remember,' said the governor, 'the man at the end of the seat in the lifers' row, whom you prayed with? Would you like to hear his history?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'gladly.'

"'Well,' said the governor, 'here it is in brief: Tom Galson was sent here about eight years ago for the crime of murder. He was without doubt one of the most desperate and vicious characters we had ever received, and as was expected gave us a great deal of trouble.

"'One Christmas eve, about six years ago, duty compelled me to spend the night at the prison instead of at home, as I had anticipated. Early in the morning, while it was yet quite dark, I left the prison for my home, my pockets bulging with presents for my little girl. It was a bitter cold morning, and I buttoned my overcoat tight up to protect myself from the cutting wind that swept in from over the lake.

"'As I hurried along I thought I saw somebody skulking in the shadow of the prison wall. I stopped, and looked a little more closely, and then saw a little girl, wretchedly clothed in a thin dress, her stockingless feet thrust into a pair of shoes much the worse for wear. In her hand she held, tightly clasped, a small paper bundle. Wondering who she was, and why she was out so early in the morning, and yet too weary to be much interested, I hurried on. By and by I felt rather than heard that I was being followed. I stopped short and whirled about and there before me stood the same wretched child.

"'What do you want?' I asked sharply.

"'Are you the governor of the prison?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'what do you want?'

"'Have you—does Tom Galson live there?' Her voice trembled and broke with repressed tears.

"'Yes. Who are you? Why are you not at home?'

"'Please, sir, I haven't any home. Mama died in the poor-house two weeks ago, an' she told me just before she died that papa, that's Tom Galson, was in the prison, an' she thought that maybe he would like to see his little girl, now that mama's dead. Please, can't you let me see my papa? Today's Christmas, an' I want to give him a little present.'

"No,' I replied, gruffly, 'you'll have to wait until visitor's day,' and with that I started on.

"I had not gone many steps until I felt a hand pulling at my coat, while a pleading, sobbing voice cried, 'Please, don't go!'

"I stopped once more, and looked down into the pinched, beseeching face before me. Great tears were

brimming in her eyes, while her little chin quivered and trembled.

"'Mister,' she said, 'if your little girl was me, an' your girl's mama had died in the poor-house, an' her papa was in the prison, an' she had no place to go an' no one to love her, don't you think she would like to see her papa? If it was Christmas, an' if your little girl came to me, if I was governor of the prison, an' asked me to please let her her see her papa an' give him a Christmas present, don't—don't you think I would say 'Yes?'"

"By this time a great lump was in my throat, and my eyes were swimming in tears. I answered: 'Yes, my little girl, I think you would, and you, too, shall see your papa,' and taking her by the hand, I hurried back to the prison, thinking of my own little fair-haired girl at home.

Once in my office, I bade her come close to the warm stove, while I sent a guard to bring No. 37 from his cell. In a few moments he came, wondering what was wanted. As soon as he was ushered into the office he saw the little girl. His face clouded with an angry frown, and in a gruff, savage tone he snapped out:

"'Nellie, what are you doing here? What do you want? Go back to your mother.'

"'Please, papa,' sobbed the little girl, 'mama's dead. She died two weeks ago in the poor-house, an' before she died she told me to take care of little Jimmie, 'cause you loved Jimmie, she said, an' she told me to tell you she loved you too; but papa,' and here her voice broke in tears, 'Jimmie died, too, last week,an' now I am all

alone, papa, an' to-day's Christmas, papa, an'—an' I thought maybe as you loved Jimmie, you would like a little Christmas present from him.'

"'Here she unrolled the little bundle she held in her hand, until she came to a little package of tissue paper, from which she took out a little yellow curl, and put it in her father's hand, saying as she did so, "I cut it from Jimmie's head, papa, jess afore they buried him.'

"'No. 37 by this time was sobbing like a child, and so was I. Stooping down, 37 picked up the little girl and pressed her convulsively to his breast, while his great frame shook with suppressed emotion.

"The scene was too sacred for me to look upon, so I softly opened the door and left father and daughter alone. At the end of an hour I returned. No. 37 sat near the stove, with his little daughter on his knee. He looked at me sheepishly for a moment, and then said, 'Governor, I haven't any money,' then suddenly stripping off his prison jacket, he said, 'For God's sake, don't let my little girl go out this bitter cold day with that thin dress. Let me give her this coat. I'll work early and late, I'll do anything, I'll be a man; please, governor, let me cover her with this coat.' Tears were streaming down the face of the hardened man.

"'No, Galson,' I said, 'keep your coat. Your little girl shall not suffer. I'll take her to my home and see what my wife can do for her.'

"'God bless you, sir,' sobbed Galson.

"I took the little girl to my home. She remained with us for a number of years, growing into a beautiful Christian character. Tom Galson also became a Christian, and never gave us a moment's trouble.

"A year ago," concluded Dr. Kain, "I visited the prison again. The governor said to me:

"'Kain, would you like to see Tom Galson, whose story I told you a few years ago?'

"'Yes, I would,' answered the doctor.

"The governor took me through the city, down a quiet street, and stopping before a modest, neat home, rapped at the door. The knock was answered by a bright, cheerful young woman who greeted the governor with the utmost cordiality. We stepped in, and then the governor introduced me to Nellie and her father, who because of his thorough reformation had received pardon, and was now living an upright Christian life with his daughter, whose little Christmas gift had broken his heart."

### The Old Minstrel's Mother's Home.

As given in a New Brunswick paper some years ago, and given here as an illustration of the power of song.

"The hall was crowded one evening when the minstrels were giving a performance. They had finished "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night," with its touching lament:

"The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the wanderer may go;
A few more days and the troubles will all end
In the fields where the sugar canes grow."

They then took up the song, with its sweet refrain, of "The Suwanee River." The tumult of applause was hushed by the appearance of a ragged old wreck crowding to the front. Lifting his old banjo as a sign of brotherhood, he cried with a choking voice, "Boys, sing that song once more—for an old minstrel's sake. It

brings back the lost and dead: My old home rises before me, where I was good and happy all the day. I learned that song there of my mother. The vision of her smiling face, praising her boy, comes back with the ringing notes of the banjo, and the memories of long ago, when I wandered away to play and sing for the world. It listened and applauded, I was feasted, flattered, and intoxicated with fame, and the whirl of pleasure, but I wrecked it all. Now old and broken down in heart, and strength, I am left with but one friend, my banjo. She who first praised me died while I was playing for the world. Died without seeing me for years. The world has forsaken me as I did her. Boys sing my mother's song again, and let my old heart thrill with a better life once more. The house signaled its assent. The old minstrel sat down in the front row—when the solo reached the concluding of the second stanza, the singer's eye turned pitingly upon the wanderer, and with a voice trembling with pity came the words,

"All up and down I wandered,
When I was young,
O many were the days I squandered,
Many were the songs I sung."

"The stranger sat bending forward, the tears coursing down the furrows of his careworn face, his fingers unconsciously caressing the strings of his banjo. All the summer of his life came back again. Mother, home, love, and his boyhood dreams. The chorus began; and the shriveled fingers sought the chords; with a strange weird harmony, unheard of before, the strains floated along the tide of song. The house was spell bound; the time-worn

instrument seemed to catch its master's spirit, and high above the accompaniment rang the soul like chorus from its quivering strings. When the interlude came, the minstrel sat leaning over his banjo, with all the fondness of a mother over her babe.

Not a sound was heard. The solo rose again, and the almost supernatural harmonies drifted with it; but he bowed like a mourner over the dead, every heart in the audience was touched, and tears of sympathy were brushed away by many hands. The singer's eyes were moist, and with plaintive sadness the last lines were sung, the last chorus following. The hoary head of the old minstrel was lifted, and his face shone with the light of a new dawning; his voice with peculiar blending, perfect in harmony, yet keeping his banjo high above the singers, ringing like a rich harpstring; long, long overstrained. The memory of better days, the wanderings, waywardness, sorrow, remorse, hope, despair, all of his wasted life, seemed pent up in those melodious tones. The chorus closed, and his head sank down, the long white locks shrouding his banjo.

The manager came before the audience and said, The minstrels will give one-half of the benefit proceeds to their wandering brother. The house approved with loud demonstrations. A collection followed, started in the galleries and swept over the hall like a shower; such a contribution was seldom gathered before. Again the audience broke forth in round after round of hearty cheering. But the banjo was still hushed under the shroud of snow white hair, and no word of thanks, or token of gratitude came from the silent figure, toward which all eyes were

turned. They called him to come up, and the manager went to bring him there, he laid his hand on the bowed head, but there was silence. The soul of the old minstrel had passed away. He was dead! He had sung the last song, on the borders of the Spirit Land. Sung it as the bird sings when it escapes the prison bars, which made its life sad and dreary, and flies from the scenes where the heart grows weary with longing.

## How To Handle Bad Boys.

By Mrs. Ida M. Overmeyer.

What makes the lamb love Mary so? Why Mary loves the lamb, you know. And certainly we can do much for the uplifting and happiness of these homeless little ones if we have their interest at heart. I think our family a most fortunate one. We have a beautiful home, nice grounds, a noble woman for a president, and fifteen of the finest people in the world who are Board of Directors, and, up to a short time ago, one of Ft. Waynes' best men for our president. (It is needless to say the good man is our friend, Hon. T. E. Ellison.)

The great problem is how to teach the so-called bad boy to be bettter, to shake off all that is low and dishonest. Boys come to us seemingly depraved. In fact, he rather enjoys feeling that he is the toughest of the lot. It is almost a helpless case, we think, and we have many hours of wakefulness and worry, wondering which plan to take. We find in almost every case kindness, good clean clothes (not forgetting a necktie) will have much to do in bringing a boy away from that low, miserable life. Have the boys feel they are somebody. Put them upon

their honor, and they will not betray that trust. No, they are too proud when they find they are trusted and respected. Steps were being taken to send a boy whose reputation was bad, very bad, to the Reformatory, when the humane officer said: "Give him another chance; send him to the orphans' home." When I heard of his many faults I was indeed discouraged. He came in with that swagger bad boys love to have, walked up to a mild boy, and said: "Come outside, I'll show you what a tough is." I put games and books before him, and soon could see a slight change. I said: "I am so glad you are here. I haven't a boy big enough to help me." I saw he was pleased. I then from time to time would give him little jobs of honor. I could send him down street where he would perchance see some of his old companions, but he never failed me. He one day said: "Never thought of being good. I thought I was too bad to ever be anything; was always told so, and was not addressed without an oath; I was so proud when you trusted me. I thought she doesn't know I have been so bad and I'll try to be what she thinks I am." The boy is now sixteen, and a fine boy, living with a widow, who says he is the most trustworthy boy she ever saw. So, because a boy is bad, do not keep him down. Give him high ideals. Our children are trying very hard to do and be as others are. Mr. Ellison has been the boys' ideal, and they hope some day to be able to help make homes for the homeless, as he has done. (One boy asked if it cost much to be a Senator. He wanted to be a Senator, too?) How much good we, as matrons, could do for making the future better. Teach the children to feel and know how much is expected of them, when they grow up to

make the world better. Too much can not be said about the narrow lives these homeless children have. A professor in one of our State institutions was heard to say: "I do not see why these orphans' homes are called 'homes.' There is nothing home-like about them. The children are like machines." I am sure he never visited our home. Our children are very happy and contented. They are not made to feel that they are paupers. They are not like machines, to move when told, or by the ringing of a bell. Those who visit the home notice that the children are not dressed alike. We try to dress them neatly and becomingly. Their individuality is not taken from them. They laugh, sing, talk, work and play, just as we did in our childhood. Why should we narrow these children? Why should they be made to think they can never rise above the most humble vocations?

A child soon knows who is its friend. It is quick to detect an assumed interest. What we do for the children must not be done from a mere sense of duty. Not long ago a little boy was brought to the home a week before his mother died of consumption. When told of her death, and he loved her dearly, he said between sobs: "I have another mamma, though, haven't I?" A bright little girl said: "Everybody loves children, don't they?" Just think what all has been done for them. Somebody sees that they are all taken care of. Jesus thought of them, too, and said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

## Ex-Convict in China

The following incident was related to me soon after the event occurred by Mr. Shideler himself, and was afterwards published in the Indianapolis Press, and other local papers. It illustrates how with kind words and heartfelt sympathy, by appealing to men's better natures, even many apparently hardened criminals, may—as the warden expressed it be redeemed.

"I don't expect to be a general, but I am going to be a United States soldier in everything that the term implies." This is the gist of a letter received some time ago by Warden George A. H. Shideler of the Indiana prison at Michigan City. It was written by an ex-convict, who, only last May, completed his third sentence in prison and was released, with only one friend in the world to take any interest in his future life—his former warden and prison-keeper.

His name is O'Neil, and he was thrice convicted of theft and thrice sentenced, and, when the last time he was released, he told the warden that there was little or nothing before him but a repetition of his former crimes and reincarceration in the prison.

Mr. Shideler, however, had a different view. He knew the man and his character. When the warden took charge of the penitentiary, he found O'Neil in solitary confinement; the prisoner was not amenable to discipline. To all appearances, outward, at least, O'Neil was totally depraved. But Warden Shideler again had a different conception of the prisoner's character.

He sent for him after a month had elapsed. "O'Neil,"

he said to him, "I am going to take you out of solitary confinement; I am going to put you in the second class—just where you would have been placed, had you entered the prison after I assumed control. I want you to understand that you shall be treated in the kindest manner possible, justly and impartially; I will discharge any guard that treats you differently. At the same time, I want you to realize that if you disregard the prison rules, I will sanction your punishment to the fullest extent."

"After this conversation," Warden Shideler continued, "O'Neil worked seven months without violating a rule, and was promoted to the ranks of the first class. On May 30, 1900, he was discharged. The night before, I called him into my office. 'O'Neil,' I said, 'you are about to get out into the world with mighty meager equipment; you will have a ticket to Chicago, $10 of the state's money, a new suit of clothes—and not a friend anywhere. I can't see much before you but the same kind of life you led before you came to prison.' O'Neil agreed with me. 'You're right, Warden,' he said. 'There isn't anything.'

"'But you have a chance,' I told him: 'you have $10 in your pocket, and, if you live economically, that money will keep you two weeks in Chicago. I have faith in you, and, to show it, I'm going to add $20 of my own money to that $10, and you can pay me back whenever you can.' I took him to the train the next day, and told him goodbye."

A week later the warden heard from O'Neil. The ex-convict was in Chicago. The letter said: "I was out last night with the same old gang. I can't get along here, and I am going somewhere else."

Another week or two passed, and the warden received another letter. It was dated Annapolis, Md., and said: "I took your $20 and came on here. I joined the United States Marine Corps and am prepared now to sail for China."

Some days later a third letter followed. "Warden," it said, "I want to say that coming across this great American continent to San Francisco, for the first time I had the manhood within me stirred. It happened when, at a little way-station, a young woman pinned a bunch of violets to the lapel of a soldier's coat."

Then, after two or three months had passed, Warden Shideler heard from O'Neil again. Letters came from Honolulu, describing the island city, and from Manila, where the transports and the vessels stopped for coal; then, later from Tien-Tsin, where the American army was preparing to push on to Pekin. In the trenches before Tien-Tsin, O'Neil had penned the lines that the warden used to preface his story: "I don't expect to be a general, but I am going to be an American soldier, in everything the term implies."

"There he was," continued the warden. "He had been under fire; he had gone forward in the charge with his company and his regiment, and he was proud of the country he was serving, proud of his uniform, and, more than all else, he was proud of himself. The last letter came only the other day. It said: 'I enclose a postal order for $25—the $20 that I owed you and $5 more for interest. And I want to say that I would double the sum to be able to grasp that old helping hand of yours again.'"

"There is not a bad man in prison, not even the worst

convict behind prison bars," concluded Warden Shideler, "that cannot be bettered by kind treatment—by being helped to help himself."

## Heaven Cheap at Any Price.

The following incident was related to the author by Mrs. S. B. Shaw, of Chicago, and by her written for this work.

D. L. Moody somewhere tells of a visit he made to a prison and of a service he held there. After preaching he went from one cell to another and talked with the prisoners. To his surprise one after another endeavored to assure him that he was altogether innocent of the crime with which he had been charged and for which he was sentenced. Moody said he began to feel that surely his preaching had been in vain that all of these men could not be telling the truth—but at length he came to one man who was weeping bitterly. Upon inquiring the cause of his great grief, the prisoner said he wept because of his sin—that he was an awfully wicked man and fully deserved the punishment he was receiving. "Thank God"—Moody exclaimed, "I'm glad I've found one guilty man." The prisoner was much surprised and asked, "Why do you say that? Are you not the man that preached to us this morning? How can you be glad that I am so wicked?"

Then Moody explained to him that his joy was over the fact that he had found one man who truly sorrowed because of his sin and was ready to freely acknowledge it

for to such he could freely offer the forgiveness and saving grace of God through Jesus Christ.

It seems to me very plain that God could not forgive any sin until that sin be acknowledged and also forsaken, at least so far as the choice and will are concerned, without justifying sin and the Word of God plainly declares: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. (See Prov. 28: 13.)

Some years ago I met a man whose experience very forcibly illustrated this. While attending a State W. C. T. U. Convention at Marquette, Michigan, I was appointed, with three others, to hold a service in the state prison two or three miles out of the city. When we came up the broad stairway leading into the chapel, a man in prisoner's dress stood at the top with song-books in his arms. He handed each of us one of these and as he did so reached out his hand to shake hands with each of us. This, together with his manner and face, attracted my attention and I continued to observe him quite closely. From his evident freedom in moving about the room, I should have judged him to be one of the guard had he not worn the prisoner's garb, and naturally concluded that he must be one in whom the officers of the prison had much confidence. After those who came with me and myself had taken our places upon the platform, the other prisoners were marched in under guard and before we left were marched out again in the same way—with the exception of the one to whom I have already referred and one confined in an invalid's chair. As we were leaving the room I stopped

for a moment to speak to the latter. I found, to my surprise, that he knew me having heard me speak at different times at my home which was then in Grand Rapids, Michigan. This led to some further conversation and I hurried on to overtake my friends. At the head of the stairs I met again the prisoner who had greeted us when we entered. Again he reachd out his hand and at the same time expressed his appreciation of the service. Being again deeply impressed by his manner and open countenance I said, "Brother, you're a Christian—are you not?" "Yes, praise God, I am," he replied, "but it cost me dear." Understanding that probably he meant that had it not been for his being sent to prison he might never have found God but with no time for further words I briefly answered, "Well, heaven's cheap at any price," and hurried on down the stairs.

Returning to the city it fell to my lot to ride in the carriage of the prison physician. On the way I mentioned the circumstances I have related and inquired if he knew the prisoner to whom I referred. "O yes," said he, "that was—," calling him by name. I then said, "I judged from what I saw that the prison officials have great confidence in him," and his reply was, "Yes, they have and with good reason for that man is serving a fifteen years' sentence because of his own voluntary confession of crime."

Then from him, and later from others, I heard the prisoner's story which I give briefly to the reader as it was told me. Some years before he had been tried under a charge of murder but acquitted because of lack of

evidence. Some time after while attending a series of revival meetings he was brought under deep conviction for sin and could find no peace until he went to the proper officers and confessed that he was guilty of the crime for which he had been previously tried and had perjured himself in denying his guilt at the trial. He could not lawfully be tried and sentenced for the crime of which he had been legally acquitted but he was arrested and convicted of perjury and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. This was what he had meant, then, when he said to me, "Yes, praise God, but it cost me dear."

The physician assured me that his life was an altogether consistent one and that the officers of the prison allowed him all the liberty consistent with the rules of the prison and that, there being at that time no Chapplain at the prison, so great was the confidence that both officers and prisoners had in him that he was called upon quite largely for such service as a Chaplain would have given. He had then served, if I remember rightly, about three years of his sentence. One or two years later I was attending a camp meeting in the same state. Passing, one day, around the circle of tents I stopped to greet those with whom I was personally acquainted. Standing thus, for a moment, at the door of a tent in conversation with friends inside, I noticed, as I supposed, a stranger to whom I was not introduced. I passed on to the next tent but a little girl came running to me from the tent I had just left and said, "O, Mrs. Shaw, there's a man in our tent that says he is sure he knows you and he wishes you would come back a minute." Of

course I went with her and as I came back the man I had supposed a stranger held out his hand saying, "I thought I knew you but I guess you have forgotten me." I looked in his face and answered, "No, I do not recall having met you—where did I know you." "Do you remember,"—was his reply, "meeting a man in the Marquette prison to whom you said Heaven's cheap at any price?" "Yes," I replied, "I remember that well." "Well," said he, "I am that man. I thought when you came to the tent door that I knew you and after you passed on I inquired your name and then I knew I was not mistaken and your words that day were such an encouragement to me that I wanted to speak with you again." Then he told me that he was out on parole and in the employ of a farmer who was attending the meeting.

I expressed my joy over his release and invited him over to our tent to meet Mr. Shaw. He came and there we had quite a lengthy conversation with him regarding his prison life. Some things he said have frequently recurred to me. Among them was the statement that being allowed, as he was, to visit the other prisoners to talk and pray with them, he had the best opportunity possible to get acquainted with them. "To me," said he, "they opened their hearts more freely than if I had not been a prisoner. There was no reason for them to deceive me. I had no influence outside and there was nothing for them to gain by so doing and I am thoroughly convinced that there is more than one man in that prison who is entirely innocent of crime." Somewhat incredulously I asked: "But how, then, were they

convicted?" The substance of his answer was that in that lumbering and mining country there were many foreigners who were unacquainted with our language, customs, or laws. Some robbery or other crime would be committed. The guilty men, in order to screen themselves, would invent a plausible story charging one of these foreigners with the crime. Being arrested, knowing his innocence but having no friends and no way of proving it, these men would appear at his trial and swear against him and almost before he knew what had happened he would be found guilty and sentenced. And of course when one man was convicted the officers investigated no further and the guilty men escaped.—"I am thoroughly convinced," said my friend, "that this has been done more than once and that in the Marquette prison alone, there are several men who are there as scape-goats for the sins of others."

How sad, if it be true, that such injustice should be done in the name of justice! Would that the guilty ones might realize that though they escape here the just punishment of their crimes they only bring upon themselves eternal punishment—and that the hearts of the innocent might be comforted with the assurance that there is a Friend who knows all and that though they suffer unjustly here, He is able to overrule even this, as he did for Joseph, for their greater usefulness and happiness even in this world and for their eternal joy.

### A Heart Rending Scene.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sabbath morning when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice that trembled with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said:

Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor, and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots, and odd jobs; but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awful poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The Governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink, or he would never have committed the crime. He said:

"My wife was a good woman and faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime."

The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart

would break when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him, and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the children.

I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls had they had the proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters, kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kises, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good, but whiskey did it, papa was good, but whiskey did it.

I raised my heart to God, and said: "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible?" In my heart I said: "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, a home destroyed." I there promised my God that I would vote to save my country from the rule of the rum oligarchy.

A system of government that derives its revenue from results such as are seen in this touching picture must either change its course or die, unless God's law is a lie.—Selected from "The Berean.

## The Widow and the Judge.

Sometime about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the North-Western Railroad, between Oskaloosa and Madison. In two of the seats, facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the carriage, and they needed another to take his place. "Come, Judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but after repeated urgings, finally, with a flushed countenance, took a seat with them, and the playing went on.

A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the Judge from her seat near the end of the railway carriage. After the game had progressed awhile, she arose and with trembling hand and almost overcome with emotion, approached the group. Fixing her eyes intently on the Judge, she said in a tremulous voice: "Do you know me, Judge ———?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge, pleasantly. Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court-room at Oskaloosa, when he was tried for—for—for robbing somebody,

and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years; and he died there last June."

All faces were now absorbed, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car, to listen to and see what was going on. She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm; and when father took sick and died, he done all the work, and we were getting along right smart. He was a stidy boy until he got to card-playin' an' drinkin', and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, and stayed out often till mornin'; and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd been out so late, the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they had got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run agin a fence, and a stake run into one of 'm; and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed. And so, after a while, he coaxed me to let him sell the farm, and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter-work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after awhile, he couldn't get any work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy agin; but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the morning I found he had taken

what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off. After that time I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothin' of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested and was took up to Oskaloosa for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently, and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. ——;" pointing to lawyer ——, who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. ——, the district attorney. "And you, Judge ——, sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank; but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playin' cards most all the night, and drinkin'. But, oh dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playin' cards he might a been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say: 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy, or the cigars, or something like that.' And when we heard that the young folks played cards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that' Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothin' with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way, when I was young; but it jist seems to me as if everybody was goin' wrong now-a-days into something or other. But may

be it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way; but it jist seemed to me the very sight of them cards would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only knew how I felt, you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before these young folks! May be, Judge, you don't know how younger folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that may be if them that ought to know better than to do so, and them as are better larnt and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother; but now, there ain't any of my family left but me and my poor granchile, my darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray withered old lady, trembling with old age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before the noble looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand and said: "Don't cry, grandma; don't cry, grandma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that any one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say that when the passengers came to themselves, they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed

through her little audience.—Selected from Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer.

### "Five Minutes More to Live."

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor.

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said with sobbing: "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause; and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it till I awoke on the following day and found myself closely guarded. They told me that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whisky had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Whiskey did it! The last words of this dooomed young man make our heart ache, and we cry out to God, "How long, how long shall our nation be crazed with rum? When, oh when, will the American people wake up?" Oh that the professed people of God would vote as they pray.

What about the licensed saloon that deals out this poison that sends millions reeling and crazed with drink to hell? What about the multitudes of innocent people who are killed by inches and sacrificed to the god of rum? We protect and license a man who deals out death and destruction, and hang a man who gets drunk and kills his neighbor. Who was most to blame—this young man, or the saloon-keeper who made him crazy, or the government that gave the saloon-keeper license not only to make crazy but to ruin soul and body? God help us to decide this question in the light of the coming judgment. Amen. —S. B. Shaw, in Dying Testimonies of Saved and Unsaved.

"It Was The Cursed Drink that Ruined Me."

To one of the Bellevue cells there came one morning a woman bearing the usual permit to visit a patient. She was a slender little woman with a look of delicate refinement that sorrow had only intensified, and she looked at the physician, who was just leaving the patient, with clear eyes which had wept often, but kept their steady, straightforward gaze.

"I am not certain," she said. "I have searched for my boy for a long while, and I think he must be here. I want to see him."

The doctor looked at her pityingly as she went up to the narrow bed where the patient lay, a lad of hardly twenty, with his face buried in the pillow. His fair hair, waving crisply against the skin, browned by exposure, had not been cut, for the hospital barber who stood there had found it, so far, impossible to make him turn his head.

"He's lain that way ever since they brought him in yesterday," said the barber, and then moved by something in the agitated face before him, turned his own away. The mother, for it was quite plain who this must be, stooped over the prostrate figure. She knew it as mothers know their own, and laid her hand on his burning brow.

"Charley," she said softly, as if she had come into his room to rouse him from some boyish sleep, "mother is here."

A wild cry rang out that startled even the experienced physician:

"For God's sake take her away! She doesn't know where I am. Take her away!"

The patient had started up and wrung his hands in piteous entreaty.

"Take her away!" he still cried, but his mother gently folded her arms about him and drew his head to her breast. "Oh, Charley, I have found you," she said through her sobs, "and I will never lose you again."

The lad looked at her a moment. His eyes were like hers, large and clear, but with the experience of a thousand years in their depths; a beautiful, reckless face, with lines graven by passion and crime. Then he burst into weeping like a child.

"It's too late! It's too late!" he said in tones almost inaudible.

"I'm doing you the only good turn I've done you, mother. I'm dying and you won't have to break your heart over me any more. It wasn't your fault. It was the cursed drink that ruined me, blighted my life and brought me here. It's murder now, but the hangman

won't have me, and save that much disgrace for our name."

As he spoke he fell back upon his pillow; his face changed and the unmistakable hue of death suddenly spread over his handsome features. The doctor came forward quickly, a look of anxious surprise on his face.

"I didn't know he was that bad," the barber muttered under his breath, as he gazed at the lad still holding his mother's hand. The doctor lifted the patient's head and then laid it back softly. Life had fled.

"It's better to have it so," he said in a low voice to himself, and then stood silently and reverently, ready to offer consolation to the bereaved mother, whose face was still hidden on her boy's breast. She did not stir. Something in the motionless attitude aroused vague suspicion in the mind of the doctor, and moved him to bend forward and gently take her hand. With an involuntary start he hastily lifted the prostrate form and quickly felt the pulse and heart, only to find them stilled forever.

"She has gone, too," he softly whispered, and the tears stood in his eyes. "Poor soul! It is the best for both of them."

This is one story of the prison ward of Bellevue, and there are hundreds that might be told, though never one sadder or holding deeper tragedy than the one recorded here.—New York Press.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SPECIFIC REFORM METHODS.

Before concluding this volume I want to call attention to some specific methods employed for the reformation of prisoners. First I notice the direct appeals made by the warden and chaplain, urging the men to assert their manhood, and a disposition on the part of these officials to repose trust and confidence in the prisoners where it can be done with safety. The frequent visits made to their cells, with a word of counsel, or reproof, or good cheer when needed, has a salutary effect on the minds and hearts of the prisoners, and goes far toward making the State Prison, what, under the new law it is intended to become, a Reformatory. In this way the men are brought to feel that all is not lost, and that there is still a chance for them, and that there are those around them who still care for, and sympathize with them, and thus they are led to entertain a hope that often leads to a reformation. I want to repeat here what I have said before, real, genuine sympathy is greatly appreciated by many inside the prison walls.

Then there are gracious influences being employed by the State authorities, and prison officials that are having a very perceptible effect on the minds of the prisoners. Music was recognized away back in the days of the kings of Israel, as a potent factor for lifting the evil spirit out of a man's nature. The son of Jesse with harp in

Dining Room.

hand played the devil out of the heart of Saul, and I have been led to believe that the introduction of the orchestra in connection with the chapel services on the Sabbath day in the State Prison at Michigan City, and other like institutions, elsewhere, has had a very inspiring effect on the minds of many depressed prisoners. Paul and Silas one night long ago conducted a song service in the penitentiary at Philippi, the result of that service was the conversion of the jailor and his entire family. And I have no doubt that the hallowed songs sung in the prison chapel on a Sabbath morning, led by a precentor (who is a prisoner,) the different parts carried by a choir of prisoners and joined in by the eight hundred or more prisoners, has been the means of lifting many a soul out of darkness into light. One Sabbath morning before the close of the chapel service, I proposed we all join in singing the old familiar song, led by the Orchestra;

"There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

And as the eight hundred men carrying the different parts joined in singing the chorus,

"In the sweet by and by--we shall meet on that beautiful shore,"

the harmonious melody of the song filled the entire house, and the whole audience was lifted nearer heaven than I had ever seen them before. I was led to realize as I had never done before, and say within myself, O, the power of sacred song, who can measure it! How it stills the

voice of trouble and quells our griefs and awakens reflections that often lead to a better life.

It is related that when Marie Rose Mapleston was in Auburn, New York, she visited the state prison, and with the kindness and spirit of Jennie Lind years before, she offered to sing for the prisoners; she made one condition and that was, that all the inmates of the prison should be permitted to be present—and that those in solitary confinement should also, as a special privilege, be permitted to come into the chapel and join the others in listening to the music which she proposed to sing. The permission was granted and the poor fellows, some of them for the first time were permitted to hear from an accomplished artist the sweet notes that reminded them of the innocent days of youth. The chief selections of Marie Rose were "Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer" and "In The Sweet Bye and Bye" and as they listened even the most hardened were moved to tears. After a tour through the institution, and on her return she sang them the old familiar song "Coming Thro' The Rye." Meanwhile some of the most intelligent had been permitted to prepare a testimonial of thanks, which they presented to her. It closed with the following beautiful quotation,

> "God sent His singers upon earth,
> With songs of sadness and of mirth
> That they might touch the hearts of men,
> And bring them back to heaven again."

Who can doubt that every one of these prisoners, twelve hundred in number worked with more cheerful hearts all that day, and that those in solitary confinement enjoyed the ray of light,

A gentleman visiting China several years ago, had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry learned that he might be found in a gambling house to which he was directed; he went there but not seeing him determined to wait in expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises: men getting angry over their cards and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men, one young, the other about forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible manner, the older one giving utterance to continued profanity; two games had been played, the young man losing each time. The third game with a fresh bottle of brandy had begun, the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the other was arranging the cards, the young man looked carelessly around the room and hummed an air—he went on till at length he began to sing the beautiful lines of Phoebe Carey, "Nearer Home, Nearer my home today"—the older man dealing the cards stared at the singer a moment then throwing the cards on the floor exclaimed; "Harry where did you learn that hymn?" "What hymn," "Why the one you have been singing." The young man said that he did not know what he had been singing; when the elder with tears in his eyes repeated the words the young man said that he learned them in Sunday school, in America. "Come, Harry, here is the money I won from you, go and use it for some good purpose—as for me, as God sees me I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle; I have misled you Harry, and am sorry for it—give me your hand my boy, and say for old America's sake, if no other, you will quit this dreadful business."

The gentleman who told this story saw these men walk away arm in arm. This touching incident was told by Miss Carey to her mother, a short time before her death; she had it from the gentleman who witnessed the incident.

Again, the preaching of the gospel on the Sabbath day is listened to with such marked interest, as frequently to become a source of inspiration to the minister. Then the Christian Endeavor service, held in the early morning of the Sabbath day, is a positive means of grace for the awakening, conversion and turning of the men in the way of a Christian life. Then each man if he desires it has a Bible in his cell, and it is quite a common thing on a Sunday afternoon, in passing a cell to find a prisoner in his loneliness, studying the Word. Passing along in front of the barred doors, in the south cell house, one Sunday afternoon, I was hailed by a prisoner who had passed the meridian of life, his speech betrayed his nationality, and told me he was a Scotchman. "I have been wanting to see you," he said, "I had written my old mother, telling her of your visits, and the kindly words you have spoken to us and how I had formed a resolution to be a better man, and lead a different life. This week I received a letter from her, in which she expressed her gratitude to God for the good impressions made on me—her letter has broken my heart." I assured him that a broken and contrite heart God would not despise. His tears fell thick and fast, his grief seemed great, but there was joy even in the midst of sorrow and tears, for it was the sorrow that worketh repentance—not to be repented of. Sentimentalists may say it was all for effect, and that the tears shed were only crocodile tears; and that

the sighs deep drawn were only intended to awaken sympathy: but I am fully pursuaded that they were the outward expression of a human soul touched by the divine Spirit. These sighs were heard by Him who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities and those tears were gathered into God's bottle from the inner bars of a prison cell, to become the crystals of Heaven. I did not stop to inquire into the nature of the man's crime, I was not his priest that he should confess to me, nor did I ask how long he had been in prison; nor how much time he still had to spend there, but I went from that prison cell that Sunday afternoon feeling that our God is as easily to be found in a dark prison house, and lonely cell, as amid the splendors of a well lighted palace.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### DELIVERANCE FOR THE CAPTIVES.

S. B. Shaw.

At the corner of almost every street in the majority of our cities and towns, and in sight of Christian homes and Christian churches we behold saloons open night and day with the young and old thronging their doors, drinking their deadly poison.

While we write, we can behold the smoke from the breweries in the great city of Chicago, turning out their millions of barrels of liquid poison that will inevitably ruin homes, blast the lives of helpless women and children, and fill the poor house, the insane asylum, the jail and the prison.

Think of the homes that are broken up! Think of the broken hearts of wives, and mothers, and children caused by these moral wrecks, and who takes it to heart?

All over the world millions of little children are being brought up in actual training for crime. Their minds and bodies are poisoned by corrupt and false teaching, and nothing but death will deliver them from becoming drunkards, paupers, and harlots, criminals of the deepest dye. Unless rescued their lives will go out in disgrace, in misery and eternal darkness, and who takes it to heart?

Our jails and prisons are full of criminals, right in our own, so called, Christian land. Tens of thousands of men and women are behind prison bars and in prison cells this

very hour; many of them would turn to God if they had the right help and encouragement, but who takes it to heart?

No man can be a follower of the Christ of Gallilee without being a friend of the prisoner for in the announcement of His own mission Jesus said: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Well has it been said that a friend in need is a friend indeed. The friends who forsake in the hour of darkness, or trial, or suspicion or even of failure or sin, are not the friends worthy of the name. True friends do not justify those they love in wrong doing, but they continue to love them in spite of wrong doing. Thus a true mother still loves her wandering child. Thus Christ loves sinners and proves Himself a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Thus He revealed His love to the poor thief who, having acknowledged his guilt, turned to Him in the hour of his greatest need when earthly friends had forsaken with the penitent cry, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," and heard in answer, not chiding or reproach, but the gracious blessed words, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

And thus He has revealed His love to thousands of penitent hearts behind prison bars and is waiting to show compassion to thousands more.

Surely the work of the Master should engage the hearts and the efforts and the prayers of all those who name His name.

From personal knowledge I am convinced that thousands in our reformatories and prisons are there as largely through the sins of others as through their own while others are innocent of the crimes charged against them.

Moreover I am assured that very many of both classes could be reached by the faithful tender preaching of the gospel of Christ and the manifestation of His spirit.

Some years ago when I was engaged in revival work at Franklin, Mo., two boys broke open the store of the merchant at whose house I was being entertained. They were soon caught and locked in jail. There I visited and talked and prayed with them. The younger boy opened his heart to me and told how on the night of the robbery he had heard the church bell ring for our revival meetings and felt prompted to go but resisted the thought and was led by evil companions into the commission of crime. As best I could I pointed him to Christ and handed him a New Testament which he promised to read.

Some weeks later I met the same boys in the depot at Washington, Missouri. They had been tried and convicted and were on their way to serve a two-years' sentence in the State Penitentiary. The younger one seemed greatly rejoiced to see me and showed me the Testament I had given him and said he had read it through and had given his heart to God and was determined to live an earnest Christian life. How easily that soul was won! But I could not but think, if some child of God had lov-

ingly and earnestly invited him to church that night when he was just at the turning point of decision how easily he might have been saved that awful and bitter experience of prison life.

Many seem to think of criminals as those who are too hard to be reached by kindness but the experience of many of the most successful prison workers as well as my own proves quite the contrary. At a service I held in the Boy's Reformatory at Lansing, Michigan a very large proportion showed a depth of interest and feeling and an earnestness of desire for better things that would have been noticeable in any ordinary congregation and this is but a type of my experience, with many others, in preaching to men behind the bars.

What is needed to reach these souls and lead them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world is workers whose hearts are filled with the spirit of Christ, workers whose hearts are so drawn out in compassion for their sin-bound souls that they feel, Woe is me if to these also I fail to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus

How else can we have sympathy for poor, weak, fallen humanity? How else shall we know how, in the name of our Master, to preach the gospel to the poor, to deliver the captive or recovering of sight to the blind?

But if we thus share the suffering of Christ we shall share also His joy and hear from His lips the words; "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and

ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me. Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CONCLUDING WORDS.

It now remains for me to offer a few closing words. For long years I knew but little concerning the men behind the bars. My prejudices were all against them. I thought of them only as bad, and unfit for the association of men. They were to me criminals, justly suffering for their crimes and in regard to many I am still impressed that this is true. In many instances reformatory measures have been unavailing. It may be necessary to keep them in confinement; the safety of society demands this. But still they are men, fallen men, and while they live duty demands that we make use of every possible means for their rescue. We recognize the fatherhood of God. It inevitably follows that we acknowledge the brotherhood of man. The Master taught His disciples to pray, "Our Father." What do we understand by the appellation? It is evident that while it had a primary limitation to the disciples, it was not intended for the few. It was to be the prayer of humanity. All men, of all nations, and all ages have bequeathed to them this formula of prayer. All women and all children may clasp their hands and lift their eyes to heaven, and breathe the name, "Our Father." The best boy or girl has no monopoly of this relationship. Bad boys and girls are still their father's children. They may resent his authority, run away from home, associate with the fallen and thus dishonor the name they bear.

They may be born into the world feeble-minded or imbecile, or may be crippled in life's early stages, or because of evil associations bear on their persons some loathsome disease; their lips may have become foul with blasphemies, and their feet may have gone into unclean places, but still the relationship remains. God has never disowned His children. No prodigal son or wayward daughter has ever gone so far away into a strange land that God's father-love has not followed them. The man or woman may be confined within prison walls or shut out from the world in a felon's cell, and bear on his or her person, the stigma of unnameable crimes, but God is still their Father. He still waits to be gracious and longs to show mercy. Witness the word of the Lord, as found in the Old Testament: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die? Ezek. 33: 11. This is a representation of the infinite mercy of God the Father in dealing with his fallen children, even those who are far gone in iniquity and sin. The mercy of our Heavenly Father is clearly seen in the attitude which Jesus assumed in His dealing with sinful men: for He was the representative of the Father. "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth—"these are mere words no more: God in the person of his Son has embodied them in living acts. As the Father's representative He came and dwelt among men. Again and again, we meet with such a record as this; "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them;" and the stories of Matthew, Zacchaeus, the woman of

Samaria, the woman that was a sinner, and many others will occur to every memory. Self-righteousness is astounded. It would have a holy being keep sinners at a distance, or meet them with a frown. But mercy, Incarnate, did the very reverse of that. The story of the gospel is the story of how He went among them, entering their homes, sitting at their tables, eating with them, healing their sick, touching them with holy hands, leading them back to God. Herein is revealed the infinite mercy dwelling in the heart of God our Father. Not mercy that stands coldly waiting, in dignified silence, but that invites us nigh: yea that beseeches: yea that runs to meet us and clasp us in its warm embrace. Just before the Savior left the world He gave this solemn charge to his disciples, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations. And to encourage them in their work He gives them to understand that all power in heaven and earth belongs to Him, and consequently He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come to God through Him. He never failed any that looked to Him. He never put a case from Him as hopeless. He is mighty, yea almighty, to save.

The men, women, and children who are to be found in our penal institutions, and reformatories, are much like those outside. We cannot separate them from ourselves, for we are all of one blood. We are all one humanity. While some, because of their environments and moral training, have been restrained, and kept back from commiting crimes for which many have been incarcerated, others have been less fortunate; yet it remains, that we are all the creatures of God—and all alike the

subjects of redeeming grace, and so alike the subjects of affectionate labor on the part of those who are the followers of Christ.

Different appelations are applied to the men behind the bars. Some say they are decedants, or abandoned creatures, some call them convicts or criminals, others say they are deficient or delinquent. No doubt many a prisoner deserves to be called by any one, or all of these names, but, as one has said, "The true name for each and all of them is brother," and God our Father is earnestly seeking the well being of all. I remember reading an account of a son who quarreled with and stole from his father, then fled to the city of London where he wasted his substance in sin. A detective was employed, and after a long search he found him in a house of vice, his health and money gone. The father was notified, and hastened to the wretched abode. "My son's up there," admitted him at the lower door. He climbed to the attic and found his sick son lying in a broken, troubled sleep. He bent tenderly over him and was recognized. "My poor boy, I've come for you: will you go home with me? Go home! "Yes, if you'll forgive me father." He lifted up the invalid form and took him home repentant and forgiven. So God in His great love for us, says to each unfortunate one whether inside or outside of prison walls, Poor son, daughter, come home, come home! If He finds any rebellious, He says, Come, let us reason together, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." He is faithful and just to forgive our sins. His faithfulness cannot fail, nor His kind-

ness ever depart. Sin caused the breach between God and man. It is a characteristic of the human heart, as cold is a quality of ice. Sin chills, taints, torments, destroys the soul. Sin demands that a penalty be paid. Christ becomes our substitute. It is his grace that brings the gulf between us and heaven. This is the Atonement. God is just, yet the Justifier of him that believeth on Jesus. The atoning love of God is the theme of adoring praise on earth and in heaven. There is but one condition to be met; that is submission to God's government. What a glorious Gospel is this of the Son of God! What a privilege to present it to men! It not only brings Peace and Pardon, but lays deep and broad the only foundation, for the building of a character that will endure the test of time, or stand the scrutiny of the Judgment morning. It is the only basis of all true moral reform whether in the penitentiary or elsewhere. What folly to even think that by simply educating the head, we can reform the man; while the heart is full of uncleanness, and festering with moral corruption. Make the heart right, fill it with thoughts of love to God and man, then you need not fear to turn him loose in the world; for you have filled his universe with heavenly voices. He will not violate his parole, for he walks the earth a child of God, and heir of heaven, and has become a co-laborer with God for the rescue of others.

And now while breathing an earnest prayer to my Heavenly Father, that He would make this humble volume a light and blessing to some burdened souls, I will

close with a quotation from Henry Van Dyke, for the benefit of all who would reach heaven.

"Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal:
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are."